

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM COWPER.  
COMPRISING  
HIS POEMS,  
CORRESPONDENCE, AND TRANSLATIONS.

WITH  
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR  
BY THE EDITOR,  
ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL D  
POET LAUREATE, ETC

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY FINE ENGRAVINGS.

IN EIGHT VOLS D  
VOL. VIII

LONDON.  
H G BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

THE  
ODYSSEY OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED BY

WILLIAM COWPER.

EDITED BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL D,

POET LAUREATE, &c

ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, AFTER DRAWINGS

BY W. HARVEY.

LONDON

HENRY G BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

## PLATES IN THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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1	VIEW OF ITHACA	<i>Frontispiece</i>
2	CHARYBDIS	<i>Figurette Titre</i>
3	ISLE OF CIRCE	154
4	ULYSSES LANDED AT ITHACA	203

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present volume concludes an edition of Cowper's Works, which the sanction of his still surviving administratrix, Mrs BODHAM, and the access which the Editor has obtained to every collection of the Poet's letters, has enabled him to render as complete as it can be made from any known materials. He is obliged to the Rev Egerton Bagot for permitting him to inspect the letters addressed to his father, Cowper's earliest correspondent, and the only one of his early friends who sought him in his retirement. To Mr Jekyll he is obliged for access to those addressed to Mr Hill. Mrs Charlotte Smith favoured him with the letter to her mother, who in her own generation was not surpassed as a novelist, nor equalled as a poetess. From his old friend Mr Cottle the two letters to Mr Churchey, were obtained, the Welch attorney<sup>1</sup>, who sent Cowper his verses to revise, and obligingly asked,

“ Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale ”

He has also to thank Mr Meek for entrusting him with Cowper's interleaved and annotated copy of the *Paradise Lost*, purchased by that gentleman at the sale of Hayley's Library.



A mistake which Hayley has made, and which Mr Gimshawe has repeated, it is proper to correct in this place. They have stated that Cowper died intestate,—whereas he left a will,—and such a one, that though its provisions had been nullified by the lapse of time, and the death of the principal legatee, it certainly would not have been withheld, either from, or by his first biographer, had not Lady Hesketh wished as much as possible to withhold every thing relating to his narrow circumstances, or his malady, both which it will be seen are alluded to with much feeling in this affecting document

Keswick, Aug 12, 1837

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EXTRACTED FROM THE REGISTER OF THE PREROGATIVE  
COURT OF CANTERBURY

I W<sup>M</sup> COWPER, of Olney, in the county of Bucks, do make this my last Will and Testament. I give to Mrs Mary Unwin the sum of three hundred pounds, or whatever sum shall be standing in my name in the books of the Bank of England the time of my decease. I give to Mr Joseph Hill, of Great Queen Street, whatever money of mine he may have in his hands, arising from the bond of my Chambers in the Temple, or may be due for the same at the time of my decease and my desire is, that such money as he may have received on my account in the way of contribution, and not remitted to me, may be returned to those who gave it, with the best acknowledgements I have it in my power to render them for their kindness. I have written this with my own hand, and the contents may sufficiently prove that I am in my senses

MAY 20, 1777

W<sup>M</sup> COWPER

# ADVERTISEMENT

EIGHTEENTH AUG 1800

ON which day appeared personally Theodosia Hill and Frances Hill, both of Reading in the county of Berks, spinsters, and jointly and severally made oath that they knew and were well acquainted with William Cowper, formerly of the Temple, London, afterwards of Olney in the county of Bucks, but late of East Dereham in the county of Norfolk, Esquire, deceased, and having frequently seen him write and subscribe his name, are thereby become well acquainted with his manner and character of hand-writing and subscription, and having now carefully viewed and perused the paper writing hereto annexed, purporting to be and containing the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, beginning thus, "I Wm Cowper, of Olney, in the county of Bucks, do make this my last Will and Testament," and ending thus, "I have written this with my own hand, and the contents may sufficiently prove that I am in my senses," and thus subscribed "Wm Cowper," they the appearers do verily and in their consciences believe the whole series and contents of the said paper writing, beginning, ending, and subscribing as aforesaid, to be all of the proper hand-writing and subscription of him the said William Cowper, Esquire, deceased THEO HILL FRANCES HILL—Same day the said Theodosia Hill and Frances Hill were duly sworn to the truth of this affidavit, before me, PH NIND, Commissioner

ON the sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord 1800, administration with the will annexed, of all and singular the goods, chattels, and credits of William Cowper, formerly of the Temple, London, afterwards of Olney in the county of Bucks, but late of East Dereham in the county of Norfolk, Esquire, deceased, was granted to Dame Harriet Hesketh, widow, the cousin german and one of the next of kin of the said deceased, she having been first sworn by Commissioner duly to administer, no executor or residuary legatee being named in the said will.

ON the twenty-sixth day of November, 1807, administration with the will annexed, of the goods, chattels, and credits of William Cowper, formerly of the Temple, London, afterwards

of Olney in the county of Bucks, but late of East Dereham in the county of Norfolk, Esquire, a bachelor, deceased, left unadministered by Dame Harriet Hesketh, widow, deceased, whilst living, the cousin german and one of the next of kin of the said deceased, was granted to Anne Bodham, widow, the cousin german also and one other of the next of kin of the said deceased, having been first sworn by Commissioners duly to administer, no executor or residuary legatee being named in the said will

CHAS DYNELEY	} Deputy Registrars.
JOHN IGGULDEN	
W. F GOSTLING	

# THE ODYSSEY.

	PAGE
BOOK I. . . . .	1
II. . . . .	16
III. . . . .	30
IV. . . . .	46
V. . . . .	72
VI. . . . .	87
VII. . . . .	98
VIII. . . . .	110
IX. . . . .	129
X. . . . .	147
XI. . . . .	165
XII. . . . .	186
XIII. . . . .	200
XIV. . . . .	214
XV. . . . .	231
XVI. . . . .	249
XVII. . . . .	264
XVIII. . . . .	283
XIX. . . . .	297
XX. . . . .	317
XXI. . . . .	330
XXII. . . . .	344
XXIII. . . . .	359
XXIV. . . . .	371
BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE . . . . .	388



THE  
ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

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BOOK I

ARGUMENT

In a council of the Gods, Minerva calls their attention to Ulysses, still a wanderer. They resolve to grant him a safe return to Ithaca. Minerva descends to encourage Telemachus, and in the form of Mentès directs him in what manner to proceed. Throughout this book the extravagance and profligacy of the suitors are occasionally suggested.

MUSE, make the man thy theme, for shrewdness famed  
And genius versatile, who far and wide  
A Wanderer, after Ithum overthrown,  
Discovered various cities, and the mind  
And manners learn'd of men in lands remote 5  
He numerous woes, on Ocean toss'd, endured,  
Anxious to save himself, and to conduct  
His followers to their home, yet all his care  
Preserved them not, they perish'd self-destroy'd  
By their own fault, infatuate! who devour'd 10  
The oxen of the all-erseeing Sun,  
And, punish'd for that crime, return'd no more  
Daughter divine of Jove, these things record,  
As it may please thee, even in our ears  
The rest, all those who had perdition 'scaped 15  
By war or on the Deep, dwelt now at home,  
Him only, of his country and his wife  
Alike desirous, in her hollow grots  
Calypso, Goddess beautiful, detain'd

Wooing him to her arms But when, at length, 20  
 (Many a long year elapsed,) the year arrived  
 Of his return (by the decree of Heaven)  
 To Ithaca, not even then had he,  
 Although surrounded by his people, reach'd  
 The period of his sufferings and his toils 25  
 Yet all the Gods, with pity moved, beheld  
 His woes, save Neptune, He alone with wrath  
 Unceasing and implacable pursued  
 Godlike Ulysses to his native shores  
 But Neptune, now, the Æthiopians sought, 30  
 (The Æthiopians, utmost of mankind,  
 These Eastward situate, those toward the West,)  
 Call'd to an hecatomb of bulls and lambs  
 There sitting, pleased he banquetted, the Gods  
 In Jove's abode, meantime, assembled all, 35  
 'Midst whom the Sire of heaven and earth began  
 For he recalled to mind Ægisthus slain  
 By Agamemnon's celebrated son  
 Orestes, and retracing in his thought  
 That dread event, the Immortals thus address'd 40  
 Alas ! how prone are human-kind to blame  
 The Powers of Heaven ! From us, they say, proceed  
 The ills which they endure, yet more than Fate  
 Herself inflicts, by their own crimes incur  
 So now Ægisthus, by no force constrain'd 45  
 Of Destiny, Atreides' wedded wife  
 Took to himself, and him at his return  
 Slew, not unwarn'd of his own dreadful end  
 By us, for we commanded Hermes down  
 The watchful Argicide, who bade him fear 50  
 Alike, to slay the King, or woo the Queen  
 For that Atreides' son Orestes, soon  
 As grown mature, and eager to assume  
 His sway imperial, should avenge the deed  
 So Hermes spake, but his advice moved not 55  
 Ægisthus, on whose head the whole arena  
 Of vengeance heap'd, at last, hath therefore fallen  
 Whom answer'd then Pallas cerulean-eyed  
 Oh Jove, Saturnian Sire, o'er all supreme !  
 And well he merited the death he found, 60

So perish all who shall, like him, offend  
 But with a bosom anguish-rent I view  
 Ulysses, hapless Chief, who from his friends  
 Remote, affliction hath long time endured  
 In yonder woodland isle, the central boss 65  
 Of Ocean That retreat a Goddess holds,  
 Daughter of sapient Atlas, who the abyss  
 Knows to its bottom, and the pillars high  
 Himself upbears which separate earth from heaven  
 His daughter, there, the sorrowing Chief detains, 70  
 And ever with smooth speech insidious seeks  
 To wean his heart from Ithaca, meantime  
 Ulysses, happy might he but behold  
 The smoke ascending from his native land,  
 Death covets Canst thou not, Olympian Jove ! 75  
 At last relent ? Hath not Ulysses oft  
 With victims slain amid Achaia's fleet  
 Thee gratified while yet at Troy he fought ?  
 How hath he then so deep incensed thee, Jove ?  
 To whom the cloud-assembler God replied 80  
 What word hath pass'd thy lips, Daughter beloved ?  
 Can I forget Ulysses ? Him forget  
 So noble, who in wisdom all mankind  
 Excels, and who hath sacrificed so oft  
 To us whose dwelling is the boundless heaven ! 85  
 Earth-circling Neptune—He it is whose wrath  
 Pursues him ceaseless for the Cyclops' sake  
 Polypheme, strongest of the giant race,  
 Whom of his eye Ulysses hath deprived  
 For Him, Thoosa bore, Nymph of the sea 90  
 From Phorcys sprung, by Ocean's mighty power  
 Impregnated in caverns of the Deep  
 E'er since that day, the Shaker of the shores,  
 Although he slay him not, yet devious drives  
 Ulysses from his native isle afar 95  
 Yet come—in full assembly his return  
 Contrive we now, both means and prosperous end,  
 So Neptune shall his wrath remit, whose power  
 In contest with the force of all the Gods  
 Exerted single, can but strive in vain 100  
 To whom Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed



Oh Jupiter ! above all Kings enthroned !  
 If the Immortals ever-blest ordain  
 That wise Ulysses to his home return,  
 Dispatch we then Hermes the Aigicide, 105  
 Our messenger, hence to Ogygia's isle,  
 Who shall inform Calypso, nymph divine,  
 Of this our fix'd resolve, that to his home  
 Ulysses, toil-enduring Chief, repair  
 Myself will hence to Ithaca, meantime, 110  
 His son to animate, and with new force  
 Inspire, that (the Achaeans all convened  
 In council) he may, instant, bid depart  
 The suitors from his home, who, day by day,  
 'Tis numerous flocks and fatted herds consume 115  
 And I will send him thence to Sparta forth,  
 And into sandy Pylus, there to hear  
 If hear he may) some tidings of his Sire,  
 And to procure himself a glorious name  
 This said, her golden sandals to her feet 120  
 She bound, ambrosial, which o'er all the earth  
 And o'er the moist flood waft her fleet as air,  
 Then, seizing her strong spear pointed with brass,  
 In length and bulk and weight a matchless beam,  
 With which the Jove-born Goddess levels ranks 125  
 Of Heroes, against whom her anger burns,  
 From the Olympian summit down she flew,  
 And on the threshold of Ulysses' hall  
 In Ithaca, and within his vestibule  
 Apparent stood, there, grasping her bright spear, 130  
 Mentēs<sup>1</sup> she seem'd, the hospitable Chief  
 Of Taphos' isle She found the haughty throng  
 The suitors, they before the palace gate  
 With ivory cubes sported, on numerous hides  
 Reclined of oxen which themselves had slain 135  
 The heralds and the busy menials there  
 Minister'd to them, these their mantling cups  
 With water slaked, with bibulous sponges those  
 Wipe clean the tables, set the banquet on,

<sup>1</sup> We are told that Homer was under obligations to Mentēs, who had frequently given him a passage in his ship to different countries which he wished to see, for which reason he has here immortalized him

And portion'd out to each his plenteous share 140  
 Long ere the rest Telemachus himself  
 Mark'd her, for sad amid them all he sat,  
 Pourtraying in deep thought contemplative  
 His noble Sire, and questioning if yet  
 Perchance the Hero might return to chase 145  
 From all his palace that imperious herd,  
 To his own honour lord of his own home  
 Amid them musing thus, sudden he saw  
 The Goddess, and sprang forth, for he abhorr'd  
 To see a guest's admittance long delay'd, 150  
 Approaching eager her right hand he seized  
 The brazen spear took from her, and in words  
 With welcome wing'd Minerva thus address'd  
 Stranger, all hail ! to share our cordial love  
 Thou comest, the banquet finish'd, thou shalt next 155  
 Inform me wherefore thou hast here arrived  
 So saying, toward the spacious hall he moved,  
 Followed by Pallas, and, arriving soon  
 Beneath the lofty roof, placed her bright spear  
 Within a pillar's cavity, long time 16  
 The armoury where many a spear had stood,  
 Bright weapons of his own illustrious Sire  
 Then, leading her toward a footstool'd throne  
 Magnificent, which first he overspread  
 With linen, there he seated her, apart 16  
 From that rude throng, and for himself disposed  
 A throne of various colours at her side,  
 Lest, stunn'd with clamour of the lawless band,  
 The new-arrived should loth perchance to eat,  
 And that more free he might the stranger's ear 17  
 With questions of his absent Sire address  
 And now a maiden charged with golden ewer,  
 And with an argent lavel, pouring first  
 Pure water on their hands, supplied them, next,  
 With a resplendent table, which the chaste 17  
 Directress of the stores furnished with bread  
 And dainties, remnants of the last regale  
 Then, in his turn, the sewer<sup>2</sup> with savoury meats

<sup>2</sup> Milton uses the word—

Sewers and seneschals

(Dish after dish, served them, of various kinds,  
 And golden cups beside the chargers placed, 180  
 Which the attendant herald fill'd with wine  
 Ere long, in rush'd the suitors, and the thrones  
 (And couches occupied, on all whose hands  
 The heralds pour'd pure water, then the maids  
 (Attended them with bread in baskets heap'd, 185  
 And eager they assail'd the ready feast  
 At length, when neither thirst nor hunger more  
 They felt unsatisfied, to new delights  
 Their thoughts they turn'd, to song and sprightly dance,  
 (Enliven'd sequel of the banquet's joys 190  
 An herald, then to Phemius' hand consign'd  
 His beauteous lyre, he through constraint regaled  
 The suitors with his song, and while the chords  
 He struck in prelude to his pleasant strains,  
 Telemachus his head inclining nigh 195  
 To Pallas' ear, lest others should his words  
 Witness, the blue-eyed Goddess thus bespake  
 My inmate and my friend! far from my lips  
 Be every word that might displease thine ear!  
 The song—the harp,—what can they less than charm 200  
 These wantons? who the bread unpurchas'd eat  
 Of one whose bones on yonder continent  
 Lie mouldering, drench'd by all the showers of heaven,  
 Or roll at random in the billowy deep  
 Ah! could they see him once to his own isle 205  
 Restored, both gold and raiment they would wish  
 Far less, and nimbleness of foot instead  
 But He, alas! hath by a wretched fate  
 His question perish'd, and what news soe'er  
 We hear of his return, kindles no hope 210  
 In us, convinced that he returns no more.  
 But answer undissembling, tell me true,  
 Who art thou? whence? where stands thy city? where  
 Thy father's mansion? In what kind of ship  
 Comest thou? Why steer'd the mariners their course 215  
 To Ithaca, and of what land are they?  
 Or that on foot thou found'st us not, is sure  
 This also tell me, hast thou now arrived

New to our isle, or wast thou heretofore  
 My father's guest ? since many to our house 220  
 Resorted in those happier days, for he  
 Drew powerful to himself the hearts of all  
 Then Pallas thus, Goddess cœrulean-ey'd.  
 I will with all simplicity of truth  
 Thy questions satisfy Behold in me 225  
 Mentēs, the offspring of a Chief renown'd  
 In war, Anchialus, and I rule, myself,  
 An island race, the Taphians oar-expert.  
 With ship and mariners I now arrive,  
 Seeking a people of another tongue 230  
 Athwart the gloomy flood, in quest of brass  
 For which I barter steel, ploughing the waves  
 To Temesa My ship beneath the woods  
 Of Neius, at yonder field that skirts  
 Your city, in the haven Rhethrus rides 235  
 We are hereditary guests, our Sires  
 Were friends long since ; as, when thou seest him next,  
 The Hero old Laertes will avouch,  
 Of whom, I learn, that he frequents no more  
 The city now, but in sequester'd scenes 240  
 Dwells sorrowful, and by an ancient dame  
 With food and drink supplied oft as he feels  
 Refreshment needful to him, while he creeps  
 Between the rows of his luxuriant vines  
 But I have come drawn hither by report, 245  
 Which spake thy Sire arrived, though still it seems  
 The adverse Gods his homeward course retard  
 For not yet breathless lies the noble Chief,  
 But in some island of the boundless flood  
 Resides a prisoner, by barbarous force 250  
 Of some rude race detain'd reluctant there  
 And I will now foreshow thee what the Gods  
 Teach me, and what, though neither augur skill'd  
 Nor prophet, I yet trust shall come to pass  
 He shall not, henceforth, live an exile long 255  
 From his own shores, no, not although in bands  
 Of iron held, but will ere long contrive  
 His own return, for in expedients, fram'd  
 With wondrous ingenuity, he abounds

But tell me true, art thou, in stature such, 260  
 Son of himself Ulysses? for thy face  
 And eyes bright-sparkling, strongly indicate  
 Ulysses in thee. Frequent have we both  
 Conversed together thus, thy Sire and I,  
 Ere yet he went to Troy, the mark to which 265  
 So many princes of Achaia steer'd  
 Him since I saw not, nor Ulysses me  
 To whom, Telemachus, discreet, replied  
 Stranger! I tell thee true, my mother's voice  
 Affirms me his, but, since no mortal knows 270  
 His derivation, I affirm it not  
 Would I had been son of some happier sire,  
 Ordain'd in calm possession of his own  
 To reach the verge of life. But now, report  
 Proclaims me his, whom I of all mankind 275  
 Unhappiest deem—Thy question is resolved  
 Then answer thus Pallas blue-ey'd return'd  
 From no ignoble race, in future days,  
 The Gods shall prove thee sprung, whom so endow'd  
 With every grace Penelope hath borne 280  
 But tell me true. What festival is this?  
 This throng,—whence are they? wherefore hast thou need  
 Of such a multitude? Behold I here  
 A banquet, or a nuptial feast? for these  
 Meet not by contribution<sup>3</sup> to regale, 285  
 With such brutality and din they hold  
 Their riotous banquet! A wise man and good  
 Arriving, now, among them, at the sight  
 Of such enormities would much be wroth  
 To whom replied Telemachus discreet 290  
 Since, stranger! thou hast ask'd, learn also this  
 While yet Ulysses with his people dwelt,  
 His presence warranted the hope that here  
 Virtue should dwell and opulence, but Heaven  
 Hath cast for us, at length, a different lot, 295  
 And he is lost, as never man before

<sup>3</sup> "Ἐπαινος, a convivial meeting, at which every man paid his proportion, at least contributed something, but it seems to have been a meeting at which strict sobriety was observed, else Pallas would not have inferred from the noise and riot of this, that it was not such a one

For I should less lament even his death,  
 Had he among his friends at Ilium fallen,  
 Or in the arms of his companions died,  
 Troy's siege accomplish'd Then his tomb the Greeks 300  
 Of every tribe had built, and for his son,  
 He had immortal glory achiev'd, but now,  
 By harpies torn inglorious, beyond reach  
 Of eye or ear he lies, and hath to me  
 Grief only, and unceasing sighs bequeath'd 305  
 Nor mourn I for his sake alone, the Gods  
 Have plann'd for me still many a woe beside,  
 For all the rulers of the neighbour isles,  
 Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd  
 Zacynthus, others also, rulers here 310  
 In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek  
 In marriage, and my household stores consume  
 But neither she those nuptial rites abhorr'd  
 Refuses absolute, nor yet consents  
 To end them, they my patrimony waste 315  
 Meantime, and will not long spare even me  
 To whom, with deep commiseration pang'd,  
 Pallas replied Alas! great need hast thou  
 Of thy long-absent father to avenge  
 These numerous wrongs, for could he now appear 320  
 There, at yon portal, arm'd with helmet, shield,  
 And grasping his two spears, such as when first  
 I saw him drinking joyous at our board,  
 From Ilus son of Mermeris, who dwelt  
 In distant Ephyre, just then return'd, 325  
 (For thither also had Ulysses gone  
 In his swift bark, seeking some poisonous drug  
 Wherewith to taint his brazen arrows keen,  
 Which drug through fear of the eternal Gods  
 Ilus refused him, and my father free 330  
 Gave to him, for he loved him past belief,)  
 Could now, Ulysses, clad in arms as then,  
 Mix with these suitors, short his date of life  
 To each, and bitter should his nuptials prove  
 But these events, whether he shall return 335  
 To take just vengeance under his own roof,  
 Or whether not, he all in the Gods' lap



With all mankind his father's murderer  
Ægisthus slaying, the deceiver base  
Who slaughter'd Agamemnon ? Oh my friend !  
(For with delight thy vigorous growth I view,  
And just proportion,) be thou also bold, 380  
And merit praise from ages yet to come  
But I will to my vessel now repair,  
And to my mariners, whom absent long,  
I may perchance have troubled Weigh thou well  
My counsel, let not my advice be lost 385  
To whom Telemachus discreet replied,  
Stranger ! thy words bespeak thee much my friend,  
Who, as a father teaches his own son,  
Has taught me, and I never will forget  
But, though in haste thy voyage to pursue, 390  
Yet stay, that in the bath refreshing first  
Thy limbs now weary, thou may'st sprightlier seek  
Thy gallant bark, charged with some noble gift  
Of finish'd workmanship, which thou shalt keep  
As my memorial ever, such a boon 395  
As men confer on guests whom much they love  
Then Pallas thus, Goddess cœrulean-eyed  
Retard me not, for go I must, the gift  
Which liberal thou desirest to bestow,  
Give me at my return, that I may bear 400  
The treasure home, and, in exchange, thyself  
Expect some gift equivalent from me  
She spake, and as with eagle-wings upborne,  
Vanish'd incontinent, but him inspired  
With daring fortitude, and on his heart 405  
Dearer remembrance of his Sire impress'd  
Than ever Conscious of the wondrous change,  
Amazed he stood, and in his secret thought  
Revolving all, believed his guest a God  
The youthful Hero to the suitors then 410  
Repair'd, they silent, listen'd to the song  
Of the illustrious Bard, he the return  
Deplorable of the Achaian host  
From Ilum by command of Pallas, sang.  
Penelope, Icarus' daughter, mark'd 415  
Meantime the song celestial, where she sat



In the superior palace , down she came,  
 By all the numerous steps of her abode ,  
 Not sole, for two fair handmaids follow'd her  
 She then, divinest of her sex, arrived 420  
 In presence of that lawless throng, beneath  
 The portal of her stately mansion stood,  
 Between her maidens, and with lucid veil  
 Her lovely features mantling There profuse  
 She wept, and thus the sacred bard bespake 425  
     Phemius ! for many a sorrow-soothing strain  
 Thou know'st beside, such as exploits record  
 Of Gods and men, the poet's frequent theme ,  
 Give them of those a song, and let themselves  
 Their wine drink noiseless , but this mournful strain 430  
 Break off, unfriendly to my bosom's peace,  
 And which of all hearts nearest touches mine ,  
 With such regret my dearest lord I mourn,  
 Remembering still an husband praised from side  
 To side, and in the very heart of Greece 435  
     Then answer thus Telemachus return'd  
 My mother ! wherefore should it give thee pain  
 If the delightful bard that theme pursue  
 To which he feels his mind impell'd ? the bard  
 Blame not, but rather Jove, who, as he wills, 440  
 Materials for poetic art supplies  
 No fault is his, if the disastrous fate  
 He sing of the Achæans, for the song  
 Wins ever from the hearers most applause  
 That has been least in use Of all who fought 445  
 At Troy, Ulysses hath not lost, alone,  
 His day of glad return , but many a Chief  
 Hath perish'd also Seek thou then again  
 Thy own apartment, spindle ply and loom,  
 And task thy maidens , management belongs 450  
 To men of joys convivial, and of men  
 Especially to me, chief ruler here  
     She heard astonish'd, and the prudent speech  
 Reposing of her son deep in her heart,  
 Again with her attendant maidens sought 455  
 Her upper chamber There arrived, she wept  
 Her lost Ulysses, till Minerva bathed

Her weary lids in dewy sleep profound  
 Then echoed through the palace dark-bedimm'd  
 With evening shades, the suitors' boisterous roar, 460  
 For each the royal bed burn'd to partake,  
 Whom thus Telemachus discreet address'd.

All ye my mother's suitors, though addict  
 To contumacious wrangling fierce, suspend  
 Your clamour, for a course to me it seems 465  
 More decent far, when such a bard as this,  
 Godlike for sweetness, sings, to hear his song  
 To-morrow meet we in full council all,  
 That I may plainly warn you to depart  
 From this our mansion    Seek ye where ye may 470  
 Your feasts, consume your own, alternate fed  
 Each at the other's cost, but if it seem  
 Wisest in your account and best, to eat  
 Voracious thus the patrimonial goods  
 Of one man, rendering<sup>5</sup> no account of all, 475  
 Bite to the roots, but know that I will cry  
 Ceaseless to the eternal Gods, in hope  
 That Jove, for retribution of the wrong,  
 Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there  
 To bleed, and of your blood ask<sup>5</sup> no account 480

He ended, and each gnaw'd his lip, aghast  
 At his undaunted hardness of speech

Then thus Antinous spake, Eupithes' son  
 Telemachus! the Gods, methinks themselves  
 Teach thee sublimity, and to pronounce 485  
 Thy matter fearless    Ah forbid it, Jove!  
 That one so eloquent should with the weight  
 Of kingly cares in Ithaca be charged,  
 A realm, by claim hereditary, thine

Then prudent thus Telemachus replied 490  
 Although my speech, Antinous, may, perchance,  
 Provoke thee, know that I am not averse  
 From kingly cares, if Jove appoint me such

<sup>5</sup> There is in the Original an evident stress laid on the word *νήποινοι*, which is used in both places. It was a sort of Lex Talionis which Telemachus hoped might be put in force against them, and that Jove would demand no satisfaction for the lives of those, who made him none for the waste of his property

Seems it to thee a burthen to be fear'd  
 By men above all others? trust me, no 495  
 There is no ill in loyalty; the man  
 So station'd, waits not long ere he obtain  
 Riches and honour But I grant that Kings  
 Of the Achæans may no few be found  
 In sea-girt Ithaca both young and old, 500  
 Of whom since great Ulysses is no more,  
 Reign whoso may, but King, myself, I am  
 In my own house, and over all my own  
 Domestics, by Ulysses gained for me  
 -To whom Eurymachus replied, the son 505  
 Of Polybus What Grecian Chief shall reign  
 In sea-girt Ithaca, must be referr'd  
 To the Gods' will, Telemachus! meantime  
 Thou hast unquestionable right to keep  
 Thy own, and to command in thy own house 510  
 May never that man on her shores arrive,  
 While an inhabitant shall yet be left  
 In Ithaca, who shall by violence wrest  
 Thine from thee But permit me, noble Sir!  
 To ask thee of thy guest Whence came the man? 515  
 What country claims him? Where are to be found  
 His kindred and his patrimonial fields?  
 Brings he glad tidings of thy Sue's approach  
 Homeward? or came he to receive a debt  
 Due to himself? How swift he disappear'd! 520  
 Nor opportunity to know him gave  
 To those who wish'd it, for his face and air  
 Him speak not of Plebeian birth obscure  
 Whom answer'd thus Telemachus discreet  
 Eurymachus! my father comes no more 525  
 I can no longer, now, tidings believe,  
 If such arrive, nor heed I more the song  
 Of sooth-sayers whom my mother may consult  
 But this my guest hath known in other days  
 My father, and he came from Taphos, son 530  
 Of brave Anchialus, Mentès by name,  
 And Chief of the sea-practised Taphian race  
 So spake Telemachus, but in his heart  
 Knew well his guest a Goddess from the skies

Then they to dance and heart-enlivening song  
Turn'd joyous, waiting the approach of eve,  
And dusky evening found them joyous still  
Then each, to his own house retiring, sought  
Needful repose    Meantime Telemachus  
To his own lofty chamber, built in view  
Of the wide hall, retired, but with a heart  
In various musings occupied intense  
Sage Euryclea, bearing in each hand  
A torch, preceded him, her sire was Ops,  
Pisenor's son, and in her early prime,  
At his own cost Laertes made her his,  
Paying with twenty beeves her purchase-price.  
Nor in less honour than his spotless wife  
He held her ever, but his consort's wrath  
Feeling, at no time call'd her to his bed  
She bore the torches, and with truer heart  
Loved him than any of the female train,  
For she had nursed him in his infant years  
He opened his broad chamber-valves, and sat  
On his couch-side, then, putting off his vest  
Of softest texture, placed it in the hands  
Of the attendant dame, discreet, who first  
Folding it with exactest care, beside  
His bed suspended it, and going forth,  
Drew by its silver ring the portal close,  
And fasten'd it with bolt and brace secure  
There lay Telemachus, on finest wool  
Reposed, contemplating all night his course  
Prescribed by Pallas to the Pylion shore

## BOOK II

## A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus having convened an assembly of the Grecians, publicly calls on the Suitors to relinquish the house of Ulysses. During the continuance of the Council he has much to suffer from the petulance of the Suitors, from whom, having informed them of his design to undertake a voyage in hope to obtain news of Ulysses, he asks a ship, with all things necessary for the purpose. He is refused, but is afterwards furnished with what he wants by Minerva, in the form of Mentor. He embarks in the evening without the privy of his mother, and the Goddess sails with him.

AURORA, 108y daughter of the dawn,  
 Now tinged the East, when, habited again,  
 Uprose Ulysses' offspring from his bed  
 Athwart his back his falchion keen he slung,  
 His sandals bound to his unsullied feet, 5  
 And, Godlike, issued from his chamber-door  
 At once the clear-voiced heralds he enjoind  
 To call the Greeks to council, they aloud  
 Gave forth the summons, and the throng began  
 When all were gather'd, and the assembly full, 10  
 Himself, his hand armed with a brazen spear,  
 Went also, nor alone he went, his hounds  
 Fleet-footed follow'd him a faithful pair  
 O'er all his form Minerva largely shed  
 Majestic grace divine, and, as he went, 15  
 The whole admiring concourse gazed on him  
 The seniors gave him place, and down he sat  
 On his paternal Throne. Then grave arose  
 The Hero, old Ægyptius, bow'd with age  
 Was he, and by experience deep-inform'd 20  
 His son had with Ulysses, godlike Chief,  
 On board his fleet to steed-famed Ithum gone,  
 The warrior Antiphus, whom in his cave  
 The savage Cyclops slew, and on his flesh  
 At evening made obscene his last regale 25  
 Three sons he had beside, a suitor one,

Eurynomus, the other two, employ  
 Found constant managing their Sire's concerns  
 Yet he forgot not, father as he was  
 Of these, his absent eldest whom he mourn'd  
 Ceaseless, and thus his speech, weeping, begun

30

Hear me, ye men of Ithaca, my friends!  
 Nor council here nor session hath been held  
 Since great Ulysses left his native shore  
 Who now convenes us? what especial need  
 Hath urged him, whether of our youth he be,  
 Or of our senators by age matured?  
 Have tidings reach'd him of our host's return,  
 Which here he would divulge? or brings he aught  
 Of public import on a different theme?

35

40

I deem him, whomsoever he be, a man  
 Worthy to prosper, and may Jove vouchsafe  
 The full performance of his chief desire!

He ended, and Telemachus rejoiced  
 In that good omen Ardent to begin,  
 He sat not long, but moving to the midst,  
 Received the sceptre from Pisenor's hand,  
 His prudent herald, and addressing, next,  
 The hoary Chief Ægyptius, thus began

45

Not far remote, as thou shalt soon thyself  
 Perceive, oh venerable Chief! he stands,  
 Who hath convened this council I, am He  
 I am in chief the sufferer Tidings none  
 Of the returning host I have received,  
 Which here I would divulge, nor bring I aught  
 Of public import on a different theme,

50

55

But my own trouble, on my own house fallen,  
 And two-fold fallen One is, that I have lost  
 A noble father, who, as fathers rule  
 Benign then children, govern'd once yourselves,  
 The other, and the more alarming ill,  
 With ruin threatens my whole house, and all  
 My patrimony with immediate waste  
 Suitors, (their children who in this our isle  
 Hold highest rank,) importunate besiege  
 My mother, though desirous not to wed,  
 And rather than resort to her own Sire

60

65

Icarus, who might give his daughter dower,  
 And portion her to whom he most approves,  
 (A course which, only named, moves their disgust,) 70  
 They choose, assembling all within my gates  
 Daily to make my beeves, my sheep, my goats  
 Their banquet, and to drink without restraint  
 My wine, whence ruin threatens us and ours,  
 For I have no Ulysses to relieve 75  
 Me and my family from this abuse  
 Ourselves are not sufficient, we, alas!  
 Too feeble should be found, and yet to learn  
 How best to use the little force we own,  
 Else, had I power, I would, myself, redress 80  
 The evil, for it now surpasses far  
 All suffeience, now they ravage uncontrol'd,  
 Nor show of decency vouchsafe me more  
 Oh be<sup>1</sup> ashamed yourselves, blush at the thought  
 Of such reproach as ye shall sure incur 85  
 From all our neighbour states, and fear beside  
 The wrath of the Immortals, lest they call  
 Yourselves one day to a severe account  
 I pray you by Olympian Jove, by her  
 Whose voice convenes all councils, and again 90  
 Dissolves them, Themis, that henceforth ye cease,  
 That ye permit me, oh my friends<sup>1</sup> to wear  
 My days in solitary grief away,  
 Unless Ulysses, my illustrious Sire,  
 Hath in his anger any Grecian wrong'd 95  
 Whose wrongs ye purpose to avenge on me,  
 Inciting these to plague me Better far  
 Were my condition, if yourselves consumed  
 My substance and my revenue, from you  
 I might obtain, perchance, righteous amends 100  
 Hereafter, you I might with vehement suit  
 O'ercome, from house to house pleading aloud  
 For recompense, till I at last prevail'd,  
 But now, with darts of anguish ye transfix  
 My inmost soul, and I have no redress 105

<sup>1</sup> The reader is to be reminded that this is not an assembly of the suitors only, but a general one, which affords Telemachus an opportunity to apply himself to the feelings of the Ithacans at large

He spake impassion'd, and to earth cast down  
His sceptre, weeping Pity at the sight  
Seized all the people, mute the assembly sat  
Long time, none dared to greet Telemachus  
With answer rough, till of them all, at last, 110  
Antinous, sole arising, thus replied  
Telemachus, intemperate in harangue,  
High-sounding orator! it is thy drift  
To make us all odious, but the offence  
Lies not with us the suitors, she alone 115  
Thy mother, who in subtlety excels,  
And deep-wrought subterfuge, deserves the blame  
It is already the third year, and soon  
Shall be the fourth, since with delusive art  
Practising on their minds, she hath deceived 120  
The Grecians, message after message sent  
Brings hope to each, by turns, and promise fair,  
But she, meantime, far otherwise intends  
Her other arts exhausted all, she framed  
This stratagem, a web of amplest size 125  
And subtlest woof beginning, thus she spake  
Princes, my suitors! since the noble Chief  
Ulysses is no more, press not as yet  
My nuptials, wait till I shall finish, first,  
A funeral robe (lest all my threads decay, 130  
Which for the ancient Hero I prepare,  
Laertes, looking for the mournful hour  
When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest,  
Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,  
Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud 135  
So spake the Queen, and unsuspecting, we  
With her request complied Thenceforth, all day  
She wove the ample web, and by the aid  
Of torches ravell'd it again at night  
Three years by such contrivance she deceived 140  
The Grecians, but when (three whole years elapsed)  
The fourth arrived, then conscious of the fraud,  
A damsel of her train told all the truth,  
And her we found ravelling the beauteous work  
Thus, through necessity she hath, at length, 145  
Perform'd the task, and in her own despite



Now therefore, for the information clear  
 Of thee thyself, and of the other Greeks,  
 We answer Send thy mother hence, with charge  
 That him she wed, on whom her father's choice 150  
 Shall fall, and whom she shall herself approve  
 But if by long procrastination still  
 She persevere, wearing our patience out,  
 Attentive only to display the gifts  
 By Pallas so profusely dealt to her, 155  
 Works of surpassing skill, ingenious thought,  
 And subtle shifts, such as no beauteous Greek  
 (For aught that we have heard) in ancient times  
 E'er practised, Tyro, or Alcmena fair,  
 Or fair Mycene, of whom none in art 160  
 E'er match'd Penelope, although we yield  
 To this her last invention little praise,  
 Then know, that these her suitors will consume  
 So long thy patrimony and thy goods,  
 As she her present purpose shall indulge, 165  
 With which the Gods inspire her Great renown  
 She to herself insures, but equal woe  
 And devastation of thy wealth to thee,  
 For neither to our proper works at home  
 Go we, or that be sure, nor yet elsewhere, 170  
 Till him she wed, to whom she most inclines  
 Him prudent, then, answer'd Telemachus  
 Antinous ! it is not possible  
 That I should thrust her forth against her will,  
 Who both produced and rear'd me Be he dead, 175  
 Or still alive, my Sue is far remote,  
 And should I, voluntary, hence dismiss  
 My mother to Icarus, I must much  
 Refund, which hardship were and loss to me  
 So doing, I should also wrath incur 180  
 From my offended Sire, and from the Gods  
 Still more, for she, departing, would invoke  
 Erynnis to avenge her, and reproach  
 Beside would follow me from all mankind  
 That word I, therefore, never will pronounce 185  
 No, if ye judge your treatment at her hands  
 Injurious to you, go ye forth yourselves,

Your feasts , consume your own , alternate feed  
Each at the other's cost But if it seem 190  
Wisest in your account and best to eat  
Voracious thus the patrimonial goods  
Of one man, rendering no account of all,  
Bite to the roots , but know that I will cry  
Ceaseless to the eternal Gods in hope 195  
That Jove in retribution of the wrong,  
Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there  
To bleed, and of your blood ask no account  
So spake Telemachus, and while he spake,  
The Thunderer from a lofty mountain-top 200  
Turn'd off two eagles , on the winds, awhile,  
With outspread pinions ample side by side  
They floated , but, ere long, hovering aloft,  
Right o'er the midst of the assembled Chiefs  
They wheel'd around, clang'd all their numerous plumes, 205  
And with a downward look eyeing the throng,  
Death boded, ominous , then rending each  
The other's face and neck, they sprang at once  
Toward the right, and darted through the town  
Amazement universal, at that sight, 210  
Seized the assembly, and with anxious thought  
Each scann'd the future , amidst whom arose  
The Hero Halitherses, ancient Seer,  
Offspring of Mastor , for in judgment he  
Of portents augural, and in forecast 215  
Unerring, his coevals all excell'd,  
And prudent thus the multitude bespake  
Ye men of Ithaca, give ear ' hear all '  
Though chief my speech shall to the suitors look  
For, on their heads devolved, comes down the woe. 220  
Ulysses shall not from his friends, henceforth,  
Live absent long, but, hasting to his home,  
Comes even now, and as he comes, designs  
A bloody death for these, whose bitter woes  
No few shall share, inhabitants with us 225  
Of pleasant Ithaca , but let us frame  
Effectual means maturely to suppress  
Their violent deeds, or rather let themselves  
Repentant cease , and soonest shall be best

- Not ine xpert, but well-inform'd I speak 230  
 The future, and the accomplishment announce  
 Of all which when Ulysses with the Greeks  
 Embark'd for Troy, I to himself foretold  
 I said that, after many woes, and loss  
 Of all his people, in the twentieth year, 235  
 Unknown to all, he should regain his home,  
 And my prediction shall be now fulfill'd  
 Him, then, Eurymachus thus answer'd rough  
 The son of Polybus Hence to thy house,  
 Thou hoary dotard ! there, prophetic, teach 240  
 Thy children to escape woes else to come  
 Birds numerous flutter in the beams of day,  
 Not all predictive Death, far hence remote  
 Hath found Ulysses, and I would to heaven 245  
 That, where he died, thyself had perish'd too  
 Thou hadst not then run o'er with prophecy  
 As now, nor provocation to the wrath  
 Given of Telemachus, in hope to win,  
 Perchance, for thine some favour at his hands  
 But I to *thee* foretell, skill'd as thou art 250  
 In legends old, (nor shall my threat be vain,)  
 That if by artifice thou move to wrath  
 A younger than thyself, no matter whom,  
 Woe first the heavier on himself shall fall,  
 Nor shalt thou profit him by thy attempt , 255  
 And we will charge thee also with a mulct,  
 Which thou shalt pay with difficulty, and bear  
 The burthen of it with an aching heart  
 As for Telemachus, I him advise,  
 Myself, and press the measure on his choice 260  
 Earnestly, that he send his mother hence  
 To her own father's house, who shall, himself,  
 Set forth her nuptial rights, and shall endow  
 His daughter sumptuously, and as he ought  
 For this expensive wooing, as I judge, 265  
 'Till then shall never cease , since we regard  
 No man—no—not Telemachus, although  
 In words exuberant , neither fear we aught  
 Thy vain prognostics, venerable sir !  
 But only hate thee for their sake the more 270

Waste will continue and disorder foul  
 Unremedied, so long as she shall hold  
 The suitors in suspense, for, day by day,  
 Our emulation goads us to the strife,  
 Nor shall we, going hence, seek to espouse 275  
 Each his own consort suitable elsewhere  
 To whom, discreet, Telemachus replied  
 Eurymachus, and ye the suitor train  
 Illustrious I have spoken, ye shall hear  
 No more this supplication urged by me 280  
 The Gods, and all the Greeks, now know the truth  
 But give me instantly a gallant bark  
 With twenty rowers, skill'd their course to win  
 To whatsoever haven, for I go  
 To sandy Pylus, and shall hasten thence 285  
 To Lacedemon, tidings to obtain  
 Of my long-absent Sue, or from the lips  
 Of man, or by a word from Jove vouchsafed  
 Himself, best source of notice to mankind  
 If, there inform'd that still my father lives, 290  
 I hope conceive of his return, although  
 Distress'd, I shall be patient yet a year  
 But should I learn, haply, that he survives  
 No longer, then returning, I will raise  
 At home his tomb, will with such pomp perform 295  
 His funeral rites, as his great name demands,  
 And give my mother's hand to whom I may  
 This said, he sat, and after him arose  
 Mentor, illustrious Ulysses' friend,  
 To whom, embarking thence, he had consign'd 300  
 All his concerns, that the old Chief might rule  
 His family, and keep the whole secure  
 Arising, thus the senior, sage, began  
 Hear me, ye Ithacans! be never King  
 Henceforth, benevolent, gracious, humane 305  
 Or righteous, but let every sceptred hand  
 Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,  
 Since none of all his people, whom he sway'd  
 With such paternal gentleness and love,  
 Remembers the divine Ulysses more! 310  
 That the imperious suitors thus should weave

The web of mischief and atrocious wrong,  
 I grudge not, since at hazard of their heads  
 They make Ulysses' property a prey,  
 Persuaded that the Hero comes no more 315  
 But much the people move me, how ye sit  
 All mute, and though a multitude, yourselves,  
 Opposed to few, risk not a single word  
 To check the licence of these bold intruders !

Then thus Liocritus, Evenor's son 320  
 Injurious Mentor ! headlong orator !  
 How darest thou move the populace against  
 Thé suitors ? Trust me they should find it hard,  
 Numerous as they are, to cope with us,  
 A feast the prize Or should the King himself 325  
 Of Ithaca, returning, undertake  
 To expel the jovial suitors from his house,  
 Much as Penelope his absence mourns,  
 His presence should afford her little joy,  
 For fighting sole with many, he should meet 330  
 A dreadful death Thou, therefore, speak'st amiss  
 As for Telemachus, let Mentor him  
 And Halytherses furnish forth, the friends  
 Long valued of his Sire, with all dispatch,  
 Though him I judge far likelier to remain 335  
 Long time contented an enquirer here,  
 Than to perform the voyage now proposed

Thus saying, Liocritus dissolved in haste  
 The council, and the scatter'd concourse sought  
 Their several homes, while all the suitors flock'd 340  
 Thence to the palace of their absent King  
 Meantime, Telemachus from all resort  
 Retiring, in the surf of the grey Deep  
 First laved his hands, then, thus to Pallas pray'd

O Goddess ! who wast yesterday a guest 345  
 Beneath my roof, and didst enjoin me then  
 A voyage o'er the sable Deep in quest  
 Of tidings of my long-regretted Sire !  
 Which voyage, all in Ithaca, but most  
 The haughty suitors, obstinate impede, 350  
 Now hear my suit and gracious interpose !

Such prayer he made, then Pallas, in the form,

And with the voice of Mentor, drawing nigh,  
In accents wing'd, him kindly thus bespake  
Telemachus ' thou shalt hereafter prove 355  
Nor base, nor poor in talents If, in truth,  
Thou have received from heaven thy father's force  
Instill'd into thee, and resemblest him  
In promptness both of action and of speech,  
Thy voyage shall not useless be, or vain 360  
But if Penelope produced thee not  
His son, I, then, hope not for good effect  
Of this design which, ardent, thou pursuest  
Few sons their fathers equal, most appear  
Degenerate, but we find, though rare, sometimes 365  
A son superior even to his Sire  
And since thyself shalt neither base be found  
Nor spiritless, nor altogether void  
Of talents, such as grace thy royal Sire,  
I therefore hope success of thy attempt 370  
Heed not the suitors' projects, neither wise  
Are they, nor just, nor aught suspect the doom  
Which now approaches them, and in one day  
Shall overwhelm them all No long suspense  
Shall hold thy purposed enterprize in doubt, 375  
Such help from me, of old thy father's friend,  
Thou shalt receive, who with a bark well-oar'd  
Will serve thee, and myself attend thee forth  
But haste, join thou the suitors, and provide,  
In separate vessels stow'd, all needful stores, 380  
Wine in thy jars, and flour, the strength of man,  
In skins close-seam'd I will, meantime, select  
Such as shall voluntary share thy toils  
In sea-girt Ithaca, new ships and old  
Abound, and I will choose, myself, for thee 385  
The prime of all, which without more delay  
We will launch out into the spacious Deep  
Thus Pallas spake, daughter of Jove, nor long,  
So greeted by the voice divine, remain'd  
Telemachus, but to his palace went 390  
Distress'd in heart. He found the suitors there  
Goats flaying in the hall, and fatted swine  
Roasting, when with a laugh Antinous flew

To meet him, fasten'd on his hand, and said  
 Telemachus, in eloquence sublime, 395  
 And of a spirit not to be control'd !  
 Give harbour in thy breast on no account  
 To after-grudge or enmity, but eat,  
 Far rather, cheerfully as heretofore,  
 And freely drink, committing all thy cares 400  
 To the Achæans, who shall furnish forth  
 A gallant ship and chosen crew for thee,  
 That thou may'st hence to Pilus with all speed,  
 Tidings to learn of thy illustrious Sire  
 To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied 405  
 Antinous, I have no heart to feast  
 With guests so insolent, nor can indulge  
 The pleasures of a mind at ease, with you  
 Is 't not enough, suitors, that ye have used 410  
 My noble patrimony as your own  
 While I was yet a child ? now, grown mature,  
 And competent to understand the speech  
 Of my instructors, feeling, too, a mind  
 Within me conscious of augmented powers,  
 I will attempt your ruin, be assured, 415  
 Whether at Pylus, or continuing here  
 I go, indeed, (nor shall my voyage prove  
 Of which I speak, bootless or vain,) I go  
 An humble passenger, who neither bark  
 Nor rowers have to boast my own, denied 420  
 That honour (so ye judged it best) by you  
 He said, and from Antinous' hand his own  
 Drew sudden Then their delicate repast  
 The busy suitors on all sides prepared,  
 Still taunting as they toil'd, and with sharp speech 425  
 Sarcastic wantoning, of whom a youth,  
 Arrogant as his fellows, thus began  
 I see it plain, Telemachus intends  
 Our slaughter, either he will aids procure  
 From sandy Pylus, or will bring them arm'd 430  
 From Sparta, such is his tremendous drift  
 Even to fruitful Ephyre, perchance,  
 He will proceed, seeking some baneful herb  
 Which cast into our cup, shall drug us all

To whom some haughty suitor thus replied 435  
 Who knows but that himself, wandering the sea  
 From all his friends and kindred far remote,  
 May perish like Ulysses? Whence to us  
 Should double toil ensue, on whom the charge  
 To parcel out his wealth would then devolve 440  
 And to endow his mother with the house  
 For his abode whom she should chance to wed

So sported they, but he, ascending, sought  
 His father's lofty chamber, where his heaps  
 He kept of brass and gold, garments in chests, 445  
 And oils of fragrant scent, a copious store  
 There many a cask with season'd nectar fill'd  
 The grape's pure juice divine, beside the wall  
 Stood orderly arranged, waiting the hour  
 (Should e'er such hour arrive) when, after woes 450  
 Numerous, Ulysses should regain his home  
 Secure that chamber was with folding doors  
 Of massy planks compact, and, night and day,  
 Within it ancient Euryclea dwelt,  
 Guardian discreet of all the treasures there, 455  
 Whom, thither call'd, Telemachus address'd

Nurse! draw me forth sweet wine into my jars,  
 Delicious next to that which thou reservest  
 For our poor wanderer, if escaping death  
 At last, divine Ulysses e'er return 460  
 Fill twelve, and stop them close, pour also meal  
 Well-mill'd (full twenty measures) into skins  
 Close-seam'd, and mention what thou dost to none  
 Place them together, for at even-tide  
 I will convey them hence, soon as the Queen, 465  
 Returning to her couch, shall seek repose  
 For hence to Sparta will I take my course,  
 And sandy Pylus, tidings there to hear  
 (If hear I may) of my loved Sire's return.  
 He ceased, then wept his gentle nurse that sound 470  
 Hearing, and in wing'd accents thus replied

My child! ah, wherefore hath a thought so rash  
 Possess'd thee? whither, only and beloved,  
 Seek'st thou to ramble, travelling, alas!  
 To distant climes? Ulysses is no more, 475



Dead lies the hero in some land unknown,  
 And thou no sooner shalt depart, than these  
 Will plot to slay thee, and divide thy wealth  
 No, stay with us who love thee    Need is none  
 That thou should'st on the barren Deep distress  
 Encounter, roaming without hope or end 480

Whom, prudent, thus answer'd Telemachus  
 Take courage, nurse ' for not without consent  
 Of the Immortals I have thus resolved  
 But swear, that till eleven days be past, 485  
 Or twelve, or till enquiry made, she learn  
 Herself my going, thou wilt nought impart  
 Of this my purpose to my mother's ear,  
 Lest all her beauties fade by grief impair'd

He ended, and the ancient matron swore 490  
 Solemnly by the Gods , which done, she fill'd  
 With wine the vessels and the skins with meal,  
 And he, returning, join'd the throng below

Then Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed, her thoughts  
 Elsewhere directing, all the city ranged 495  
 In semblance of Telemachus, each man  
 Exhorting, at the dusk of eve, to seek  
 The gallant ship, and from Noemon, son  
 Renown'd of Phronius, ask'd, herself, a bark,  
 Which soon as ask'd, he promised to supply 500

Now set the sun, and twilight dimm'd the ways,  
 When, drawing down his bark into the Deep,  
 He gave her all her furniture, oars, arms  
 And tackle, such as well-built galleys bear,  
 Then moor'd her in the bottom of the bay 505  
 Meantime, his mariners in haste repair'd  
 Down to the shore, for Pallas urged them on

And now, on other purposes intent,  
 The Goddess sought the palace, where with dews  
 Of slumber drenching every suitor's eye, 510  
 She fool'd the drunkard multitude, and dash'd  
 The goblets from their idle hands away  
 They through the city reel'd, happy to leave  
 The dull carousal, when the slumberous weight  
 Oppressive on their eyelids once had fallen 515  
 Next, Pallas azure-eyed in Mentor's form

And with the voice of Mentor, summoning  
Telemachus abroad, him thus bespake

Telemachus ' already at their oars  
Sit all thy fellow-voyagers, and wait 520  
Thy coming, linger not, but haste away

Thus said, Minerva led him thence, whom he  
With nimble steps follow'd, and, on the shore  
Arrived, found all his mariners prepared,  
Whom thus the princely voyager address'd 525

Haste, my companions ' bring we down the stores  
Already sorted, and set forth, but nought  
My mother knows, or any of her train  
Of this design, one nation sole except

He spake, and led them, they obedient, brought 530  
All down, and, as Ulysses' son enjoin'd,  
Within the gallant bark the charge bestow'd

Then, led by Pallas, went the prince on board,  
Where down they sat, the Goddess in the stern,  
And at her side Telemachus The crew 535

Cast loose the hawsers, and embarking, fill'd  
The benches Blue eyed Pallas from the West  
Call'd forth propitious breezes, fresh they curl'd  
The sable Deep, and, sounding, swept the waves  
He loud-exhorting them, his people bade 540

Hail, brisk, the tackle, they, obedient, reared  
The pine-tree mast, which in its socket deep  
They lodged, then strain'd the cordage, and with tongs  
Well-twisted, drew the shining sail aloft

A land-breeze fill'd the canvas, and the flood 545  
Roar'd as she went against the steady bark  
That ran with even course her liquid way

The rigging, thus, of all the galley set,  
Their beakers crowning high with wine, they hail'd  
The ever-living Gods, but above all 550

Minerva, daughter azure-eyed of Jove  
Thus, all night long the galley, and till dawn  
Had brighten'd into day, cleaved swift the flood

## BOOK III

## ARGUMENT

Telemachus arriving at Pylus, enquires of Nestor concerning Ulysses  
 Nestor relates to him all that he knows or has heard of the Grecians  
 since their departure from the siege of Troy, but not being able to give  
 him any satisfactory account of Ulysses, refers him to Menelaus At  
 evening Minerva quits Telemachus, but discovers herself in going  
 Nestor sacrifices to the Goddess, and the solemnity ended, Telemachus  
 sets forth for Sparta in one of Nestor's chariots, and accompanied by  
 Nestor's son Pisistratus

THE sun, emerging from the lucid waves,  
 Ascended now the brazen vault with light  
 For the inhabitants of earth and heaven,  
 When in their bark at Pylus they arrived,  
 City of Neleus On the shore they found 5  
 The people sacrificing, bulls they slew  
 Black without spot, to Neptune azure-hair'd  
 On ranges nine of seats they sat, each range  
 Received five hundred, and to each they made  
 Allotment equal of nine sable bulls 10  
 The feast was now begun these eating sat  
 The entrails, those stood offering to the God  
 The thighs, his portion, when the Ithacans  
 Push'd right ashore, and, furling close the sails,  
 And making fast their moorings, disembark'd 15  
 Forth came Telemachus by Pallas led,  
 Whom thus the Goddess azure-eyed address'd  
 Telemachus! there is no longer room  
 For bashful fear, since thou hast cross'd the flood  
 With purpose to enquire what land conceals 20  
 Thy father, and what fate hath follow'd him  
 Advance at once to the equestrian Chief  
 Nestor, within whose bosom lies, perhaps,  
 Advice well worthy of thy search, entreat  
 Himself, that he will tell thee only truth, 25  
 Who will not lie, for he is passing wise

To whom Telemachus discreet replied  
 Ah Mentor ! how can I advance, how greet  
 A Chief like him, unpractised as I am  
 In managed phrase ? Shame bids the youth beware 30  
 How he accosts the man of many years

But him the Goddess answer'd azure-eyed  
 Telemachus ! Thou wilt, in part, thyself  
 Fit speech devise, and Heaven will give the rest,  
 For thou wast neither born, nor hast been train'd 35  
 To manhood, under unpropitious Powers

So saying, Minerva led him thence, whom he  
 With nimble steps attending, soon arriv'd  
 Among the multitude There Nestor sat,  
 And Nestor's sons, while, busily the feast 40  
 Tending, his numerous followers roasted some  
 The viands, some transfix'd them with the spits.

They seeing guests arriv'd, together all  
 Advanced, and, grasping courteously then hands,  
 Invited them to sit, but first, the son 45  
 Of Nestor, young Pisistratus, approach'd,  
 Who, fastening on the hands of both, beside  
 The banquet placed them, where the beach was spread  
 With fleeces, and where Thiasymedes sat  
 His brother, and the hoary Chief his Sire 50

To each, a portion of the inner parts  
 He gave, then fill'd a golden cup with wine,  
 Which, tasted first, he to the daughter bore  
 Of Jove the Thunderer, and her thus bespake

Oh guest ! the King of Ocean now adore ! 55  
 For ye have chanced on Neptune's festival,  
 And, when thou hast, thyself, libation made  
 Duly and prayer, deliver to thy friend  
 The generous juice, that he may also make  
 Libation, for he, doubtless, seeks in prayer 60  
 The Immortals, of whose favour all have need  
 But, since he younger is, and with myself  
 Coeval, first I give the cup to thee

He ceased, and to her hand consign'd the cup,  
 Which Pallas gladly from a youth received 65  
 So just and wise, who to herself had first  
 The golden cup presented, and in prayer

Fervent the Sovereign of the Seas adored

Hear, earth-encircler Neptune ! O vouchsafe

To us thy suppliants the desired effect

Of this our voyage , glory, first, bestow

On Nestor and his offspring both, then grant

To all the Pylans such a gracious boon

As shall requite their noble offering well

Grant also to Telemachus and me

To voyage hence, possess'd of what we sought

When hither in our sable bark we came

So Pallas pray'd, and her own prayer herself

Accomplish'd To Telemachus she gave

The splendid goblet next, and in his turn

Like prayer Ulysses' son also prefer'd

And now (the banquet from the spits withdrawn)

They next distributed sufficient share

To each, and all were sumptuously regaled

At length (both hunger satisfied and thirst)

Thus Nestor, the Gerenian Chief, began.

Now with more seemliness we may enquire,

After repast, what guests we have received

Our guests ! who are ye ? Whence have ye the waves

Plough'd hither ? Come ye to transact concerns

Commercial, or at random roam the Deep

Like pirates, who with mischief charged and woe

To foreign States, oft hazard life themselves ?

Him answer'd, bolder now, but still discreet,

Telemachus for Pallas had his heart

With manly courage aim'd, that he might ask

From Nestor tidings of his absent Sire,

And win himself distinction and renown

Oh Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece !

Thou askest whence we are I tell thee whence

From Ithaca, by the umbrageous woods

Of Neritus o'erhung, by private need,

Not public, urged, we come My errand is

To seek intelligence of the renown'd

Ulysses , of my noble father, praised

For dauntless courage, whom report proclaims

Conqueror, with thine aid, of sacred Troy

We have already learn'd where other Chiefs

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Who fought at Ilium, died, but Jove conceals  
 Even the death of my illustrious Sire 110  
 In dull obscurity, for none hath heard  
 Or confident can answer, where he died,  
 Whether he on the continent hath fallen  
 By hostile hands, or by the waves o'erwhelm'd  
 Of Amphitrite, welters in the Deep 115  
 For this cause, at thy knees suppliant, I beg  
 That thou would'st tell me his disastrous end,  
 If either thou beheld'st that dread event  
 Thyself, or from some wanderer of the Greeks  
 Hast heard it, for my father at his birth 120  
 Was, sure, predestined to no common woes  
 Neither through pity, or o'erstrain'd respect  
 Flatter me, but explicit all relate  
 Which thou hast witness'd If my noble Sire  
 E'er gratified thee by performance just 125  
 Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell  
 So numerous slain in fight, oh, recollect  
 Now his fidelity, and tell me true  
 Then Nestor thus Gerenian Hero old  
 Young friend! since thou remind'st me, speaking thus, 130  
 Of all the woes which indefatigable  
 We sons of the Achaians there sustain'd,  
 Both those which wandering on the Deep we bore  
 Wherever by Achilles led in quest  
 Of booty, and the many woes beside 135  
 Which under royal Priam's spacious walls  
 We suffer'd, know, that there our bravest fell.  
 There warlike Ajax lies, there Peleus' son,  
 There, too, Patroclus, like the Gods themselves  
 In council, and my son beloved there, 140  
 Brave, virtuous, swift of foot, and bold in fight,  
 Antilochus Nor are these sorrows all,  
 What tongue of mortal man could all relate?  
 Should'st thou, abiding here, five years employ  
 Or six enquiring of the woes endured 145  
 By the Achaians, ere thou should'st have learn'd  
 The whole, thou wouldst depart, tired of the tale  
 For we, nine years, stratagems of all kinds  
 Devised against them, and Saturnian Jove

Scarce crown'd the difficult attempt at last. 150  
 There no competitor in wiles well-plann'd  
 Ulysses found, so far were all surpass'd  
 In shrewd invention by thy noble Sire—  
 If thou indeed art his, as sure thou art,  
 Whose sight breeds wonders in me, and thy speech 155  
 His speech resembles more than might be deem'd  
 Within the scope of years so green as thine  
 There, never in opinion, or in voice  
 Illustrious Ulysses and myself  
 Divided were, but one in heart, contrived 160  
 As best we might, the benefit of all  
 But after Priam's lofty city sack'd,  
 And the departure of the Greeks on board  
 Their barks, and when the Gods had scatter'd them,  
 Then Jove imagined for the Argive host 165  
 A sorrowful return, for neither just  
 Were all, nor prudent, therefore many found  
 A fate disastrous through the vengeful ire  
 Of Jove-born Pallas, who between the sons  
 Of Atreus sharp contention interposed. 170  
 They both, irregularly, and against  
 Just order, summoning by night the Greeks  
 To council, of whom many came with wine  
 Oppress'd, promulgated the cause for which  
 They had convened the people Then it was 175  
 That Menelaus bade the general host  
 Their thoughts bend homeward o'er the sacred Deep,  
 Which Agamemnon in no sort approved  
 His counsel was to stay them yet at Troy,  
 That so he might assuage the dreadful wrath 180  
 Of Pallas, first, by sacrifice and prayer.  
 Vain hope ! he little thought how ill should speed  
 That fond attempt, for, once provoked, the Gods  
 Are not with ease conciliated again  
 Thus stood the brothers, altercation hot 185  
 Maintaining, till at length uprose the Greeks  
 With deafening clamours, and with differing minds  
 We slept the night, but teeming with disgust  
 Mutual, for Jove great woe prepared for all  
 At dawn of day we drew our gallees down 190

Into the sea, and hasty put on board  
 The spoils and female captives Half the host,  
 With Agamemnon, son of Atreus, stay'd  
 Supreme commander, and embarking half  
 Push'd forth Swift course we made, for Neptune smooth'd 195  
 The waves before us of the monstrous Deep  
 At Tenedos arriv'd, we there perform'd  
 Sacrifice to the Gods, ardent to reach  
 Our native land, but unpropitious Jove,  
 Not yet designing our arrival there, 200  
 Involved us in dissension fierce again  
 For all the crews, followers of the King,  
 Thy noble sire, to gratify our Chief,  
 The son of Atreus, chose a different course,  
 And steer'd their oary barks again to Troy 205  
 But I, assured that evil from the Gods  
 Impended, gathering all my gallant fleet,  
 Fled thence in haste, and warlike Diomede  
 Exhorting his attendants, also fled  
 At length, the Hero Menelaus join'd 210  
 Our fleets at Lesbos, there he found us held  
 In deep deliberation on the length  
 Of way before us, whether we should steer  
 Above the craggy Chios to the isle  
 Psyria, that island holding on our left, 215  
 Or under Chios by the wind-swept heights  
 Of Mimas Then we ask'd from Jove a sign,  
 And by a sign vouchsafed he bade us cut  
 The wide sea to Eubœa sheer athwart,  
 So soonest to escape the threaten'd harm 220  
 Shrill sang the rising gale, and with swift prows  
 Cleaving the fishy flood, we reach'd by night  
 Geræstus, where arriv'd, we burn'd the thighs  
 Of numerous bulls to Neptune, who had safe  
 Conducted us through all our perilous course 225  
 The fleet of Diomede in safety moor'd  
 On the fourth day at Argos, but myself  
 Held on my course to Pylus, nor the wind  
 One moment thwarted us, or died away,  
 When Jove had once commanded it to blow 230  
 Thus, uninform'd, I have arrived, my son '



Nor of the Grecians, who are saved have heard,  
 Or who have perish'd, but what news soe'er  
 I have obtain'd since my return, with truth  
 I will relate, nor aught conceal from thee 235

The spear-famed Myrmidons, as rumour speaks,  
 By Neoptolemus, illustrious son  
 Of brave Achilles led, have safe arrived,  
 Safe, Philoctetes also, son renown'd  
 Of Pæas and Idomeneus at Crete 240

Hath landed all his followers who survive  
 The bloody war, the waves have swallow'd none  
 Ye have yourselves doubtless, although remote,  
 Of Agamemnon heard, how he return'd,  
 And how Ægisthus cruelly contriv'd 245

For him a bloody welcome, but himself  
 Hath with his own life paid the murderous deed  
 Good is it therefore if a son survive  
 The slain, since Agamemnon's son hath well  
 Avenged his father's death, slaying, himself, 250  
 Ægisthus, foul assassin of his Sire

Young friend! (for pleased thy vigorous youth I view,  
 And just proportion,) be thou also bold,  
 That thine like his may be a deathless name  
 Then, prudent, him answer'd Telemachus 255

Oh Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece!  
 And righteous was that vengeance, *his* renown  
 Achaia's sons shall far and wide diffuse,  
 To future times transmitting it in song  
 Ah! would that such ability the Gods 260

Would grant to me, that I, as well, the deeds  
 Might punish of our suitors, whose excess  
 Enormous, and whose bitter taunts I feel  
 Continual, object of their subtle hate  
 But not for me such happiness the Gods 265  
 Have twined into my thread, no, not for me  
 Or for my father Patience is our part

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied  
 Young friend! (since thou remind'st me of that theme)  
 Fame here reports that numerous suitors haunt 270  
 Thy palace for thy mother's sake, and there  
 Much evil perpetrate in thy despite

But, say, endur'st thou willing their controul  
 Impetuous, or because the people sway'd  
 By some response oracular, incline 275  
 Against thee ? But who knows ? the time may come  
 When to his home restored, either alone,  
 Or aided by the force of all the Greeks,  
 Ulysses may avenge the wrong, at least,  
 Should Pallas azure-eyed thee love, as erst 280  
 At Troy the scene of our unnumber'd woes,  
 She loved Ulysses, (for I have not known  
 The Gods assisting so apparently  
 A mortal man, as him Minerva there,)  
 Should Pallas view thee also with like love 285  
 And kind solicitude, some few of those  
 Should dream perchance of wedlock never more  
 Then answer thus Telemachus return'd  
 That word's accomplishment I cannot hope,  
 It promises too much, the thought alone 290  
 O'erwhelms me, an event so fortunate  
 Would, unexpected on my part, arrive,  
 Although the Gods themselves should purpose it.  
 But Pallas him answer'd cœrulean-eyed  
 Telemachus ! what word was that which leap'd 295  
 The ivory<sup>1</sup> guard that should have fenced it in ?  
 A God, so willing, could with utmost ease  
 Save any man, howe'er remote Myself,  
 I had much rather, many woes endured,  
 Revisit home at last happy and safe, 300  
 Than, sooner coming, die in my own house,  
 As Agamemnon perish'd by the arts  
 Of base Ægisthus and the subtle Queen  
 Yet not the Gods themselves can save from death  
 All-levelling, the man whom most they love, 305  
 When Fate ordains him once to his last sleep  
 To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied  
 Howe'er it interest us, let us leave  
 This question, Mentor ! He, I am assured

<sup>1</sup> Ερκος οδοντων Prior, alluding to this expression, ludicrously renders it

“ When words like these in vocal breath  
 Burst from his twofold hedge of teeth ”

Returns no more, but hath already found 310  
 A sad, sad fate by the decree of Heaven.  
 But I would now interrogate again  
 Nestor, and on a different theme, for him  
 In human rights I judge and laws expert,  
 And in all knowledge beyond other men , 315  
 For he hath govern'd, as report proclaims,  
 Three generations , therefore in my eyes  
 He wears the awful impress of a God  
 Oh Nestor, son of Neleus, tell me true ,  
 What was the matter of Atrides' death, 320  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon ? Tell me where  
 Was Menelaus ? By what means contrived  
 Ægisthus to inflict the fatal blow,  
 Slaying so much a nobler than himself ?  
 Had not the brother of the Monarch reach'd 325  
 Achaian Argos yet, but, wandering still  
 In other climes, by his long absence gave  
 Ægisthus courage for that bloody deed ?  
 Whom answer'd the Gerenian Chief renown'd  
 My son ! I will inform thee true , meantime 330  
 Thy own suspicions border on the fact  
 Had Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,  
 Ægisthus found living at his return  
 From Ilium, never on *his* bones the Greeks  
 Had heap'd a tomb, but dogs and ravening fowls 335  
 Had torn him lying in the open field  
 Far from the town, nor him had woman wept  
 Of all in Greece, for he had foul transgress'd  
 But we in many an arduous task engaged,  
 Lay before Ilium , he, the while, secure 340  
 Within the green retreats of Argos, found  
 Occasion apt by flattery to delude  
 The spouse of Agamemnon , she, at first,  
 (The royal Clytemnestra) firm refused  
 The deed dishonourable , (for she bore 345  
 A virtuous mind, and at her side a bard  
 Attended ever, whom the King, to Troy  
 Departing, had appointed to the charge )  
 But when the Gods had purposed to ensnare  
 Ægisthus, then dismissing far remote 350

The baid into a desert isle, he there  
 Abandon'd him to ravening fowls a prey,  
 And to his own home, willing as himself  
 Led Clytemnestra Numerous thighs he burn'd  
 On all their hallow'd altars to the Gods, 355  
 And lung with tapestry, images, and gold  
 Their shrines, his great exploit past hope achieved.  
 We (Menelaus and myself) had sailed  
 From Troy together, but when we approach'd  
 Sunium, headland of the Athenian shore, 360  
 There Phœbus, sudden, with his gentle shafts  
 Slew Menelaus' pilot while he steer'd  
 The volant bark, Phrontis, Onetor's son,  
 A mariner past all expert, whom none  
 In steerage match'd, what time the tempest roar'd 365  
 Here therefore Menelaus was detain'd,  
 Giving his friend due burial, and his rites  
 Funereal celebrating, though in haste  
 Still to proceed But when, with all his fleet  
 The wide sea traversing, he reach'd at length 370  
 Maleas lofty foreland in his course,  
 Rough passage, then, and perilous he found  
 Shrill blasts the Thunderer pour'd into his sails,  
 And wild waves sent him mountainous. His ships  
 There scatter'd, some to the Cydonian coast 375  
 Of Crète he push'd, near where the Jordan flows  
 Beside the confines of Gortyna stands,  
 Amid the gloomy flood, a smooth rock, steep  
 Toward the sea, against whose leftward point,  
 Phæstus by name, the South wind rolls the surge 380  
 Amain, which yet the rock, though small, repels  
 Hither with part he came, and scarce the crews  
 Themseves escaped, while the huge billows broke  
 Their ships against the rocks, yet five he saved,  
 Which winds and waves drove to the Egyptian shore 385  
 Thus he, provision gathering as he went  
 And gold abundant, roam'd to distant lands  
 And nations of another tongue Meantime,  
 Ægisthu, these enormities at home  
 Devising slew Atrides, and supreme 390  
 Ruled the subjected land, seven years he reign'd

In opulent Mycenæ, but the eighth  
 From Athens brought renown'd Orestes home  
 For his destruction, who of life bereaved  
 Ægisthus, base assassin of his Sire 395  
 Orestes, therefore, the funereal rites  
 Performing to his shameless mother's shade  
 And to her lustful paramour, a feast  
 Gave to the Aigives, on which self-same day  
 The warlike Menelaus, with his ships 400  
 All treasure-laden to the brink, arrived  
 And thou, young friend ! from thy forsaken home  
 Rove not long time remote, thy treasures left  
 At mercy of those proud, lest they divide  
 And waste the whole, rendering thy voyage vain 405  
 But hence to Menelaus is the course  
 To which I counsel thee, for he hath come  
 Of late from distant lands, whence to escape  
 No man could hope, whom tempests first had driven  
 Devious into so wide a sea, from which 410  
 Themselves the birds of heaven could not arrive  
 In a whole year, so vast is the expanse  
 Go, then, with ship and shipmates, or if more  
 The land delight thee, steeds thou shalt not want  
 Nor chariot, and my sons shall be thy guides 415  
 To noble Lacedemon, the abode  
 Of Menelaus, ask from him the truth,  
 Who will not lie, for he is passing wise  
 While thus he spake, the sun declined and night  
 Approaching, blue-eyed Pallas interposed. 420  
 Oh ancient King ! well hast thou spoken all  
 But now delay not. Cut<sup>2</sup> ye forth the tongues,  
 And mingle wine, that (Neptune first invoked  
 With due libation, and the other Gods)  
 We may repair to rest, for even now 425  
 The sun is sunk, and it becomes us not  
 Long to protract a banquet to the Gods  
 Devote, but in fit season to depart

<sup>2</sup> It is said to have been customary in the days of Homer, when the Greeks retired from a banquet to their beds, to cut out the tongues of the victims, and offer them to the Gods in particular who presided over conversation.

So spake Jove's daughter, they obedient heard.  
The heralds then pour'd water on their hands, 430  
And the attendant youths, filling the cups,  
Served them from left to right. Next all the tongues  
They cast into the fire, and every guest  
Arising, pour'd libation to the Gods  
Libation made, and all with wine sufficed, 435  
Godlike Telemachus and Pallas both  
Would have return'd incontinent on board,  
But Nestor urged them still to be his guests  
Forbid it, Jove, and all the Powers of heaven !  
That ye should leave me to repair on board 440  
Your vessel, as I were some needy wretch  
Cloakless and destitute of fleecy stores  
Wherewith to spread the couch soft for myself,  
Or for my guests No I have garments warm  
An ample store, and rugs of richest dye, 445  
And never shall Ulysses' son beloved,  
My friend's own son, sleep on a galley's plank  
While I draw vital air, grant also, Heaven,  
That, dying, I may leave behind me sons  
Glad to accommodate whatever guest ! 450  
Him answer'd then Pallas cœrulean-eyed  
Old Chief ! thou hast well said, and reason bids  
Telemachus thy kind commands obey  
Let him attend thee hence, that he may sleep  
Beneath thy roof, but I return on board 455  
Myself to instruct my people, and to give  
All needful orders, for among them none  
Is old as I, but they are youths alike,  
Coevals of Telemachus, with whom  
They have embark'd for friendship's sake alone. 460  
I therefore will repose myself on board  
This night, and to the Caucons bold in arms  
Will sail to-morrow to demand arrears  
Long time unpaid, and of no small amount  
But, since he has become thy guest, afford 465  
My friend a chariot, and a son of thine  
Who shall direct his way, nor let him want  
Of all thy steeds the swiftest and the best  
So saying, the blue-eyed Goddess as upborne

On eagles' wings, vanish'd amazement seized 470  
 The whole assembly, and the ancient King  
 O'erwhelm'd with wonder at that sight, the hand  
 Grasp'd of Telemachus, whom he thus bespake  
 My friend ! I prophecy that thou shalt prove  
 Nor base, nor dastard, whom, so young, the Gods 475  
 Already take in charge , for of the Powers  
 Inhabitants of Heaven, none else was this  
 Than Jove's own daughter Pallas, who among  
 The Grecians honour'd most thy generous Sire.  
 But thou, O Queen ! compassionate us all, 480  
 Myself, my sons, my consort , give to each  
 A glorious name, and I to thee will give  
 For sacrifice an heifer of the year,  
 Broad-fronted, one that never yet hath borne  
 The yoke, and will incase her horns with gold 485  
 So Nestor pray'd, whom Pallas gracious heard.  
 Then the Gerenian warrior old, before  
 His sons and sons in-law, to his abode  
 Magnificent proceeded , they (arrived  
 Within the splendid palace of the King) 490  
 On thrones and couches sat in order ranged,  
 Whom Nestor welcomed, charging high the cup  
 With wine of richest sort, which she who kept  
 That treasure, now in the eleventh year  
 First broach'd, unsealing the delicious juice. 495  
 With this the hoary Senior fill'd a cup,  
 And to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd  
 Pouring libation, offer'd fervent prayer  
 When all had made libation, and no wish  
 Remain'd of more, then each to rest retired, 500  
 And Nestor the Gerenian warrior old  
 Led thence Telemachus to a carved couch  
 Beneath the sounding portico prepared  
 Beside him he bade sleep the spearman bold,  
 Pisistratus, a gallant youth, the sole 505  
 Unwedded in his house of all his sons.  
 Himself in the interior palace lay,  
 Where couch and covering for her ancient spouse  
 The consort Queen had diligent prepared  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 510

Had tinged the East, arising from his bed,  
Gerenian Nestor issued forth, and sat  
Before his palace-gate on the white stones  
Resplendent as with oil, on which of old  
His father Neleus had been wont to sit, 515  
In council like a God, but he had sought,  
By destiny dismiss'd long since, the shades  
On those stones therefore now, Nestor himself,  
Achaia's guardian, sat, sceptre in hand,  
Where soon his numerous sons, leaving betimes 520  
The place of their repose, also appeared,  
Echephron, Stratius, Perseus, Thrasymedes,  
Aretus and Pisistratus They placed  
Godlike Telemachus at Nestor's side,  
And the Gerenian Hero thus began. 525

Sons, be ye quick,—execute with dispatch  
My purpose, that I may propitiate first  
Of all the Gods Minerva, who herself  
Hath honour'd manifest our hallowed feast.  
Haste, one, into the field, to order thence 530  
An ox, and let the herdsman drive it home  
Another, hasting to the sable bark  
Of brave Telemachus, bring hither all  
His friends, save two, and let a third command  
Laerceus, that he come to enwrap with gold 535  
The victim's horns Abide ye here, the rest,  
And bid my female train (for I intend  
A banquet,) with all diligence provide  
Seats, stores of wood, and water from the rock  
He said, whom instant all obey'd The ox 540  
Came from the field, and from the gallant ship  
The ship-mates of the brave Telemachus,  
Next, charged with all his implements of art,  
His mallet, anvil, pincers, came the smith  
To give the horns their gilding, also came 545  
Pallas herself to her own sacred rites  
Then Nestor, hoary warrior, furnish'd gold,  
Which, hammer'd thin, the artist wrapp'd around  
The victim's horns, that seeing him attired  
So costly, Pallas might the more be pleased 550  
Stratius and brave Echephron introduced



The victim by his horns, Aretus brought  
 A laver, in one hand, with flowers emboss'd,  
 And in his other hand a basket stored  
 With cakes, while warlike Thrasymedes, arm'd 555  
 With his long-hafted axe, prepared to smite  
 The ox, and Perseus to receive the blood  
 The hoary Nestor consecrated first  
 Both cakes and water, and with earnest prayer  
 To Pallas, gave the forelock to the flames 560  
 When all had worshipp'd, and the broken cakes  
 Sprinkled, then godlike Thrasymedes drew  
 Close to the ox, and smote him Deep the edge  
 Enter'd, and senseless on the floor he fell  
 Then Nestor's daughters, and the consorts all 565  
 Of Nestor's sons, with his own consort, chaste  
 Eurydice, the daughter eldest-born  
 Of Clymenus, in one shrill orison  
 Vociferous join'd, while they, lifting the ox,  
 Held him supported firmly, and the prince 570  
 Of men, Pisistratus, his gullet pierced  
 Soon as the sable blood had ceased, and life  
 Had left the victim, spreading him abroad,  
 With nice address they parted at the joint  
 His thighs, and wrapp'd them in the double caul, 575  
 Which with crude slices thin they overspread  
 Nestor burn'd incense, and libation pour'd  
 Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,  
 Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth  
 Train'd to the task The thighs consumed, each took 580  
 His portion of the maw, then, slashing well  
 The remnant, they transpierced it with the spits  
 Neatly, and held it reeking at the fire  
 Meantime the youngest of the daughters fair  
 Of Nestor, beauteous Polycaste, laved, 585  
 Anointed, and in vest and tunic clothed  
 Telemachus, who, so refresh'd, stepp'd forth  
 From the bright laver graceful as a God,  
 And took his seat at ancient Nestor's side  
 The viands dress'd, and from the spits withdrawn, 590  
 They sat to share the feast, and princely youths  
 Arising, gave them wine in cups of gold

When neither hunger now nor thirst remain'd  
Unsated, thus Gerenian Nestor spake

My sons, arise ! lead forth the sprightly steeds, 595  
And yoke them, that Telemachus may go

So spake the Chief, to whose command his sons,  
Obedient, yoked in haste the rapid steeds,  
And the intendant matron of the stores  
Disposed meantime within the chariot, bread 600  
And wine, with dainties, such as princes eat  
Telemachus into the chariot first

Ascended, and beside him, next, his place  
Pisistratus the son of Nestor took,  
Then seized the reins, and lash'd the coursers on 605  
They, nothing loth, into the open plain  
Flew leaving lofty Pylus soon afar

Thus, journeying, they shook on either side  
The yoke all day, and now the setting sun  
To dusky evening had resign'd the roads, 610  
When they to Pheræ came, and the abode  
Reach'd of Diocles, whose illustrious Sire  
Orsilochus from Alpheus drew his birth,  
And there, with kindness entertain'd, they slept

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 615  
Look'd rosy from the East, yoking the steeds,  
They in their sumptuous chariot sat again  
The son of Nestor plied the lash, and forth  
Through vestibule and sounding portico  
The royal coursers, not unwilling, flew 620

A corn-invested land received them next,  
And there they brought their journey to a close,  
So rapidly they moved, and now the sun  
Went down, and even-tide dimm'd all the ways.

## BOOK IV

## A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus, with Pisistratus, arrives at the palace of Menelaus, from whom he receives some fresh information concerning the return of the Grecians, and is in particular told, on the authority of Proteus, that his father is detained by Calypso. The suitors, plotting against the life of Telemachus, lie in wait to intercept him in his return to Ithaca. Penelope, being informed of his departure, and of their designs to slay him, becomes inconsolable, but is relieved by a dream sent to her from Minerva.

In hollow Lacedæmon's spacious vale  
 Arriving, to the house they drove direct  
 Of royal Menelaus, him they found  
 In his own palace, all his numerous friends  
 Regaling at a nuptial banquet given 5  
 Both for his daughter and the prince his son  
 His daughter to renown'd Achilles' heir  
 He sent, to whom he had at Troy engaged  
 To give her, and the Gods now made her his  
 With chariots and with steeds he sent her forth 10  
 To the illustrious city where the prince,  
 Achilles' offspring, ruled the Myrmidons  
 But to his son he gave a Spartan fair,  
 Alector's daughter, from an handmaid sprang  
 That son to Menelaus in his age, 15  
 Brave Megapenthes, for the Gods no child  
 To Helen gave, made mother, once, of her  
 Who vied in perfect loveliness of form  
 With golden Venus' self, Hermione  
 Thus all the neighbour princes and the friends 20  
 Of noble Menelaus, feasting sat  
 Within his spacious palace, among whom  
 A sacred bard sang sweetly to his harp,  
 While, in the midst, two dancers smote the ground  
 With measured steps responsive to his song. 25  
 And now the Heroes, Nestor's noble son  
 And young Telemachus, arrived within

The vestibule, whom issuing from the ~~hall~~,  
 The noble Eteoneus of the train  
 Of Menelaus, saw, at once he ran 30  
 Across the palace to report the news  
 To his Lord's ear, and standing at his side,  
 In accents wing'd with haste thus greeted him.

Oh Menelaus ! Heaven-descended Chief !  
 Two guests arrive, both strangers, but the race 35  
 Of Jove supreme resembling each in form.  
 Say, shall we loose, ourselves, their rapid steeds,  
 Or hence dismiss them to some other host ?

But Menelaus, Hero golden-hair'd,  
 Indignant answer'd him Boethe's son ! 40  
 Thou wast not, Eteoneus, heretofore,  
 A babbler, who now pratest as a child  
 We have ourselves arrived indebted much  
 To hospitality of other men,  
 If Jove shall, even here, some pause at last 45  
 Of woe afford us. Therefore loose, at once,  
 Their steeds, and introduce them to the feast

He said, and issuing, Eteoneus call'd  
 The brisk attendants to his aid, with whom  
 He loosed their foaming coursers from the yoke 50  
 Them first they bound to mangers, which with oats  
 And mingled barley they supplied, then thrust  
 The chariot sidelong to the splendid wall <sup>1</sup>  
 Themselves he, next, into the royal house  
 Conducted, who survey'd, wondering, the abode 55  
 Of the heaven-favour'd King, for on all sides  
 As with the splendour of the sun or moon  
 The lofty dome of Menelaus blazed  
 Sate, at length, with wonder at that sight,  
 They enter'd each a bath, and by the hands 60  
 Of maidens laved, and oil'd, and clothed again  
 With shaggy mantles and resplendent vests,  
 Sat both enthroned at Menelaus' side  
 And now a maiden charged with golden ewer,  
 And with an argent laver, pouring first 65  
 Pure water on their hands, supplied them next,

<sup>1</sup> Hesychius tells us, that the Grecians ornamented with much attention the front wall of their courts for the admiration of passengers.

With a bright table, which the maiden, chief  
 In office, furnish'd plenteously with bread  
 And dainties, remnants of the last regale  
 Then came the sewer, who with delicious meats 70  
 Dish after dish served them, and placed beside  
 The chargers cups magnificent of gold,  
 When Menelaus grasp'd their hands, and said

Eat and rejoice, and when ye shall have shared  
 Our nuptial banquet, we will, then, enquire 75  
 Who are ye both, for, certain, not from those  
 Whose generation perishes are ye,  
 But rather of some race of sceptred Chiefs  
 Heaven-born, the base have never sons like you

So saying, he from the board lifted his own 80  
 Distinguish'd portion, and the fatted chine  
 Gave to his guests, the savoury viands they  
 With outstretch'd hands assail'd, and when the force  
 No longer now of appetite they felt,  
 Telemachus, inclining close his head 85  
 To Nestor's son, lest others should his speech  
 Witness, in whisper'd words him thus address'd.

Dearest Pisistratus, observe, my friend!  
 How all the echoing palace with the light  
 Of beaming brass, of gold and amber shines 90  
 Silver and ivory! for radiance such  
 The interior mansion of Olympian Jove  
 I deem What wealth, how various, how immense  
 Is here! astonish'd I survey the sight!

But Menelaus, golden-hair'd, his speech 95  
 O'erhearing, thus in accents wing'd replied

My children! let no mortal man pretend  
 Comparison with Jove, for Jove's abode  
 And all his stores are incorruptible  
 But whether mortal man with me may vie 100  
 In the display of wealth, or whether not,  
 This know, that after many toils endured,  
 And perilous wanderings wide, in the eighth year  
 I brought my treasures home Remote I roved  
 To Cyprus, to Phœnice, to the shores 105  
 Of Egypt, Æthiopia's land I reach'd,  
 Th' Erebbi, the Sidonians, and the coasts

Of Libya, where the lambs their foreheads show  
 At once with horns defended, soon as year'd  
 There, thrice within the year the flocks produce, 110  
 Nor master, there, nor shepherd ever feels  
 A dearth of cheese, of flesh, or of sweet milk  
 Delicious, drawn from udders never dry  
 While, thus, commodities on various coasts  
 Gathering I roam'd, another, by the arts 115  
 Of his pernicious spouse aided, of life  
 Bereaved my brother privately, and when least  
 He fear'd to lose it Therefore little joy  
 To me results from all that I possess  
 Your fathers (be those fathers who they may,) 120  
 These things have doubtless told you, for immense  
 Have been my sufferings, and I have destroy'd  
 A palace well inhabited and stored  
 With precious furniture of every kind  
 Such, that I would to heaven! I own'd at home 125  
 Though but the third of it, and that the Greeks  
 Who perish'd then, beneath the walls of Troy  
 Far from steed-pastured Argos, still survived  
 Yet while, sequester'd here, I frequent mourn  
 My slaughter'd friends, by turns I soothe my soul 130  
 With tears shed for them, and by turns again  
 I cease, for grief soon satiates free indulged  
 But of them all, although I all bewail,  
 None mourn I so as one, whom calling back  
 To memory, I both sleep and food abhor 135  
 For, of Achaia's sons none ever toil'd  
 Strenuous as Ulysses, but his lot  
 Was woe, and unremitting sorrow mine  
 For his long absence, who, if still he live  
 We know not aught, or be already dead 140  
 Him doubtless, old Laertes mourns, and him  
 Discreet Penelope, not less his son  
 Telemachus, born newly when he sail'd  
 So saying, he kindled in him strong desire  
 To mourn his father, at his father's name 145  
 Fast fell his tears to ground, and with both hands  
 He spread his purple cloak before his eyes,  
 Which Menelaus marking, doubtful sat

If he should leave him leisure for his tears,  
Or question him, and tell him all at large 150

While thus he doubted, Helen (as it chanced)  
Leaving her fragrant chamber, came, august  
As Dian, goddess of the golden bow  
Adiasta, for her use, set forth a throne,  
Alcippe with soft arras cover'd it, 155

And Philo brought her silver basket, gift  
Of fair Alcandra, wife of Polybus,  
Whose mansion in Egyptian Thebes is rich  
In untold treasure, and who gave, himself,  
Ten golden talents, and two silver baths 160

To Menelaus, with two splendid tripods,  
Beside the noble gifts which, at the hand  
Of his illustrious spouse, Helen received,  
A golden spindle, and a basket wheel'd,  
Itself of silver, and its lip of gold 165

That basket Philo, her own handmaid, placed  
At beauteous Helen's side, charged to the brim  
With slender threads, on which the spindle lay  
With wool of purple lustre wrapp'd around.  
Approaching, on her foot-stool'd throne she sat, 170  
And, instant, of her royal spouse enquired

Know we, my Menelaus, dear to Jove!  
These guests of ours, and whence they have arrived?  
Erroneous I may speak, yet speak I must,  
In man or woman never have I seen 175

Such likeness to another, (wonder-fixt  
I gaze,) 'as in this stranger to the son  
Of brave Ulysses, whom that Hero left  
New-born at home, when (shameless as I was)  
For my unworthy sake the Grecians sail'd 180  
To Ilum with fierce rage of battle fired

Then Menelaus, thus, the golden-hair'd  
I also such resemblance find in him  
As thou, such feet, such hands, the cast<sup>2</sup> of eye  
Similar, and the head and flowing locks 185  
And even now, when I Ulysses named,  
And his great sufferings mention'd, in my cause,  
The bitter tear dropp'd from his lids, while broad

<sup>2</sup> Ὀφθαλμῶν τε βολαί

Before his eyes his purple cloak he spread.

To whom the son of Nestor thus replied. 190

Atrides ! Menelaus ! Chief renown'd !

He is in truth his son, as thou hast said,

But he is modest, and would much himself

Condemn, if, at his first arrival here,

He should loquacious seem and bold to thee, 195

To whom we listen, captivated by thy voice,

As if some God had spoken As for me,

Nestor, my father, the Gerenian Chief

Bade me conduct him hither, for he wish'd

To see thee, promising himself from thee 200

The benefit of some kind word or deed

For, destitute of other aid, he much

His father's tedious absence mourns at home

So fares Telemachus, his father strays

Remote, and in his stead, no friend hath he 205

Who might avert the mischiefs that he feels

To whom the Hero amber-hair'd replied

Ye Gods ! the offspring of indeed a fiend

Hath reach'd my house, of one who hath endured

Arduous conflicts numerous for my sake, 210

And much I purposed, had Olympian Jove

Vouchsafed us prosperous passage o'er the Deep,

To have received him with such friendship here

As none beside In Argos I had then

Founded a city for him, and had raised 215

A palace for himself, I would have brought

The Hero hither, and his son, with all

His people, and with all his wealth, some town

Evacuating for his sake, of those

Ruled by myself, and neighbouring close my own 220

Thus situate, we had often interchanged

Sweet converse, nor had other cause at last

Our friendship terminated or our joys,

Than death's black cloud o'ershadowing him or me

But such delights could only envy move 225

Even in the Gods, who have, of all the Greeks,

Amerced *him* only of his wish'd return

So saying, he kindled the desire to weep

In every bosom Argive Helen wept



Abundant, Jove's own daughter, wept as fast 230  
 Telemachus and Menelaus both,  
 Not Nestor's son with tearless eyes remain'd  
 Calling to mind Antilochus<sup>3</sup> by the son<sup>4</sup>  
 Illustrious of the bright Aurora slain,  
 Remembering whom, in accents wing'd he said 235  
     Atrides ! ancient Nestor, when of late  
 Conveising with him, we remember'd thee,  
 Pronounc'd thee wise beyond all human-kind  
 Now therefore, let not even my advice  
 Displease thee   It affords me no delight 240  
 To intermingle tears with my repast,  
 And soon, Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Will tinge the orient   Not that I account  
 Due lamentation of a friend deceased  
 Blameworthy, since, to shear the locks and weep, 245  
 Is all we can for the unhappy dead  
 I also have my grief, call'd to lament  
 One, not the meanest of Achaia's sons,  
 My brother, him I cannot but suppose  
 To thee well-known, although unknown to me 250  
 Who saw him never<sup>5</sup>, but report proclaims  
 Antilochus superior to the most,  
 In speed superior, and in feats of arms  
     To whom, the Hero of the yellow locks  
 O friend beloved ! since nought which thou hast said 255  
 Or recommended now, would have disgraced  
 A man of years maturer far than thine,  
 (For wise thy father is, and such art thou,  
 And easy is it to discern the son  
 Of such a father, whom Saturnian Jove 260  
 In marriage both and at his birth ordain'd  
 To great felicity, for he hath given  
 To Nestor gradually to sink at home  
 Into old age, and while he lives, to see  
 His sons past others wise, and skill'd in arms,) 265  
 The sorrow into which we sudden fell  
 Shall pause.   Come—now remember we the feast,

<sup>3</sup> Antilochus was his brother

<sup>4</sup> The son of Aurora, who slew Antilochus, was Memnon

<sup>5</sup> Because Pisistratus was born after Antilochus had sailed to Troy

Pour water on our hands, for we shall find  
 (Telemachus and I) no dearth of themes  
 For mutual converse when the day shall dawn 270  
 He ended, then, Asphalion, at his word,  
 Servant of glorious Menelaus, pour'd  
 Pure water on their hands, and they the feast  
 Before them with keen appetite assal'd  
 But Jove-born Helen otherwise, meantime, 275  
 Employ'd, into the wine of which they drank  
 A drug infused, antidote to the pains  
 Of grief and anger, a most potent charm  
 For ills of every name    Whoe'er his wine  
 So medicated drinks, he shall not pour 280  
 All day the tears down his wan cheek, although  
 His father and his mother both were dead,  
 Nor even though his brother or his son  
 Had fallen in battle, and before his eyes  
 Such drugs Jove's daughter own'd, with skill prepared, 285  
 And of prime virtue, by the wife of Thone,  
 Egyptian Polydamna, given her  
 For Egypt teems with drugs, yielding no few  
 Which, mingled with the drink, are good, and many  
 Of baneful juice, and enemies to life 290  
 There every man in skill medicinal  
 Excels, for they are sons of Pæon all  
 That drug infused, she bade her servant pour  
 The beverage forth, and thus her speech resumed  
 Atides ! Menelaus ! dear to Jove ! 295  
 These also are the sons of Chiefs renown'd,  
 (For Jove, as pleases him, to each assigns  
 Or good or evil, whom all things obey.)  
 Now therefore, feasting at your ease reclined,  
 Listen with pleasure, for myself, the while, 300  
 Will matter seasonable interpose  
 I cannot all rehearse, nor even name  
 (Omitting none) the conflicts and exploits  
 Of brave Ulysses, but with what address  
 Successful, one achievement he perform'd 305  
 At Ilum, where Achaia's sons endured  
 Such hardship, will I speak    Inflicting  
 Dishonourable on himself, he took

A tatter'd garb, and like a serving-man  
 Enter'd the spacious city of your foes 310  
 So veil'd, some mendicant he seem'd, although  
 No Grecian less deserved that name than he  
 In such disguise he enter'd all alike  
 Misdeem'd him, me alone he not deceived  
 Who challenged him, but, shrewd, he turn'd away 315  
 At length, however, when I had myself  
 Bathed him, anointed, cloth'd him, and had sworn  
 Not to declare him openly in Troy  
 Till he should reach again the camp and fleet,  
 He told me the whole purpose of the Greeks 320  
 Then, (many a Trojan slaughter'd,) he regain'd  
 The camp, and much intelligence he bore  
 To the Achæans Oh, what wailing then  
 Was heard of Trojan women ! but my heart  
 Exulted, alter'd now, and wishing home, 325  
 For now my crime committed under force  
 Of Venus' influence I deplored, what time  
 She led me to a country far remote,  
 A wanderer from the matrimonial bed,  
 From my own child, and from my rightful Lord 330  
 Alike unblemish'd both in form and mind  
 Her answer'd then the Hero golden-hair'd  
 Helen ! thou hast well spoken All is true  
 I have the talents fathom'd and the minds  
 Of numerous Heroes, and have travell'd far, 335  
 Yet never saw I with these eyes in man  
 Such firmness as the calm Ulysses own'd,  
 None such as in the wooden horse he proved,  
 Where all our bravest sat, designing woe  
 And bloody havoc for the sons of Troy 340  
 Thou thither camest, impell'd, as it should seem,  
 By some divinity inclined to give  
 Victory to our foes, and with thee came  
 Godlike Deiphobus Thrice round about  
 The hollow ambush, striking with thy hand 345  
 Its sides thou went'st, and by his name didst call  
 Each prince of Greece, feigning his consort's voice.  
 Myself with Diomede, and with divine

Heard plain and loud, we (Diomedes and I) 350  
 With ardour burn'd either to quit the horse  
 So summon'd, or to answer from within  
 But, all impatient as we were, Ulysses  
 Control'd the rash design, so there the sons  
 Of the Achæans silent sat and mute, 355  
 And of us all Anticleus would alone  
 Have answer'd, but Ulysses, with both hands  
 Compressing close his lips, saved us, nor ceased  
 Till Pallas thence conducted thee again  
 Then thus, discreet, Telemachus replied 360  
 Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!  
 Hard was his lot, whom these rare qualities  
 Preserved not, neither had his dauntless heart  
 Been iron, had he 'scaped his cruel doom  
 But haste, dismiss us hence, that on our beds 365  
 Reposed, we may enjoy sleep, needful now  
 He ceased, then Argive Helen gave command  
 To her attendant maidens to prepare  
 Beds in the portico with purple rugs  
 Resplendent, and with arras, overspread, 370  
 And cover'd warm with cloaks of shaggy pile.  
 Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,  
 And spread the couches, next, the herald them  
 Led forth, and in the vestibule the son  
 Of Nestor and the youthful hero slept, 375  
 Telemachus, but in the interior house  
 Atrides, with the loveliest of her sex  
 Beside him, Helen of the sweeping stole  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Glow'd in the East, then from his couch arose 380  
 The warlike Menelaus, fresh attired,  
 His falchion o'er his shoulders slung, he bound  
 His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,  
 And like a God issuing, at the side  
 Sat of Telemachus, to whom he spake 385  
 Hero! Telemachus! what urgent cause  
 Hath hither led thee, to the land far-famed  
 Of Lacedæmon o'er the spacious Deep?  
 Public concern or private? Tell me true  
 To whom Telemachus discreet replied 390

Atrides ! Menelaus ! prince renown'd !  
 News seeking of my Sire, I have arriv'd  
 My household is devour'd, my fruitful fields  
 Are desolated, and my palace fill'd  
 With enemies who while they mutual wage  
 Proud competition for my mother's love,  
 My flocks continual slaughter, and my beeves  
 For this cause, at thy knees suppliant, I beg  
 That thou wouldst tell me his disastrous end,  
 If either thou beheld'st with thine own eyes  
 His death, or from some wand'rer of the Greeks  
 Hast heard it, for no common woes, alas !  
 Was he ordain'd to share even from the womb  
 Neither through pity or o'erstrain'd respect  
 Flatter me, but explicit all relate  
 Which thou hast witness'd If my noble Sire  
 E'er gratified thee by performance just  
 Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell  
 So numerous slain in fight, oh recollect  
 Now his fidelity, and tell me true !

Then Menelaus, sighing deep, replied  
 Gods ! their ambition is to reach the bed  
 Of a brave man, however base themselves  
 But as it chanches, when the hart hath laid  
 Her fawns new-yeen'd and sucklings yet, to rest  
 Within some dreadful lion's gloomy den,  
 She roams the hills, and in the grassy vales  
 Feeds heedless, till the lion, to his lair  
 Return'd, destroys her and her little-ones,  
 So them thy Sire shall terribly destroy  
 Jove, Pallas and Apollo ! oh that such  
 As erst in well-built Lesbos, where he strove  
 With Philomelides, and threw him flat,  
 A sight at which Achæa's sons rejoiced,  
 Such, now, Ulysses might assail them all !  
 Short life and bitter nuptials should be theirs  
 But thy enquiries neither indirect  
 Will I evade, nor give thee false reply,  
 But all that from the Ancient<sup>6</sup> of the Deep  
 I have received will utter, hiding nought

<sup>6</sup> Proteus.

As yet the Gods on Egypt's shore detain d  
 Me wishing home, angry at my neglect  
 To heap their altars with slain hecatombs  
 For they exacted from us evermore  
 Strict reverence of their laws    There is an isle    435  
 Amid the billowy flood, Phaios by name,  
 In front of Egypt, distant from her shore  
 Far as a vessel by a sprightly gale  
 Impell'd, may push her voyage in a day  
 The haven there is good, and many a ship    440  
 Finds watering there from rivulets on the coast  
 There me the Gods kept twenty days, no breeze  
 Propitious granting, that might sweep the waves,  
 And usher to her home the flying bairk  
 And now had our provision, all consumed,    445  
 Left us exhausted, but a certain nymph  
 Pitying saved me    Daughter fair was she  
 Of mighty Proteus, Ancient of the Deep,  
 Idothea named, her most my sorrows moved,  
 She found me from my followers all apart    450  
 Wand'ring, (for they around the isle, with hooks  
 The fishes snaring roam'd, by famine urged )  
 And standing at my side, me thus bespake  
 Stranger ! thou must be idiot born, or weak  
 At least in intellect, or thy delight    455  
 Is in distress and misery, who delay'st  
 To leave this island, and no egress hence  
 Canst find, although thy famish'd people faint  
 So spake the Goddess, and I thus replied  
 I tell thee, whosoever of the Powers    460  
 Divine thou art, that I am prison'd here  
 Not willingly, but must have, doubtless, stand  
 Against the deathless tenants of the skies  
 Yet say (for the Immortals all things know )  
 What God detains me, and my course forbids    465  
 Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep '  
 So I, to whom the Goddess all divine  
 Stranger ! I will inform thee true. A seer  
 Oracular, the Ancient of the Deep,  
 Immortal Proteus, the Egyptian, haunts    470  
 These shores, familiar with all Ocean's gulfs,

And Neptune's subject    He is by report  
 My father, him if thou art able once  
 To seize and bind, he will prescribe the course  
 With all its measured distances, by which 175  
 Thou shalt regain secure thy native shores  
 He will, moreover, at thy suit declare,  
 Thou favour'd of the skies ! what good, what ill  
 Hath in thine house befallen, while absent thou  
 Thy voyage difficult perform'st and long 480

She spake, and I replied,—Thyself reveal  
 By what effectual bands I may secure  
 The ancient Deity marine, lest, warn'd  
 Of my approach, he shun me and escape  
 Hard task for mortal hands to bind a God ! 485

Then thus Idothea answer'd all-divine  
 I will inform thee true    Soon as the sun  
 Hath climb'd the middle heavens, the prophet old,  
 Emerging while the breezy zephyr blows,  
 And cover'd with the scum of ocean, seeks 490  
 His spacious cove, in which outstretch'd he lies

The phocæ<sup>7</sup> also, rising from the waves,  
 Offspring of beauteous Halosydna, sleep  
 Around him, numerous, and the fishy scent  
 Exhaling rank of the unfathom'd flood 495  
 Thither conducting thee at peep of day

I will dispose thee in some safe recess,  
 But from among thy followers thou shalt choose  
 The bravest three in all thy gallant fleet  
 And now the artifices understand 500

Of the old prophet of the sea    The sum  
 Of all his phocæ numbering duly first,  
 He will pass through them, and when all by fives  
 He counted hath, will in the midst repose  
 Content, as sleeps the shepherd with his flock 505

When ye shall see him stretch'd, then call to mind  
 That moment all your prowess, and prevent,  
 Howe'er he strive impatient, his escape  
 All changes trying, he will take the form  
 Of every reptile on the earth, will seem 510  
 A river now, and now devouring fire ;

<sup>7</sup> Seals, or sea-calves.

But hold him ye, and grasp him still the more  
 And when himself shall question you, restored  
 To his own form in which ye found him first  
 Reposing, then from farther force abstain , 515  
 Then, Hero ' loose the Ancient of the Deep,  
 And ask him, of the Gods who checks thy course  
 Hence to thy country o'er the fishy flood

So saying, she plunged into the billowy waste  
 I then, in various musings lost, my ships 520  
 Along the sea-beach station'd sought again,  
 And when I reach'd my galley on the shore  
 We supp'd, and sacred night falling from heaven,  
 Slept all extended on the ocean-side  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 525  
 Look'd rosy forth, pensive beside the shore  
 I walk'd of Ocean, frequent to the Gods  
 Praying devout, then chose the fittest three  
 For bold assault, and worthiest of my trust  
 Meantime the Goddess from the bosom wide 530  
 Of Ocean rising, brought us thence four skins  
 Of phocæ, and all newly-stript, a snare  
 Contriving subtle to deceive her Sire  
 Four cradles in the sand she scoop'd, then sat  
 Expecting us, who in due time approach'd , 535  
 She lodged us side by side, and over each  
 A raw skin cast    Horrible to ourselves  
 Proved that disguise, whom the pernicious scent  
 Of the sea nourish'd phocæ sore annoy'd ,  
 For who would lay him down at a whale's side ? 540  
 But she a potent remedy devised  
 Herself to save us, who the nostrils soothed  
 Of each with pure ambrosia thither brought  
 Odorous, which the fishy scent subdued  
 All morning, patient watchers, there we lay , 545  
 And now the numerous phocæ from the Deep  
 Emerging, slept along the shore, and he  
 At noon came also, and perceiving there  
 His fatted monsters, through the flock his course  
 Took regular, and summ'd them , with the first 550  
 He number'd us, suspicion none of fraud  
 Conceiving, then couch'd also    We, at once,



Loud-shouting flew on him, and in our arms  
 Constrain'd him fast, nor the sea-prophet old  
 Call'd not incontinent his shifts to mind. 555

First he became a long-maned lion grum,  
 Then dragon, panther then, a savage boar,  
 A limpid stream, and an o'ershadowing tree  
 We persevereing held him, till at length  
 The Ancient of the Deep, skill'd as he is 560  
 In wiles, yet weary, question'd me, and said

Oh Atreus' son, by what confederate God  
 Instructed hest thou in wait for me,  
 To seize and hold me? what is thy desire?

So He, to whom thus answer I return'd 565  
 Old Seer! thou know'st, why, fraudulent, shouldst thou ask?  
 It is because I have been prison'd long  
 Within this isle, whence I have sought in vain  
 Deliverance, till my wonted courage fails  
 Yet say (for the Immortals all things know,) 570  
 What God detains me, and my course forbids  
 Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep?

So I, when thus the old one of the waves  
 \*But thy plain duty was to have adored  
 Jove, first, in sacrifice, and all the Gods, 575  
 That then embarking, by propitious gales  
 Impell'd, thou might'st have reach'd thy country soon  
 For thou art doom'd ne'er to behold again  
 Thy friends, thy palace, or thy native shores,  
 Till thou have seen once more the hallow'd flood 580  
 Of Egypt, and with hecatombs adored  
 Devout the deathless tenants of the skies  
 Then will they speed thee whither thou desirest

He ended, and my heart broke at his words,  
 Which bade me pass again the gloomy gulf 585  
 To Egypt, tedious course, and hard to achieve!  
 Yet, though in sorrow whelm'd, I thus replied

Old prophet! I will all thy will perform  
 But tell me, and the truth simply reveal,

\* From the abruptness of this beginning, Virgil, probably, who has copied the story, took the hint of his admired exordium

*Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nos<sup>ti</sup> as  
 Egit adire domos?*

Have the Achæans with their ships arrived 590  
 All safe, whom Nestor left and I, at Troy ?  
 Or of the Chiefs have any in their barks,  
 Or in their followers' arms found a dire death  
 Unlook'd for, since that city's siege we closed ?

I spake, when answer thus the God return'd 595  
 Atides, why these questions ? need is none  
 That thou should'st all my secrets learn, which once  
 Reveal'd, thou wouldst not long dry-eyed remain  
 Of those no few have died, and many live,  
 But leaders, two alone, in their return 600  
 Have died, (thou also hast had war to wage,)  
 And one, still living, roams the boundless sea.

Ajax<sup>9</sup>, surrounded by his galleys, died  
 Him Neptune, first, against the bulky rocks  
 The Gyræe drove, but saved him from the Deep, 605  
 Nor had he perish'd, hated as he was  
 By Pallas, but for his own impious boast  
 In frenzy utter'd, that he would escape  
 The billows, even in the Gods' despite.  
 Neptune that speech vain-glorious hearing, grasp'd 610  
 His trident, and the huge Gyræan rock  
 Smiting indignant, dash'd it half away,  
 Part stood, and part, on which the boaster sat  
 When, first, the biansick fury seized him, fell,  
 Bearing him with it down into the gulfs 615  
 Of Ocean, where he drank the brine, and died  
 But thy own brother in his barks escaped  
 That fate, by Juno saved, yet when, at length,  
 He should have gain'd Malea's craggy shore,  
 Then, by a sudden tempest caught, he flew 620  
 With many a groan far o'er the fishy Deep  
 To the land's utmost point, where once his home  
 Thyestes had, but where Thyestes' son  
 Dwelt then, Ægisthus Easy lay his course  
 And open thence, and as it pleased the Gods, 625  
 The shifted wind soon bore them to their home  
 He high in exultation, trod the shore  
 That gave him birth, kiss'd it, and at the sight.  
 The welcome sight of Greece, shed many a tear

<sup>9</sup> Son of Oileus

Yet not unseen he landed, for a spy, 630  
 One whom the shrewd Ægisthus had seduced  
 By promise of two golden talents, mark'd  
 His coming from a rock where he had watch'd  
 The year complete, lest passing unperceived,  
 The King should recassett his right in arms 635  
 Swift flew the spy with tidings to his Lord,  
 And He, incontinent, this project framed  
 Insidious Twenty men, the boldest hearts  
 Of all the people, from the rest he chose,  
 Whom he in ambush placed, and others charged 640  
 Diligent to prepare the festal board  
 With horses, then, and chariots forth he drove  
 Full-faught with mischief, and conducting home  
 The unsuspecting King, amid the feast  
 Slew him, as at his crib men slay an ox 645  
 Not of thy brother's train, nor of his train  
 Who slew thy brother, one survived, but all,  
 Weltering in blood together, there expired  
 He ended, and his words beat on my heart  
 As they would break it On the sands I sat 650  
 Weeping, nor life nor light desiring more  
 But when I had in dust roll'd me, and wept  
 To full satiety, mine ear again  
 The oracle of Ocean thus address'd  
 Sit not, O son of Atreus! weeping here 655  
 Longer, for remedy can none be found,  
 But quick arising, trial make, how best  
 Thou shalt, and soonest, reach thy home again.  
 For either him still living thou shalt find,  
 Or ere thou come, Orestes shall have slain 660  
 The traitor, and thine eyes shall see his tomb  
 He ceased, and I, afflicted as I was,  
 Yet felt my spirit at that word refresh'd,  
 And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd  
 Of these I am inform'd, but name the third 665  
 Who dead or living, on the boundless Deep  
 Is still detain'd, I dread, yet wish to hear.  
 So I, to whom thus Proteus in return.  
 Laertes' son, the Lord of Ithaca—  
 Him in an island weeping I beheld, 670

Guest of the nymph Calypso, by constraint  
 Her guest, and from his native land withheld  
 By sad necessity, for ships well-oar'd,  
 Or faithful followers bath he none, whose aid  
 Might speed him safely o'er the spacious flood 675  
 But, Menelaus dear to Jove! thy fate  
 Ordains not thee the stroke of death to meet  
 In steed-famed Argos, but far hence the Gods  
 Will send thee to Elysium, and the earth's  
 Extremest bounds, (there Rhadamanthus dwells, 680  
 The golden-hair'd, and there the human kind  
 Enjoy the easiest life, no snow is there,  
 No biting winter, and no drenching shower,  
 But zephyr always gently from the sea  
 Breathes on them, to refresh the happy race,) 685  
 For that fair Helen is by nuptial bands  
 Thy own, and thou art son-in-law of Jove  
 So saying, he plunged into the billowy waste.  
 I then, with my brave comrades to the fleet  
 Return'd, deep-musing as I went, and sad. 690  
 No sooner had I reach'd my ship beside  
 The ocean, and we all had supped, than night  
 From heaven fell on us, and at ease reposed  
 Along the margin of the sea, we slept  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 695  
 Look'd rosy forth, drawing our galleys down  
 Into the sacred Deep, we rear'd again  
 The mast, unful'd the sail, and to our seats  
 On board returning, thresh'd the foamy flood  
 Once more, at length, within the hallow'd stream 700  
 Of Egypt mooring, on the shore I slew  
 Whole hecatombs, and (the displeasure thus  
 Of the Immortal Gods appeased,) I rear'd  
 To Agamemnon's never-dying fame  
 A tomb, and finishing it sail'd again 705  
 With such a gale from heaven vouchsafed, as sent  
 My ships swift scudding to the shores of Greece  
 But come—eleven days wait here or twelve  
 A guest with me, when I will send thee hence  
 Nobly and honour'd with illustrious gifts, 710  
 With polish'd chariot, with three princely steed-,

And with a gorgeous cup, that to the Gods  
 Libation pouring ever while thou livest  
 From that same cup, thou may'st remember me.

Him, prudent, then answered Telemachus 715

Atrides seek not to detain me here

Long time, for though contented I could sit

The year beside thee, nor regret my home

Or parents (so delightful thy discourse

Sounds in my ear,) yet, even now, I know, 720

That my attendants to the Pylian shore

Wish my return, whom thou thus long detain'st

What boon soe'er thou givest me, be it such

As I may treasured keep, but hoises none

Take I to Ithaca, them rather far 725

Keep thou, for thy own glory Thou art Lord

Of an extended plain, where copious springs

The lotus, herbage of all savours, wheat,

Pulse, and white barley of luxuriant growth

But Ithaca no level champagne owns, 730

A nursery of goats, and yet a land

Fairer than even pastures to the eye

No sea-enclosed isle of ours affords

Smooth course commodious, and expanse of meads,

But my own Ithaca transcends them all! 735

He said, the Hero Menelaus smiled,

And stroking tenderly his cheek, replied

Dear youth! thy speech proclaims thy noble blood

I can with ease supply thee from within

With what shall suit thee better, and the gift 740

Of all that I possess which most excels

In beauty, and the noblest shall be thine

I give thee, wrought elaborate, a cup

Itself all silver, bound with lip of gold

It is the work of Vulcan, which to me 745

The Hero Phædimus imparted, King

Of the Sidomians, when on my return

His house received me That shall be thy own

Thus they conferr'd, and now the busy train

Of <sup>10</sup>menials culinary at the gate 750

<sup>10</sup> Δαίτυμων—generally signifies the founder of a feast, but we are taught by Eustathius to understand by it, in this place, the persons em

Enter'd of Menelaus, Chief renown'd ,  
They brought him sheep, with heart-ennobling wine,  
While all their wives, their brows with frontlets bound,  
Came charged with bread Thus busy they prepared  
A banquet in the mansion of the King 755

Meantime, before Ulysses' palace gate  
The suitors sported with the quoit and spear  
On the smooth area, customary scene  
Of all their strife and angry clamour loud  
There sat Antinous, and the godlike youth 760  
Eurymachus, superior to the rest  
And Chiefs among them, to whom Phronius' son  
Noemon drawing nigh, with anxious mien  
Question'd Antinous, and thus began

Know we, Antinous ! or know we not, 765  
When to expect Telemachus at home  
Again from Pylus ? In my ship he went,  
Which now I need, that I may cross the sea  
To Elis, on whose spacious plain I feed  
Twelve mares, each suckling a mule-colt as yet 770  
Unbroken, but of which I purpose one  
To ferry thence, and break him into use

He spake, whom they astonish'd heard , for him  
They deem'd not to Neleian Pylus gone,  
But haply into his own fields, his flocks 775  
To visit, or the steward of his swine  
Then thus Eupithes' son, Antinous, spake

Say true When sail'd he forth ' of all our youth,  
Whom chose he for his followers ? his own train  
Of slaves and hirelings ? hath he power to effect 780  
This also ? Tell me too, for I would learn—  
Took he perforce thy sable bark away,  
Or gavest it to him at his first demand ?

To whom Noemon, Phronius' son, replied.  
I gave it voluntary , what could'st thou, 785  
Should such a prince petition for thy bark  
In such distress ? Haid were it to refuse  
Brave youths (our bravest youths except yourselves),  
Attend him forth , and with them I observed  
Mentor embarking, ruler o'er them all, 790  
Or, if not him, a God , for such he seem'd

But this much moves my wonder Yester-morn  
 I saw, at day-break, noble Mentor here,  
 Whom shipp'd for Pylus I had seen before  
 He ceased, and to his father's house return'd, 795  
 They, hearing, sat aghast Then games meantime  
 Finish'd, the suitors on then seats reposed,  
 To whom Eupithes' son, Antinous, next,  
 Much troubled spake, a black storm overcharg'd  
 His bosom, and his vivid eyes flash'd fire 800  
 Ye Gods, a proud exploit is here achieved,  
 This voyage of Telemachus, by us  
 Pronounced impracticable, yet the boy,  
 In downright opposition to us all,  
 Hath headlong launch'd a ship, and with a band 805  
 Selected from our bravest youth, is gone  
 He soon will prove more mischievous, whose power  
 Jove wither, ere we suffer its effects !  
 But give me a swift bark with twenty rowers,  
 That, watching his return within the straits 810  
 Of rocky Samos and of Ithaca,  
 I may surprise him, so shall he have sail'd  
 To seek his sire, fatally for himself  
 He ceased, and loud applause heard in reply,  
 With warm encouragement Then, rising all, 815  
 Into Ulysses' house at once they throng'd  
 Nor was Penelope left unmurmur'd  
 Long time of then clandestine plottings deep,  
 For herald Medon told her all, whose ear  
 Then councils caught while in the outer-court 820  
 He stood, and they that project framed within  
 Swift to Penelope the tale he bore,  
 Who as he pass'd the gate him thus address'd  
 For what cause, herald ! have the suitors sent  
 Thee foremost ? Would they that my maidens lay 825  
 Their tasks aside, and dress the board for them ?  
 Here end their wooing ! may they hence depart  
 Never, and may the banquet now prepared,  
 This banquet prove your<sup>11</sup> last ! who in such throngs

<sup>11</sup> This transition from the third to the second person belongs to the original, and is considered as a fine stroke of art in the poet, who represents Penelope in the warmth of her resentment, forgetting where she is,

Here meeting, waste the patrimony fair 830  
 Of brave Telemachus, ye never, sue,  
 When children, heard how gracious and how good  
 Ulysses dwelt among your parents, none  
 Of all his people, or in word or deed  
 Injuring as great princes oft are wont, 835  
 By favour influenced now, now by disgust.  
 He no man wrong'd at any time, but plain  
 Your wicked purpose in your deeds appears,  
 Who sense have none of benefits confer'd

Then Medon answer thus, prudent, return'd 840  
 Oh Queen! may the Gods grant this prove the worst  
 But greater far and heavier ills than this  
 The suitors plan, whose counsels Jove confound!  
 Their base desire and purpose are to slay  
 Telemachus on his return, for he, 845  
 To gather tidings of his Sire, is gone  
 To Pylos, or to Sparta's land divine

He said, and where she stood, her trembling knees  
 Fail'd under her, and all her spirits went  
 Speechless she long remain'd, tears fill'd her eyes, 850  
 And inarticulate in its passage died  
 Her utterance, till at last with pain she spake

Herald! why went my son? he hath no need  
 On board swift ships to ride, which are to man  
 His steeds that bear him over seas remote 855  
 Went he, that, with himself, his very name  
 Might perish from among mankind for ever?

Then answer, thus, Medon the wise return'd  
 I know not whether him some God impell'd  
 Or his own heart to Pylos, there to hear 860  
 News of his Sire's return, or by what fate  
 At least he died, if he return no more

He said, and traversing Ulysses' courts,  
 Departed, she, with heart-consuming woe  
 O'erwhelm'd, no longer could endure to take 865  
 Repose on any of her numerous seats,  
 But on the threshold of her chamber-door  
 Lamenting sat, while all her female train  
 Around her moan'd, the ancient and the young,  
 Whom, sobbing, thus Penelope bespake 870



Hear me, ye maidens ! for of women born  
 Coeval with me, none hath e'er received  
 Such plenteous sorrow from the Gods as I,  
 Who first my noble husband lost, endued  
 With courage lion-like, of all the Greeks 875  
 The Chief with every virtue most adorn'd,  
 A prince all-excellent, whose glorious praise  
 Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffused.  
 And now, my darling son,—him storms have snatch'd  
 Far hence inglorious, and I knew it not 880  
 Ah, treacherous servants ! conscious as ye were  
 Of his design, not one of you the thought  
 Conceiv'd to wake me when he went on board.  
 For had but the report once reach'd my ear,  
 He either had not gone (how much soe'er 885  
 He wish'd to leave me,) or had left me dead  
 But haste ye,—bid my ancient servant come,  
 Dolon (whom when I left my father's house  
 He gave me, and whose office is to attend  
 My numerous garden-plants,) that he may seek 890  
 At once Laertes, and may tell him all,  
 Who may contrive some remedy, perchance,  
 On fit expedient, and shall come abroad  
 To weep before the men who wish to slay  
 Even the prince, godlike Ulysses' son 895  
 Then thus the gentle Euryclea spake,  
 Nourse of Telemachus Alas ! my Queen !  
 Slay me, or spare, deal with me as thou wilt,  
 I will confess the truth I knew it all  
 I gave him all that he required from me, 900  
 Both wine and bread, and at his bidding, swore  
 To tell thee nought in twelve whole days to come,  
 Or till, enquiry made, thou should'st thyself  
 Learn his departure, lest thou should'st impair  
 Thy lovely features with excess of grief 905  
 But lave thyself, and fresh attired, ascend  
 To thy own chamber, there, with all thy train,  
 To worship Pallas, who shall save, thenceforth,  
 Thy son from death, what ills soe'er he meet  
 Add not fresh sorrows to the present woes 910  
 Of the old King, for I believe not yet

Alcesias' race entirely by the Gods  
Renounced, but trust that there shall still be found  
Among them, who shall dwell in royal state,  
And reap the fruits of fertile fields remote 915

So saying, she hush'd her sorrow, and her eyes  
No longer stream'd Then, bathed and fresh attired,  
Penelope ascended with her train  
The upper palace, and a basket stor'd  
With hallow'd cakes offering, to Pallas pray'd 920

Hear, matchless daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd !  
If ever wise Ulysses offer'd here  
The thighs of fatted kine or sheep to thee,  
Now mindful of his piety, preserve  
His darling son, and frustrate with a frown 925  
The cruelty of these imperious guests !

She said, and wept aloud, whose earnest suit  
Pallas received And now the spacious hall  
And gloomy passages with tumult rang  
And clamour of that throng, when thus a youth, 930  
Insolent as his fellows, dared to speak

Much woo'd and long, the Queen at length prepares  
To choose another mate<sup>12</sup>, and nought suspects  
The bloody death to which her son is doom'd

So he, but they, meantime, themselves remain'd 935  
Untaught, what course the dread concern elsewhere  
Had taken, whom Antinous thus address'd

Sirs, one and all, I counsel you, beware  
Of such bold boasting unadvised, lest one  
O'erhearing you, report your words within 940  
No—rather thus, in silence, let us move  
To an exploit so pleasant to us all

He said, and twenty chose, the bravest there,  
With whom he sought the galley on the shore,  
Which drawing down into the Deep, they placed 945  
The mast and sails on board, and fitting, next,  
Each oar in order to its proper groove,  
Unfurl'd and spread their canvas to the gale  
Their bold attendants, then, brought them their arms,  
And soon as in deep water they had moor'd 950

<sup>12</sup> Mistaking, perhaps, the sound of her voice, and imagining that she sang—Vide Baines in loco

The ship, themselves embarking, supp'd on board,  
And watch'd impatient for the dusk of eve

But when Penelope, the palace stairs  
Remounting, had her upper chamber reach'd,  
There, unrefresh'd with either food or wine, 955  
She laid her down, her noble son the theme  
Of all her thoughts, whether he should escape  
His haughty foes, or perish by their hands  
Numerous as are the lion's thoughts, who sees,  
Not without fear, a multitude with toils 960  
Encircling him around, such numerous thoughts  
Her bosom occupied, till sleep at length  
Invading her, she sank in soft repose

Then Pallas, teeming with a new design,  
Set forth an airy phantom in the form 965  
Of fair Iphthima, daughter of the brave  
Icarus, and Eumelus' wedded wife  
In Pheireæ Shaped like her the dream she sent  
Into the mansion of the godlike Chief  
Ulysses, with kind purpose to abate 970  
The sighs and tears of sad Penelope  
Entering the chamber-portal, where the bolt  
Secured it, at her head the image stood,  
And thus, in terms compassionate, began

Sleep'st thou, distress'd Penelope? The Gods, 975  
Happy in everlasting rest themselves,  
Forbid thy sorrows Thou shalt yet behold  
Thy son again, who hath by no offence  
Incur'd at any time the wrath of heaven

To whom, sweet-slumbering in the shadowy gate 980  
By which dreams pass, Penelope replied

What cause, my sister, brings thee, who art seen  
Unfrequent here, for that thou dwell'st remote?  
And thou enjoin'st me a cessation too 985  
From sorrows numerous, and which, fretting, wear  
My heart continual, first, my spouse I lost,  
With courage lion-like endow'd, a prince  
All-excellent, whose never-dying praise  
Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffused,  
And now my only son, new to the toils 990

The arts of traffic, in a ship is gone  
 Far hence, for whose dear cause I sorrow more  
 Than for his Sire himself, and even shake  
 With terror, lest he perish by their hands 995  
 To whom he goes, or in the stormy Deep,  
 For numerous are his foes, and all intent  
 To slay him, ere he reach his home again

Then answer thus the shadowy form return'd  
 Take courage, suffer not excessive dread 1000  
 To overwhelm thee, such a guide he hath  
 And guardian, one whom many wish their friend,  
 And ever at their side, knowing her power,  
 Minerva, she compassionates thy griefs,  
 And I am here, her harbinger, who speak 1005  
 As thou hast heard by her own kind command.

Then thus Penelope the wise replied  
 Oh! if thou art a Goddess, and hast heard  
 A Goddess' voice, rehearse to me the lot  
 Of that unhappy one, if yet he live 1010  
 Spectator of the cheerful beams of day,  
 Or if, already dead, he dwell below

Whom answer'd thus the fleeting shadow vain.  
 I will not now inform thee if thy Lord  
 Live, or live not Vain words are best unspoken 1015

So saying, her egress swift beside the bolt  
 She made, and melted into air Upspring  
 From sleep Icarus' daughter, and her heart  
 Felt heal'd within her, by that dream distinct  
 Visited in the noiseless night serene 1020

Meantime the suitors urged their watery way,  
 To instant death devoting in their hearts  
 Telemachus There is a rocky isle  
 In the mid sea, Samos the rude between  
 And Ithaca, not large, named Asteris 1025  
 It hath commodious havens into which  
 A passage clear opens on either side,  
 And there the ambush'd Greeks his coming watch'd.

## BOOK V.

## A R G U M E N T

Mercury bears to Calypso a command from Jupiter that she dismiss Ulysses. She, after some remonstrances, promises obedience, and furnishes him with implements and materials, with which he constructs a raft. He quits Calypso's island, is persecuted by Neptune with dreadful tempests, but by the assistance of a sea nymph, after having lost his raft, is enabled to swim to Phæacia.

AURORA from beside her glorious mate  
 Tithonus now arose, light to dispense  
 Through earth and heaven, when the assembled Gods  
 In council sat, o'er whom high-thundering Jove  
 Presided, mightiest of the powers above 5  
 Amid them, Pallas on the numerous woes  
 Descanted of Ulysses, whom she saw  
 With grief, still prison'd in Calypso's isle  
 Jove, Father, hear me, and ye other Powers  
 Who live for ever, hear! Be never King 10  
 Henceforth to gracious acts inclined, humane,  
 Or righteous, but let every sceptred hand  
 Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,  
 Since none of all his people whom he sway'd  
 With such paternal gentleness and love 15  
 Remembers, now, divine Ulysses more  
 He in yon distant isle a sufferer lies  
 Of hopeless sorrow, through constraint the guest  
 Still of the nymph Calypso, without means  
 Or power to reach his native shores again, 20  
 Alike of gallant barks and friends deprived,  
 Who might conduct him o'er the spacious Deep  
 Nor this is all, but enemies combine  
 To slay his son ere yet he can return  
 From Pylus, whither he hath gone to learn 25  
 There, or in Sparta, tidings of his Sire.

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied  
What woid hath pass'd thy lips, daughter beloved ?  
Hast thou not purposed that arriving soon  
At home, Ulysses shall destroy his foes ? 30  
Guide thou, Telemachus, (for well thou canst,)      30  
That he may reach secure his native coast,  
And that the suitors baffled may return

He ceased, and thus to Hermes spake, his son  
Hermes ' (for thou art herald of our will      35  
At all times,) to yon bight-hair'd nymph convey  
Our fixt resolve, that brave Ulysses thence  
Depart, unaccompanied by God or man  
Borne on a corded raft, and suffering woe  
Extreme, he on the twentieth day shall reach, 40  
Not sooner, Scherie the deep-soil'd, possess'd  
By the Phæacians, kinsmen of the Gods  
They as a God shall reverence the Chiet,  
And in a bark of theirs shall send him thence  
To his own home, much treasure, brass and gold 45  
And raiment giving him, to an amount  
Surpassing all that, had he safe return'd,  
He should by lot have shared of Ilium's spoil  
Thus fate appoints Ulysses to regain  
His country, his own palace, and his friends 50

He ended, nor the Argicide refused,  
Messenger of the skies, his sandals fair,  
Ambrosial, golden, to his feet he bound,  
Which o'er the moist wave, rapid as the wind,  
Bear him, and o'er the illimitable earth, 55  
Then took his rod with which, at will, all eyes  
He closes soft, or opes them wide again  
So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide  
Alighting on Pieria, down he stoop'd  
To Ocean, and the billows lightly skimm'd 60  
In form a sea-mew, such as in the bays  
Tremendous of the barren Deep her food  
Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing  
In such disguise o'er many a wave he rode,  
But reaching, now, that isle remote, forsook 65  
The azure Deep, and at the spacious grot,  
Where dwelt the amber-tressed nymph, arrived,



Her table cover'd, and with rosy juice  
 Nectareous charged the cup 'Then ate and drank 110  
 The Argicide and herald of the skies,  
 And in his soul with that repast divine  
 Refresh'd, his message to the nymph declared  
 Questionest thou, a Goddess, me a God ?  
 I tell thee truth, since such is thy demand 115  
 Not willing, but by Jove constrain'd, I come  
 For who would, voluntary, such a breadth  
 Enormous measure of the salt expanse,  
 Where city none is seen in which the Gods  
 Are served with chosen hecatombs and prayer ? 120  
 But no divinity may the designs  
 Elude, or controvert, of Jove supreme  
 He saith, that here thou hold'st the most distrest  
 Of all those warriors who nine years assail'd  
 The city of Priam, and, (that city sack'd,) 125  
 Departed in the tenth, but, going thence,  
 Offended Pallas, who with adverse winds  
 Opposed then voyage, and with boisterous waves  
 Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him  
 Billows and storms drove hither, Jove commands 130  
 That thou dismiss him hence without delay,  
 For fate ordains him not to perish here  
 From all his friends remote, but he is doom'd  
 To see them yet again, and to arrive  
 At his own palace in his native land 135  
 He said, divine Calypso at the sound  
 Shudder'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied  
 Ye are unjust, ye Gods, and envious past  
 All others, grudging if a Goddess take  
 A mortal man openly to her arms ! 140  
 So, when the rosy-finger'd Morning chose  
 Orion, though ye live yourselves at ease,  
 Yet ye all envied her, until the chaste  
 Diana from her golden throne dispatch'd  
 A silent shaft, which slew him in Ortygia 145  
 So, when the golden-tressed Ceres, urged  
 By passion, took Iasion to her arms  
 In a thrice-labour'd fallow, not untaught



Indignant, slew him with his candent bolt. 150  
 So also, O ye Gods, ye envy me  
 The mortal man, my consort Him I saved  
 Myself, while solitary on his keel  
 He rode, for with his sulphurous arrow Jove  
 Had cleft his bark amid the sable Deep 155  
 Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him  
 Billows and storms drove hither, whom I loved  
 Sincere, and fondly destined to a life  
 Immortal, unobnoxious to decay  
 But since no Deity may the designs 160  
 Elude or controvert of Jove supreme,  
 Hence with him o'er the barren Deep, if such  
 The Sovereign's will, and such his stern command  
 But undimiss'd he goes by me, who ships  
 Myself well-oar'd and mariners have none 165  
 To send with him athwart the spacious flood,  
 Yet freely, readily, my best advice  
 I will afford him, that, escaping all  
 Danger, he may regain his native shore  
 Then Hermes thus, the messenger of heaven 170  
 Act as thou say'st, fearing the frown of Jove,  
 Lest, if provoked, he spare not even thee  
 So saying, the dauntless Argicide withdrew,  
 And she (Jove's mandate heard) all-gracious went,  
 Seeking the brave Ulysses, on the shore 175  
 She found him seated, tears succeeding tears  
 Deluged his eyes, while, hopeless of return,  
 Life's precious hours to eating cares he gave  
 Continual, with the nymph now charm'd no more  
 Yet, cold as she was amorous, still he pass'd 180  
 His nights beside her in the hollow grot,  
 Constrain'd, and day by day the rocks among  
 Which lined the shore heart-broken sat, and oft  
 While wistfully he eyed the barren Deep,  
 Wept, groan'd, desponded, sigh'd, and wept again 185  
 Then, drawing near, thus spake the nymph divine  
 Unhappy! weep not here, nor life consume  
 In anguish, go, thou hast my glad consent  
 Arise to labour, hewing down the trunks  
 Of lofty trees, fashion them with the axe 190

To a broad raft, which closely floor'd above,  
 Shall hence convey thee o'er the gloomy Deep  
 Bread, water, and the red grape's cheering juice  
 Myself will put on board, which shall preserve  
 Thy life from famine, I will also give 195  
 New raiment for thy limbs, and will dispatch  
 Winds after thee to waft thee home unharm'd,  
 If such the pleasure of the Gods who dwell  
 In yonder boundless heaven, superior far  
 To me, in knowledge and in skill to judge 200

She ceased, but horror at that sound the heart  
 Chill'd of Ulysses, and in accents wing'd  
 With wonder, thus the noble Chief replied

Ah! other thoughts than of my safe return  
 Employ thee, Goddess, now, who bid'st me pass 205  
 The perilous gulf of Ocean on a raft,  
 That wild expanse terrible, which even ships  
 Pass not, though form'd to cleave their way with ease,  
 And joyful in propitious winds from Jove  
 No,—let me never, in despite of thee, 210  
 Embark on board a raft, nor till thou swear,  
 Oh Goddess! the inviolable oath,  
 That future mischief thou intend'st me none.

He said, Calypso, beauteous Goddess, smiled,  
 And, while she spake, stroking his cheek, replied 215

Thou dost asperse me rudely, and excuse  
 Of ignorance hast none, far better taught,  
 What words were these? How could'st thou thus reply?  
 Now hear me, Earth, and the wide Heaven above!  
 Hear, too, ye waters of the Stygian stream 220  
 Under the earth, (by which the blessed Gods  
 Swear trembling, and revere the awful oath!)

That future mischief I intend thee none  
 No, my designs concerning thee are such  
 As, in an exigence resembling thine, 225  
 Myself, most sure, should for myself conceive  
 I have a mind more equal, not of steel  
 My heart is form'd, but much to pity inclined

So saying, the lovely Goddess with swift pace  
 Led on, whose footsteps he as swift pursued 230  
 Within the vaulted cavern they arrived,

The Goddess and the man , on the same throne  
 Ulysses sat, whence Hermes had arisen,  
 And viands of all kinds, such as sustain  
 The life of mortal man, Calypso placed 235  
 Before him, both for beverage and for food.  
 She opposite to the illustrious Chief  
 Reposed, by her attendant maidens served  
 With nectar and ambrosia    They their hands  
 Stretch'd forth together to the ready feast, 240  
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst remain'd  
 Unsated, thus the beauteous nymph began  
     Laertes' noble son, for wisdom famed  
 And artifice ! oh canst thou thus resolve  
 To seek, incontinent, thy native shores ? 245  
 I pardon thee    Farewell ! but could'st thou guess  
 The woes which fate ordains thee to endure  
 Ere yet thou reach thy country, well-content  
 Here to inhabit, thou would'st keep my giot  
 And be immortal, howsoe'er thy wife 250  
 Engage thy every wish day after day.  
 Yet can I not in stature or in form  
 Myself suspect inferior aught to her,  
 Since competition cannot be between  
 Mere mortal beauties, and a form divine 255  
     To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied  
 Awful Divinity ! be not incensed  
 I know that my Penelope in form  
 And stature altogether yields to thee,  
 For she is mortal, and immortal thou, 260  
 From age exempt , yet not the less I wish  
 My home, and languish daily to return  
 But should some God amid the sable Deep  
 Dash me again into a wreck, my soul  
 Shall bear *that* also , for, by practice taught, 265  
 I have learn'd patience, having much endured  
 By tempest and in battle both    Come then  
 This evil also ! I am well prepared  
     He ended, and the sun sinking, resign'd  
 The earth to darkness    Then in a recess 270  
 Interior of the cavern, side by side  
 Reposed, they took their amorous delight.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
Look'd rosy forth, Ulysses then in haste  
Put on his vest and mantle, and the nymph 275  
Her snowy vesture of transparent woof,  
Graceful, redundant, to her waist she bound  
Her golden zone, and veil'd her beauteous head,  
Then, musing, plann'd the noble Chief's return  
She gave him, fitted to the grasp, an axe 280  
Of iron, ponderous, double edged, with haft  
Of olive-wood, insetted firm, and wrought  
With curious art Then, placing in his hand  
A polish'd adze, she led, herself, the way  
To her isle's utmost verge, where tallest trees 285  
But dry long since and sapless stood, which best  
Might serve his purposes, as buoyant most,  
The alder, poplar, and cloud-piercing fir.  
To that tall grove she led and left him there,  
Seeking her giot again Then slept not He, 290  
But, swinging with both hands the axe, his task  
Soon finish'd, trees full twenty to the ground  
He cast, which, dexterous, with his adze he smooth'd,  
The knotted surface chipping by a line  
Meantime the lovely Goddess to his aid 295  
Sharp augers brought, with which he bored the beams,  
Then, side by side placing them, fitted each  
To other, and with long cramps join'd them all.  
Broad as an artist, skill'd in naval works,  
The bottom of a ship of burden spreads, 300  
Such breadth Ulysses to his raft assign'd  
He deck'd her over with long planks, upborne  
On massy beams, He made the mast, to which  
He added suitable the yard, he fram'd  
Rudder and helm to regulate her course, 305  
With wicker-work he border'd all her length  
For safety, and much ballast stow'd within  
Meantime, Calypso brought him for a sail  
Fittest materials, which he also shaped,  
And to his sail due furniture annex'd 310  
Of cordage strong, foot-ropes and ropes aloft,  
Then heaved her down with levers to the Deep.  
He finish'd all his work on the fourth day,

And on the fifth, Calypso, nymph divine,  
 Dismiss'd him from her isle, but laved him first, 315  
 And cloth'd him in sweet-scented garments new  
 Two skins the Goddess also placed on board,  
 One charged with crimson wine, and ampler one  
 With water, nor a bag with food replete  
 Forgot, nutritious, grateful to the taste, 320  
 Nor yet, her latest gift, a gentle gale  
 And manageable, which Ulysses spread,  
 Exulting, all his canvas to receive  
 Beside the helm he sat, steering expert,  
 Nor sleep fell ever on his eyes that watch'd 325  
 Intent the Pleiads, tardy in decline  
 Bootes, and the Bear, call'd else the Wain,  
 Which, in his polar prison circling, looks  
 Direct toward Orion, and alone  
 Of these sinks never to the briny Deep 330  
 That star the lovely Goddess bade him hold  
 Continual on his left through all his course  
 Ten days and seven, he, navigating, cleaved  
 The brine, and on the eighteenth day, at length,  
 The shadowy mountains of Phæacia's land 335  
 Descried, where nearest to his course it lay  
 Like a broad buckler on the waves afloat  
 But Neptune, now returning from the land  
 Of Ethiopia, mark'd him on his raft  
 Skimming the billows, from the mountain-tops 340  
 Of distant Solyma<sup>1</sup> With tenfold wrath  
 Inflamed that sight he view'd, his brows he shook,  
 And thus within himself, indignant, spake  
 So then—new counsels in the skies, it seems,  
 Propitious to Ulysses, have prevail'd 345  
 Since Ethiopia hath been my abode  
 He sees Phæacia nigh, where he must leap  
 The boundary of his woes, but ere that hour  
 Arrive, I will ensure him many a groan  
 So saying, he grasp'd his trident, gather'd dense 350  
 The clouds and troubled ocean, every storm  
 From every point he summon'd, earth and sea  
 Darkening, and the night fell black from heaven

<sup>1</sup> The Solymi were the ancient inhabitants of Pisidia in Asia Minor

The East, the South, the heavy-blowing West,  
 And the cold North-wind clear, assail'd at once 355  
 His raft, and heaved on high the billowy flood  
 All hope, all courage, in that moment lost,  
 The Hero thus within himself complain'd

Wretch that I am, what destiny at last  
 Attends me ! much I fear the Goddess' words 360  
 All true, which threaten'd me with numerous ills  
 On the wide sea, ere I should reach my home  
 Behold them all fulfill'd ! With what a storm  
 Jove hangs the heavens, and agitates the Deep !  
 The winds combined beat on me Now I sink ' 365  
 Thrice blest, and more than thrice, Achæa's sons  
 At Ilum slain for the Atridæ' sake !

Ah, would to heaven that, dying, I had felt  
 That day the stroke of fate, when me the dead  
 Achilles guarding, with a thousand spears 370  
 Troy's furious host assail'd ! Funereal rites  
 I then had shared, and praise from every Greek,  
 Whom now the most inglorious death awaits

While thus he spake, a billow on his head  
 Bursting impetuous, whirl'd the raft around, 375  
 And dashing from his grasp the helm, himself  
 Plunged far remote Then came a sudden gust  
 Of mingling winds, that in the middle snapp'd  
 His mast, and hurried o'er the waves afar,  
 Both sail and sail-yard fell into the flood 380  
 Long time submerged he lay, nor could with ease  
 The violence of that dread shock surmount,

Or rise to air again, so burthensome  
 His drench'd apparel proved, but, at the last  
 He rose, and rising, sputter'd from his lips 385  
 The brine that trickled copious from his brows  
 Nor, harass'd as he was, resign'd he yet  
 His raft, but buffetting the waves aside  
 With desperate efforts, seized it, and again  
 Fast seated on the middle deck, escaped 390  
 Then roll'd the raft at random in the flood,  
 Wallowing unwieldy, toss'd from wave to wave.  
 As when in autumn, Boreas o'er the plain  
 Conglomerated thorns before him drives,

They, tangled, to each other close adhere, 395  
 So her the winds drove wild about the Deep  
 By turns the South consign'd her to be sport  
 For the rude North-wind, and by turns, the East  
 Yielded her to the worrying West a prey.  
 But Cadmus' beauteous daughter (Ino once, 400  
 Now named Leucothea) saw him, mortal erst  
 Was she, and trod the earth<sup>2</sup>, but nymph become  
 Of Ocean since, in honours shares divine  
 She mark'd his anguish, and, while toss'd he roam'd,  
 Pity'd Ulysses, from the flood, in form 405  
 A cormorant, she flew, and on the raft  
 Close-corded perching, thus the Chief address'd  
 Alas, unhappy! how hast thou incensed  
 So terribly the Shaker of the shores,  
 That he pursues thee with such numerous ills? 410  
 Sink thee he cannot, wish it as he may  
 Thus do, (for I account thee not unwise,)  
 Thy garments putting off, let drive thy raft  
 As the winds will, then swimming, strive to reach  
 Phæacia, where thy doom is to escape 415  
 Take this This ribbon bind beneath thy breast,  
 Celestial texture Thenceforth every fear  
 Of death dismiss, and laying once thy hands  
 On the firm continent, unbind the zone,  
 Which thou shalt cast far distant from the shore 420  
 Into the Deep, turning thy face away  
 So saying, the Goddess gave into his hand  
 The wondrous zone, and cormorant in form,  
 Plunging herself into the waves again  
 Headlong, was hidden by the closing flood 425  
 But still Ulysses sat perplex'd, and thus  
 The toil-enduring Hero reason'd sad  
 Alas! I tremble lest some God design  
 To ensnare me yet, bidding me quit the raft.  
 But let me well beware how I obey 430  
 Too soon that precept, for I saw the land  
 Of my foretold deliverance far remote  
 Thus, therefore, will I do, for such appears

<sup>2</sup> The translator finding himself free to choose between *αὐδηέσσα* and *οὐδηέσσα*, has preferred the latter

My wiser course    So long as yet the planks  
Mutual adhere, continuing on board 435  
My raft, I will endure whatever woes,  
But when the waves shall shatter it, I will swim,  
My sole resource then left. While thus he mused,  
Neptune a billow of enormous bulk  
Hollow'd into an overwhelming arch 440  
On high up-heaving, smote him As the wind  
Tempestuous, falling on some stubble-heap,  
The arid straws dissipates every way,  
So flew the timbers He, a single beam  
Bestriding, oar'd it onward with his feet, 445  
As he had urged an horse. His raiment, then,  
Gift of Calypso, putting off, he bound  
His girdle on, and prone into the sea  
With wide-spread palms prepared for swimming, fell  
Shore-shaker Neptune noted him, he shook 450  
His awful brows, and in his heart he said  
Thus, suffering many miseries, roam the flood,  
Till thou shalt mingle with a race of men,  
Heaven's special favourites, yet even there  
Fear not that thou shalt feel thy sorrows light 455  
He said, and scourging his bright steeds, arrived  
At Ægæ, where his glorious palace stands  
But other thoughts Minerva's mind employ'd  
Jove's daughter, every wind binding beside,  
She lull'd them, and enjoin'd them all to sleep, 460  
But roused swift Boreas, and the billows broke  
Before Ulysses, that, delivered safe  
From a dire death, the noble Chief might mix  
With maritime Phæacia's sons renown'd  
Two nights he wander'd, and two days, the flood 465  
Tempestuous, death expecting every hour,  
But when Aurora, radiant-hair'd, had brought  
The third day to a close, then ceased the wind,  
And breathless came a calm, he nigh at hand  
The shore beheld, darting acute his sight 470  
Toward it, from a billow's towering top  
Precious as to his children seems the life  
Of some fond father through disease long-time  
And pain stretch'd languid on his couch, the prey



Of some vindictive Power, but now, at last, 475  
 By gracious heaven to ease and health restored,  
 So grateful to Ulysses' sight appear'd  
 Forests and hills    Impatient with his feet  
 To press the shore, he swam, but when within  
 Such distance as a shout may fly, he came, 480  
 The thunder of the sea against the rocks  
 Then smote his ear, for hoarse the billows roar'd  
 On the firm land, belch'd horrible abroad,  
 And the salt spray dimm'd all things to his view  
 For neither port for ships nor sheltering cove 485  
 Was there, but the rude coast a headland bluff  
 Presented, rocks and craggy masses huge  
 Then, hope and strength exhausted both, deep-groan'd  
 The Chief, and in his noble heart complain'd  
     Alas! though Jove hath given me to behold, 490  
 Unhoped the land again, and I have pass'd,  
 Furrowing my way, these numerous waves, there seems  
 No egress from the hoary flood for me  
 Sharp stones hem in the waters, wild the surge  
 Raves everywhere, and smooth the rocks arise, 495  
 Deep also is the shore on which my feet  
 No standing gain, or chance of safe escape  
 What if some billow catch me from the Deep  
 Emerging, and against the pointed rocks  
 Dash me conflicting with its force in vain? 500  
 But should I, swimming, trace the coast in search  
 Of sloping beach, haven or shelter'd creek,  
 I fear lest, groaning, I be snatch'd again  
 By stormy gusts into the fishy Deep,  
 Or lest some monster of the flood receive 505  
 Command to seize me, of the many such  
 By the illustrious Amphitrite bred,  
 For that the mighty Shaker of the shores  
 Hates me implacable, too well I know  
     While such discourse within himself he held, 510  
 A huge wave heaved him on the rugged coast,  
 Where flay'd his flesh had been, and all his bones  
 Broken together, but for the infused  
 Good counsel of Minerva azure-eyed  
 With both hands suddenly he seized the rock, 515

And groaning, clench'd it till the billow pass'd  
So baffled he that wave, but yet again  
The reflux flood rush'd on him, and with force  
Resistless dash'd him far into the sea  
As pebbles to the hollow polypus 520  
Extracted from his stony bed, adhere,  
So he, the rough rocks clasping, stripp'd his hands  
Raw, and the billows now whelm'd him again  
Then had the hapless Hero premature  
Perish'd, but for sagacity inspired 525  
By Pallas azure-eyed    Forth from the waves  
Emerging, where the surf burst on the rocks,  
He coasted (looking landward as he swam)  
The shore, with hope of port or level beach  
But when, still swimming, to the mouth he came 530  
Of a smooth sliding river, there he deem'd  
Safest the ascent, for it was undeform'd  
By rocks, and shelter'd close from every wind  
He felt the current, and thus, ardent, pray'd  
Oh hear, whate'er thy name, Sovereign who rulest 535  
This river! at whose mouth from all the threats  
Of Neptune 'scaped, with rapture I arrive  
Even the immortal Gods the wanderer's prayer  
Respect, and such am I, who reach, at length,  
Thy stream, and clasp thy knees, after long toil 540  
I am thy suppliant    Oh King! pity me  
He said, the river God at once repress'd  
His current, and it ceased, smooth he prepared  
The way before Ulysses, and the land  
Vouchsafed him easy at his channel's mouth 545  
There once again he bent for ease his limbs,  
Both arms and knees, in conflict with the floods  
Exhausted, swoln his body was all o'er,  
And from his mouth and nostrils stream'd the brine.  
Breathless and speechless, and of life well nigh 550  
Bereft he lay, through dreadful toil immense  
But when, revived, his dissipated powers  
He recollected, loosing from beneath  
His breast the zone divine, he cast it far  
Into the brackish stream, and a huge wave 555  
Returning bore it downward to the sea,



## BOOK VI.

## ARGUMENT

Minerva designing an interview between the daughter of Alcinous and Ulysses, admonishes her in a dream to carry down her clothes to the river, that she may wash them, and make them ready for her approaching nuptials. That task performed, the Princess and her train amuse themselves with play, by accident they awake Ulysses, he comes forth from the wood, and applies himself with much address to Nausicaa, who compassionating his distressed condition, and being much affected by the dignity of his appearance, interests herself in his favour, and conducts him to the city.

THERE then the noble sufferer lay, by sleep  
 Oppress'd and labour, meantime, Pallas sought  
 The populous city of Phæacia's sons.  
 They, in old time, in Hypereia dwelt  
 The spacious, neighbours of a giant race, 5  
 The haughty Cyclops, who, endued with power  
 Superior, troubled them with frequent wrongs  
 Godlike Nausithous then arose, who thence  
 To Scheria led them, from all nations versed  
 In arts of cultivated life, remote, 10  
 With bulwarks strong their city he enclosed,  
 Built houses for them, temples to the Gods,  
 And gave to each a portion of the soil  
 But he already by decree of fate  
 Had journey'd to the shades, and in his stead 15  
 Alcinous, by the Gods instructed, reign'd  
 To his abode Minerva azure-eyed  
 Repair'd, neglecting nought which might advance  
 Magnanimous Ulysses' safe return  
 She sought the sumptuous chamber where, in form 20  
 And feature perfect as the Gods, the young  
 Nausicaa, daughter of the King, reposed  
 Fast by the pillars of the portal lay  
 Two damsels, one on either side, adorn'd  
 By all the Graces, and the doors were shut 25

Soft as a breathing air, she stole toward  
 The royal virgin's couch, and at her head  
 Standing, address'd her Daughter she appear'd  
 Of Dymas famed for maritime exploits,  
 Her friend and her coeval, so disguised 30  
 Cœrulean-eyed Minerva thus began

Nausicaa! wherefore hath thy mother borne  
 A child so negligent? Thy garments share,  
 Thy most magnificent, no thought of thine.  
 Yet thou must marry soon, and must provide 35  
 Robes for thyself, and for thy nuptial train  
 Thy fame on these concerns and honour stand,  
 These managed well, thy parents shall rejoice  
 The dawn appearing, let us to the place  
 Of washing, where thy work-mate I will be 40  
 For speedier riddance of thy task, since soon  
 The days of thy virginity shall end,  
 For thou art woo'd already by the prime  
 Of all Phæacia, country of thy birth  
 Come then, solicit at the dawn of day 45  
 Thy royal father, that he send thee forth  
 With mules and carriage for conveyance hence  
 Of thy best robes, thy mantles and thy zones  
 Thus more commodiously thou shalt perform  
 The journey, for the cisterns lie remote 50

So saying, Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed,  
 Rose to Olympus, the reputed seat  
 Eternal of the Gods, which never storms  
 Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm  
 The expanse and cloudless shines with purest day 55  
 There the inhabitants divine rejoice  
 For ever, and (her admonition given)  
 Cœrulean-eyed Minerva thither flew

Now came Aurora bright enthroned, whose rays  
 Awaken'd fair Nausicaa, she her dream 60  
 Remember'd wondering, and her parents sought,  
 Anxious to tell them Them she found within.  
 Beside the hearth her royal mother sat,  
 Spinning soft fleeces with sea-purple dyed  
 Among her menial maidens, but she met 65  
 Her father, whom the Nobles of the land

Had summon'd, issuing abroad to join  
The illustrious Chiefs in council. At his side  
She stood, and thus her filial suit preferi'd

Sir<sup>1</sup> wilt thou lend me of the royal wains 70

A sumpter-carriage? for I wish to bear  
My costly clothes, but sullied and unfit  
For use, at present, to the river-side  
It is but seemly that thou should'st repair  
Thyself to consultation with the Chiefs 75  
Of all Phæacia, clad in pure attire,

And my own brothers five, who dwell at home,  
Two wedded, and the rest of age to wed,  
Are all desirous, when they dance, to wear  
Raiment new bleach'd, all which is my concern 80

So spake Nausicaa, for she dared not name  
Her own glad nuptials to her father's ear,  
Who, conscious yet of all her drift, replied

I grudge thee neither mules, my child, nor aught  
That thou canst ask beside Go, and my team 85  
Shall furnish thee a sumpter-carriage forth  
High-built, strong-wheel'd, and of capacious size

So saying, he issued his command, whom quick  
His grooms obey'd They in the court prepared  
The sumpter-carriage, and adjoin'd the mules 90

And now the virgin from her chamber, charged  
With raiment, came, which on the car she placed,  
And in the carriage-chest, meantime, the Queen,  
Her mother, viands of all kinds disposed,  
And fill'd a skin with wine Nausicaa rose 95

Into her seat, but, ere she went, received  
A golden cruse of oil from the Queen's hand  
For unction of herself and of her maids  
Then, seizing scourge and reins, she lash'd the mules  
They trampled loud the soil, straining to draw 100  
Herself with all her vesture, nor alone  
She went, but follow'd by her virgin train  
At the delightful rivulet arrived

Where those perennial cisterns were prepared

<sup>1</sup> In the Original, she calls him *papa*<sup>1</sup> a more natural style of address, and more endearing. But ancient as this appellative is, it is also so familiar in modern use, that the Translator feared to hazard it

With purest crystal of the fountain fed 105  
 Profuse, sufficient for the deepest stains,  
 Loosing the mules, they drove them forth to browse  
 On the sweet herb beside the dimpled flood  
 The carriage, next, lightening, they bore in hand  
 The garments down to the unsullied wave, 110  
 And thrust them heaped into the pools, their task  
 Dispatching brisk, and with an emulous haste.  
 When they had all purified, and no spot  
 Could now be seen or blemish more, they spread  
 The raiment orderly along the beach 115  
 Where dashing tides had cleansed the pebbles most,  
 And laving, next, and smoothing o'er with oil  
 Their limbs, all seated on the river's bank,  
 They took repast, leaving the garments, stretch'd  
 In noon-day fervour of the sun, to dry 120  
 Their hunger satisfied, at once arose  
 The mistress and her train, and putting off  
 Their head-attire, play'd wanton with the ball,  
 The princess singing to her maids the while  
 Such as shaft-arm'd Diana roams the hills, 125  
 Taygetus sky-capt, or Erymanth,  
 The wild boar chasing, or fleet-footed hind,  
 All joy, the rural nymphs, daughters of Jove,  
 Sport with her, and Latona's heart exults,  
 She high her graceful head above the rest 130  
 And features lifts divine, though all be fair,  
 With ease distinguishable from them all,  
 So all her train she, virgin pure, surpass'd  
 But when the hour of her departure thence  
 Approach'd, (the mules now yoked again, and all 135  
 Her elegant apparel folded neat,)  
 Minerva azure-eyed mused how to wake  
 Ulysses, that he might behold the fair  
 Virgin, his destined guide into the town.  
 The Princess, then, casting the ball toward 140  
 A maiden of her train, erroneous threw,  
 And plunged it deep into the dimpling stream.  
 All shriek'd, Ulysses at the sound awoke,  
 And, sitting, meditated thus the cause  
 Ah me! what mortal race inhabit here? 145

Rude are they, contumacious and unjust ?  
 Or hospitable, and who fear the Gods ?  
 So shrill the cry and feminine of nymphs  
 Fills all the air around, such as frequent  
 The hills, clear fountains, and herbaceous meads 150  
 Is this a neighbourhood of men endued  
 With voice articulate ? But what avails  
 To ask ? I will myself go forth and see.

So saying, divine Ulysses from beneath  
 His thicket crept, and from the leafy wood 155  
 A spreading branch pluck'd forcibly, design'd  
 A decent screen effectual, held before  
 So forth he went, as goes the lion forth,  
 The mountain-lion, conscious of his strength,  
 Whom winds have vexed and rains, fire fills his eyes, 160  
 And whether herds or flocks, or woodland deer  
 He find, he rends them, and adust for blood,  
 Abstains not even from the guarded fold,  
 Such sure to seem in virgin eyes, the Chief,  
 All naked as he was, left his retreat, 165  
 Reluctant, by necessity constrain'd  
 Him foul with sea-foam horror-struck they view'd,  
 And o'er the jutting shores fled all dispersed  
 Nausicaa alone fled not, for her  
 Pallas courageous made, and from her limbs, 170  
 By power divine, all tremor took away  
 Firm she expected him, he doubtful stood,  
 Or to implore the lovely maid, her knees  
 Embracing, or, aloof standing, to ask  
 In gentle terms discreet the gift of clothes, 175  
 And guidance to the city where she dwelt  
 Him so deliberating, most, at length,  
 This counsel pleased, in suppliant terms aloof  
 To sue to her, lest if he clasp'd her knees,  
 The virgin should that bolder course resent 180  
 Then gentle, thus, and well-advised he spake  
 Oh Queen ! thy earnest suppliant I approach  
 Art thou some Goddess, or of mortal race ?  
 For if some Goddess, and from heaven arrived,  
 Diana, then, daughter of mighty Jove 185  
 I deem thee most, for such as hers appear





Of heaven, more precious none I deem, than peace  
'Twixt wedded pair, and union undissolved,  
Envy torments their enemies, but joy  
Fills every virtuous breast, and most their own 230

To whom Nausicaa the fair replied  
Since, stranger ! neither base by birth thou seem'st,  
Nor unintelligent, (but Jove, the King  
Olympian, gives to good and bad alike 235  
Prosperity according to his will,

And grief to thee, which thou must patient bear,)  
Now, therefore, at our land and city arrived,  
Nor garment thou shalt want, nor aught beside  
Due to a suppliant guest like thee forlorn 240

I will both show thee where our city stands,  
And who dwell here Phæacia's sons possess  
This land, but I am daughter of their King,  
The brave Alcinous, on whose sway depends  
For strength and wealth the whole Phæacian race 245

She said, and to her beauteous maidens gave  
Instant commandment —My attendants, stay !  
Why flee ye thus, and whither, from the sight  
Of a mere mortal ? Seems he in your eyes  
Some enemy of ours ? The heart beats not, 250

Nor shall it beat hereafter, which shall come  
An enemy to the Phæacian shores,  
So dear to the immortal Gods are we  
Remote, amid the billowy Deep, we hold  
Our dwelling, utmost of all human-kind, 255

And free from mixture with a foreign race  
This man a miserable wanderer comes,  
Whom we are bound to cherish, for the poor  
And stranger are from Jove, and trivial gifts  
To such are welcome Bring ye therefore food 260

And wine, my maidens, for the guest's regale,  
And lave him where the stream is shelter'd most  
She spake, they stood, and by each other's words  
Encouraged, placed Ulysses where the bank  
O'erhung the stream, as fair Nausicaa bade, 265

Daughter of King Alcinous the renown'd  
Apparel also at his side they spread,  
Mantle and vest, and next, the limpid oil

Presenting to him in the golden cruse,  
 Exhorted him to bathe in the clear stream 270  
 Ulysses then the maidens thus bespake

Ye maidens, stand apart, that I may cleanse,  
 Myself, my shoulders from the briny surf,  
 And give them oil which they have wanted long  
 But in your presence I bathe not, ashamed 275  
 To show myself unclothed to female eyes

He said, they went, and to Nausicaa told  
 His answer, then the Hero in the stream  
 His shoulders laved, and loins incrustured rough  
 With the salt spray, and with his hands the scum 280  
 Of the wild ocean from his locks express'd  
 Thus wash'd all over, and refresh'd with oil,  
 He put the garments on Nausicaa's gift  
 Then Pallas, progeny of Jove, his form  
 Dilated more, and from his head diffused 285  
 His curling locks like hyacinthine flowers.

As when some artist, by Minerva made  
 And Vulcan wise to execute all tasks  
 Ingenious, binding with a golden verge  
 Bright silver, finishes a graceful work, 290  
 Such grace the Goddess o'er his ample chest  
 Copious diffused, and o'er his manly brows  
 Retuning, on the beach he sat, with grace  
 And dignity illumed, where, viewing him,  
 The virgin Princess with amazement mark'd 295  
 His beauty, and her damsels thus bespake

My white-arm'd maidens, listen to my voice!  
 Not hated, sure, by all above, this man  
 Among Phæacia's godlike sons arrives  
 At first I deem'd him of plebeian sort 300  
 Dishonourable, but he now assumes

A near resemblance to the Gods above  
 Ah! would to heaven it were my lot to call  
 Husband some native of our land like him  
 Accomplish'd, and content to inhabit here! 305  
 Give him, my maidens, food, and give him wine

She ended, they, obedient to her will,  
 Both wine and food, dispatchful, placed, and glad,  
 Before Ulysses, he rapacious ate,

Toil-suffering Chief, and drank, for he had lived  
From taste of aliment long time estranged 310

On other thoughts meantime intent, her charge  
Of folded vestments neat the Princess placed  
Within the royal wain, then yoked the mules,  
And to her seat herself ascending call'd 315  
Ulysses to depart, and thus she spake

Up, stranger ! seek the city I will lead  
Thy steps toward my royal Father's house,  
Where all Phæacia's Nobles thou shalt see  
But thou (for I account thee not unwise,) 320  
This course pursue While through the fields we pass,  
And labours of the rural hind, so long

With my attendants follow fast the mules  
And sumpter-carriage I will be thy guide  
But, once the summit gain'd, on which is built 325

Our city with proud bulwarks fenced around,  
And laved on both sides by its pleasant port  
Of narrow entrance, where our gallant barks  
Line all the road, each station'd in her place,  
And where, adjoining close the splendid fane 330  
Of Neptune, stands the forum with huge stones

From quarries thither drawn, constructed strong,  
In which the rigging of their barks they keep,  
Sail-cloth and cordage, and make smooth their oars ,  
(For bow and quiver the Phæacian race 335  
Heed not, but masts and oars, and ships well poised,  
With which exulting they divide the flood,)

Then, cautious, I would shun their bitter taunts  
Disgustful, lest they mock me as I pass ,  
For of the meaner people some are coarse 340

In the extreme, and it may chance that one,  
The basest there, seeing us, shall exclaim, —  
What handsome stranger of athletic form  
Attends the Princess ? Where had she the chance  
To find him ? We shall see them wedded soon 345

Either she hath received some vagrant guest  
From distant lands, (for no land neighbours ours,)  
Or by her prayers incessant won, some God  
Hath left the heavens to be for ever hers  
'Tis well if she have found, by her own search, 350

An husband for herself, since she accounts  
 The nobles of Phæacia, who her hand  
 Solicit numerous worthy to be scorn'd —  
 Thus will they speak injurious I should blame  
 A virgin guilty of such conduct much, 355  
 Myself, who reckless of her parents' will,  
 Should so familiar with a man consort,  
 Ere celebration of her spousal rites.  
 But mark me, stranger ! following my advice,  
 Thou shalt the sooner at my father's hands 360  
 Obtain safe conduct and conveyance home  
 Sacred to Pallas a delightful grove  
 Of poplar skirts the road, which we shall reach  
 Ere long , within that grove a fountain flows,  
 And meads encircle it , my father's farm 365  
 Is there, and his luxuriant garden-plot ,  
 A shout might reach it from the city-walls  
 There wait, till in the town arrived, we gain  
 My father's palace, and when reason bids  
 Suppose us there, then entering thou the town, 370  
 Ask where Alcinous dwells, my valiant Sue  
 Well known is his abode, so that with ease  
 A child might lead thee to it, for in nought  
 The other houses of our land the house  
 Resemble, in which dwells the Hero, King 375  
 Alcinous. Once within the court received  
 Pause not, but, with swift pace advancing, seek  
 My mother , she beside a column sits  
 In the hearth's blaze, twirling her fleecy threads  
 Tinged with sea-purple, bright, magnificent, 380  
 With all her maidens orderly behind.  
 There also stands my father's throne, on which  
 Seated, he drinks and banquets like a God  
 Pass that , then suppliant clasp my mother's knees,  
 So shalt thou quickly win a glad return 385  
 To thy own home, however far remote  
 Her favour once, and her kind aid secured,  
 Thenceforth thou may'st expect thy friends to see,  
 Thy dwelling, and thy native soil again  
 So saying, she with her splendid scourge the mules 390  
 Lash'd onward They (the strea soon left behind,)

With even footsteps graceful smote the ground ;  
 'But so she ruled them, managing with art  
 The scourge, as not to leave afar, although  
 Following on foot, Ulysses and her train 395  
 The sun had now declined, when in that grove  
 Renown'd, to Pallas sacred, they arrived,  
 In which Ulysses sat, and fervent thus  
 Sued to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd

Daughter invincible of Jove supreme ! 400  
 Oh, hear me ! hear me now, because when erst  
 The mighty Shaker of the shores incensed  
 Toss'd me from wave to wave, thou heard'st me not  
 Grant me among Phæacia's sons to find  
 Benevolence and pity of my woes ! 405

He spake, whose prayer well-pleased the Goddess heard,  
 But reverencing the brother<sup>2</sup> of her sire,  
 Appear'd not to Ulysses yet, whom he  
 Pursued with fury to his native shores

<sup>2</sup> Neptune

## BOOK VII

## A R G U M E N T.

Nausicaa returns from the river, whom Ulysses follows. He halts by her direction, at a small distance from the palace, which at a convenient time he enters. He is well received by Alcinous and his Queen, and having related to them the manner of his being cast on the shore of Scheria, and received from Alcinous the promise of safe conduct home, retires to rest.

SUCH prayer Ulysses, toil-worn Chief renown'd,  
 To Pallas made, meantime the virgin, drawn  
 By her stout mules, Phæacia's city reach'd,  
 And, at her father's house arrived, the car  
 Stay'd in the vestibule, her brothers five, 5  
 All godlike youths, assembling quick around,  
 Released the mules, and bore the raiment in  
 Meantime, to her own chamber she return'd,  
 Where, soon as she arrived, an ancient dame  
 Eurymedusa, by peculiar charge 10  
 Attendant on that service, kindled fire  
 Sea-rovers her had from Epirus brought  
 Long since, and to Alcinous she had fallen  
 By public gift, for that he ruled, supreme,  
 Phæacia, and as oft as he harangued 15  
 The multitude, was revered as a God  
 She waited on the fair Nausicaa, she  
 Her fuel kindled, and her food prepared  
 And now Ulysses from his seat arose  
 To seek the city, around whom, his guard 20  
 Benevolent, Minerva, cast a cloud,  
 Lest, haply, some Phæacian should presume  
 To insult the Chief, and question whence he came  
 But ere he enter'd yet the pleasant town,  
 Minerva azure-eyed met him, in form 25  
 A blooming maid, bearing her pitcher forth

She stood before him, and the noble Chief  
Ulysses, of the Goddess thus enquired

Daughter ! wilt thou direct me to the house  
Of brave Alcinous, whom this land obeys ? 30

For I have here arrived, after long toil,  
And from a country far remote, a guest  
To all who in Phæacia dwell, unknown

To whom the Goddess of the azure-eyes  
The mansion of thy search, stranger revered ! 35

Myself will shew thee, for not distant dwells  
Alcinous from my father's own abode  
But hush ! be silent—I will lead the way,  
Mark no man, question no man, for the sight  
Of strangers is unusual here, and cold 40

The welcome by this people shown to such  
They, trusting in swift ships, by the free grant  
Of Neptune traverse his wide waters, borne  
As if on wings, or with the speed of thought

So spake the Goddess, and with nimble pace 45  
Led on, whose footsteps he, as quick, pursued  
But still the seaman-throng through whom he pass'd  
Perceived him not, Minerva, Goddess dread,  
That sight forbidding them, whose eyes she dimm'd  
With darkness shed miraculous around 50

Her favourite Chief Ulysses, wondering, mark'd  
Their port, their ships their forum, the resort  
Of Heroes, and their battlements sublime  
Fenced with sharp stakes around, a glorious show !  
But when the King's august abode he reach'd, 55  
Minerva azure-eyed, then thus began.

My father ! thou behold'st the house to which  
Thou badest me lead thee. Thou shalt find our Chiefs  
And high-born Princes banquetting within  
But enter fearing nought, for boldest men 60  
Speed ever best, come whencesoe'er they may  
First thou shalt find the Queen, known by her name  
Arete, lineal in descent from those  
Who gave Alcinous birth, her royal spouse  
Neptune begat Nausithous, at the first, 65  
On Penelope, lovehest of her sex,  
Latest-born daughter of Eurymedon,



Heroic King of the proud giant race,  
 Who, losing all his impious people, shared  
 The same dread fate himself. Her Neptune loved, 70  
 To whom she bore a son, the mighty prince  
 Nausithous, in his day King of the land  
 Nausithous himself two sons begat,  
 Rhexenor and Alcinous Phœbus slew  
 Rhexenor at his home, a bridegroom yet, 75  
 Who, father of no son, one daughter left,  
 Areta, wedded to Alcinous now,  
 And whom the Sovereign in such honour holds,  
 As woman none enjoys of all on earth  
 Existing, subjects of an husband's power. 80  
 Like veneration she from all receives  
 Unfeign'd, from her own children, from himself  
 Alcinous, and from all Phæacia's race,  
 Who, gazing on her as she were divine,  
 Shout when she moves in progress through the town, 85  
 For she no wisdom wants, but sits, herself,  
 Arbitress of such contests as arise  
 Between her favourites, and decides aright  
 Her countenance once and her kind aid secured,  
 Thou may'st thenceforth expect thy friends to see, 90  
 Thy dwelling, and thy native soil again  
 So Pallas spake, Goddess cœrulean-eyed,  
 And o'er the untillable and barren Deep  
 Departing, Scheria left, land of delight,  
 Whence reaching Marathon, and Athens next, 95  
 She pass'd into Erectheus' fair abode  
 Ulysses, then, toward the palace moved  
 Of King Alcinous, but immersed in thought  
 Stood, first, and paused, ere with his foot he press'd  
 The brazen threshold, for a light he saw 100  
 As of the sun or moon illuming clear  
 The palace of Phæacia's mighty King  
 Walls plated bright with brass, on either side  
 Stretch'd from the portal to the interior house,  
 With azure cornice crown'd, the doors were gold 105  
 Which shut the palace fast, silver the posts  
 Rear'd on a brazen threshold, and above,  
 The lintels, silver, architraved with gold.

Mastiffs, in gold and silver, lined the approach  
 On either side, by art celestial fiamed 110  
 Of Vulcan, guardians of Alcinous gate  
 For ever, unobnoxious to decay  
 Sheer from the threshold to the inner house  
 Fixt thrones the walls, through all their length, adorn'd,  
 With mantles overspread of subtlest warp 115  
 Transparent, work of many a female hand  
 On these the princes of Phæacia sat,  
 Holding perpetual feasts, while golden youths  
 On all the sumptuous altars stood, their hands  
 With burning torches charged, which, night by night, 120  
 Shed radiance over all the festive throng  
 Full fifty female menials served the King  
 In household offices, the rapid mills  
 These turning, pulverize the mellow'd grain,  
 Those, seated orderly, the purple fleece 125  
 Wind off, or ply the loom, restless as leaves  
 Of lofty poplars fluttering in the breeze,  
 'Bright as with oil the new-wrought texture shone  
 Far as Phæacian mariners all else  
 Surpass, the swift ship urging through the floods, 130  
 So far in tissue-work the women pass  
 All others, by Minerva's self endow'd  
 With richest fancy and superior skill  
 Without the court, and to the gates adjoin'd  
 A spacious garden lay, fenced all around 135  
 Secure, four acres measuring complete  
 There grew luxuriant many a lofty tree,  
 Pomegranate, pear, the apple blushing bright,  
 The homed fig, and unctuous olive smooth  
 Those fruits, nor winter's cold nor summer's heat 140  
 Fear ever, fail not, wither not, but hang  
 Perennial, while unceasing zephyr breathes  
 Gently on all, enlarging these, and those  
 Maturing genial, in an endless course  
 Pears after pears to full dimensions swell, 145

<sup>1</sup> Καίροσεων δ' ὀθονεων ἀπολείβεται ὕγρον ἔλαιον

Pope has given no translation of this line in the text of his work, but has translated it in a note. It is variously interpreted by commentators, the sense which is here given of it is that recommended by Eustathius.

Figs follow figs, grapes clustering grow again  
 Where clusters grew, and (every apple stumpt)  
 The boughs soon tempt the gatherer as before  
 There too, well-rooted, and of fruit profuse,  
 His vineyard grows, part, wide-extended, basks 150  
 In the sun's beams, the aid level glows,  
 In part they gather, and in part they tread  
 The wine-press, while, before the eye, the grapes  
 Here put then blossom forth, there, gather fast  
 Their blackness On the garden's verge extreme 155  
 Flowers of all hues smile all the year, arranged  
 With neatest art judicious, and amid  
 The lovely scene two fountains welling forth,  
 One visits, into every part diffused,  
 The garden-ground, the other soft beneath 160  
 The threshold steals into the palace-court,  
 Whence every citizen his vase supplies  
 Such were the ample blessings on the house  
 Of King Alcinous by the Gods bestow'd  
 Ulysses wondering stood, and when, at length, 165  
 Silent he had the whole fan scene admired,  
 With rapid step enter'd the royal gate  
 The chiefs he found and Senators within  
 Libation pouring to the vigilant spy  
 Mercurius, whom with wine they worshipp'd last 170  
 Of all the Gods, and at the hour of rest  
 Ulysses, toil-worn Hero, through the house  
 Pass'd undelaying, by Minerva thick  
 With darkness circumfused, till he arrived  
 Where King Alcinous and Areta sat 175  
 Around Areta's knees his aims he cast,  
 And in that moment, broken clear away  
 The cloud all went, shed on him from above  
 Dumb sat the guests, seeing the unknown Chief,  
 And wondering gazed He thus his suit preferr'd 180  
 Areta, daughter of the Godlike Prince  
 Rhexenor ' suppliant at thy knees I fall,  
 Thy royal spouse imploring, and thyself,  
 (After ten thousand toils), and these your guests,  
 To whom heaven grant felicity, and to leave 185  
 Then treasures to their babes, with all the rights

And honours, by the people's suffrage, theirs !  
 But oh vouchsafe me, who have wanted long  
 And ardent wish'd my home, without delay  
 Safe conduct to my native shores again ! 140

Such suit he made, and in the ashes sat  
 At the hearth-side, they mute long time remain'd,  
 Till, at the last, the ancient Hero spake  
 Echeneus, eldest of Phæacia's sons,  
 With eloquence beyond the rest endow'd, 150  
 Rich in traditional lore, and wise  
 In all, who thus, benevolent, began

Not honourable to thyself, O King !  
 Is such a sight, a stranger on the ground  
 At the hearth-side seated, and in the dust 200  
 Meantime, thy guests, expecting thy command,  
 Move not thou, therefore, raising by his hand  
 The stranger, lead him to a throne, and bid  
 The heralds mingle wine, that we may pour  
 To thunder-bearing Jove, the suppliant's friend 205  
 Then let the cateress for thy guest produce  
 Supply, a supper from the last regale

Soon as those words Alcinous heard, the King,  
 Upraising by his hand the prudent Chief  
 Ulysses from the hearth, he made him sit 210  
 On a bright throne, displacing for his sake  
 Laodamas his son, the virtuous youth  
 Who sat beside him, and whom most he loved  
 And now, a maiden charged with golden ewer  
 And with an argent laver, pouring, first, 215  
 Pure water on his hands, supplied him, next,  
 With a resplendent table, which the chaste  
 Directress of the stores furnish'd with bread  
 And dainties, remnants of the last regale  
 Then ate the Hero toil inured, and drank, 220  
 And to his herald thus Alcinous spake

Pontonous ! mingling wine, bear it around  
 To every guest in turn, that we may pour  
 To thunder-bearer Jove, the stranger's friend,  
 And guardian of the suppliant's sacred rights 225  
 He said, Pontonous, as he bade, the wine  
 Mingled delicious, and the cups dispensed

With distribution regular to all  
 When each had made libation, and had drunk  
 Sufficient, then Alcinous thus began. 230

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, I speak  
 The dictates of my mind, therefore attend !  
 Ye all have feasted,—to your homes and sleep  
 We will assemble at the dawn of day  
 More senior Chiefs, that we may entertain 235  
 The stranger here, and to the Gods perform  
 Due sacrifice, the convoy that he asks  
 Shall next engage our thoughts, that free from pain  
 And from vexation, by our friendly aid  
 He may revisit, joyful and with speed, 240  
 His native shore, however far remote  
 No inconvenience let him feel or harm,  
 Ere his arrival, but, arrived, thenceforth  
 He must endure whatever lot the Fates  
 Spun for him in the moment of his birth 245  
 But should he prove some Deity from heaven  
 Descended, then the Immortals have in view  
 Designs not yet apparent, for the Gods  
 Have ever from of old reveal'd themselves  
 At our solemnities, have on our seats 250  
 Sat with us evident, and shared the feast,  
 And even if a single traveller  
 Of the Phæacians meet them, all reserve  
 They lay aside, for with the Gods we boast  
 As near affinity as do themselves 255  
 The Cyclops, or the Giant race profane<sup>2</sup>  
 To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied  
 Alcinous ! think not so    Resemblance none  
 In figure or in lineaments I bear  
 To the immortal tenants of the skies, 260  
 But to the sons of earth, if ye have known  
 A man afflicted with a weight of woe  
 Peculiar, let me be with him compared,

<sup>2</sup> The Scholiast explains the passage thus —We resemble the Gods in righteousness as much as the Cyclops and Giants resembled each other in impiety But in this sense of it there is something intricate, and contrary to Homer's manner We have seen that they derived themselves from Neptune, which sufficiently justifies the above interpretation

Woes even passing his could I relate,  
And all inflicted on me by the Gods 265  
But let me eat, comfortless as I am,  
Uninterrupted, for no call is loud  
As that of hunger in the ears of man,  
Importunate, unreasonable, it constrains  
His notice, more than all his woes beside. 270  
So, I much sorrow feel, yet not the less  
Hear I the blatant appetite demand  
Due sustenance, and with a voice that drowns  
Even all my sufferings, till itself be fill'd  
But expedite ye at the dawn of day 275  
My safe return into my native land,  
After much misery, and let life itself  
Forsake me, may I but once more behold  
All that is mine, in my own lofty abode  
He spake, whom all applauded, and advised, 280  
Unanimous, the guest's conveyance home,  
Who had so fitly spoken When at length,  
All had libation made and were sufficed,  
Departing to his house, each sought repose  
But still Ulysses in the hall remain'd, 285  
Where, godlike King, Alcinous at his side  
Sat, and Areta, the attendants clear'd  
Meantime the board, and thus the Queen white arm'd  
(Marking the vest and mantle which he wore,  
And which her maidens and herself had made) 290  
In accents wing'd with eager haste began  
Stranger ! the first enquiry shall be mine,  
Who art, and whence ? From whom received'st thou these ?  
Saidst not—I came a wanderer o'er the Deep ?  
To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied 295  
Oh Queen ! the task were difficult to unfold  
In all its length the story of my woes,  
For I have numerous from the Gods received,  
But I will answer thee as best I may  
There is a certain isle, Ogygia, placed 300  
Far distant in the Deep, there dwells, by man  
Alike unvisited and by the Gods,  
Calypso, beauteous nymph, but deeply skill'd

In artifice, and terrible in power,  
 Daughter of Atlas Me alone my fate 305  
 Her miserable inmate made, when Jove  
 Had riven asunder with his radiant bolt  
 My bark in the mid-sea There perish'd all  
 The valiant partners of my toils, and I  
 My vessel's keel embracing day and night 310  
 With folded arms, nine days was borne along  
 But on the tenth dark night, as pleased the Gods,  
 They drove me to Ogygia, where resides  
 Calypso,auteous nymph, dreadful in power,  
 She rescued, cherish'd, fed me, and her wish 315  
 Was to confer on me immortal life,  
 Exempt for ever from the sap of age  
 But me her offer'd boon sway'd not Seven years  
 I there abode continual, with my tears  
 Bedewing ceaseless my ambrosial robes, 320  
 Calypso's gift divine, but when, at length,  
 (Seven years elapsed) the circling eighth arrived,  
 She then, herself, my quick departure thence  
 Advised, by Jove's own mandate overawed,  
 Which even her had influenced to a change 325  
 On a well-corded raft she sent me forth  
 With numerous presents, bread she put and wine  
 On board, and clothed me in immortal robes,  
 She sent before me also a fair wind  
 Fresh-blowing, but not dangerous Seventeen days 330  
 I sail'd the flood continual, and descried,  
 On the eighteenth, your shadowy mountains tall,  
 When my exulting heart sprang at the sight,  
 All wretched as I was and still ordain'd  
 To strive with difficulties many and hard 335  
 From adverse Neptune, he the stormy winds  
 Exciting opposite, my watery way  
 Impeded, and the waves heaved to a bulk  
 Immeasurable, such as robb'd me soon  
 Deep-groaning, of the raft, my only hope, 340  
 For her the tempest scatter'd, and myself  
 This ocean measured swimming, till the winds  
 And mighty waters cast me on your shore.

Me there emerging, the huge waves had dash'd  
 Full on the land, where, incommodious most, 345  
 The shore presented only roughest rocks,  
 But, leaving it, I swam the Deep again,  
 Till now, at last, a river's gentle stream  
 Received me, by no rocks deform'd, and where  
 No violent winds the shelter'd bank annoy'd 350  
 I flung myself on shore, exhausted, weak,  
 Needing repose, ambrosial night came on,  
 When from the Jove-descended stream withdrawn,  
 I in a thicket laid me down on leaves  
 Which I had heap'd together, and the Gods 355  
 O'erwhelm'd my eye-lids with a flood of sleep  
 There under wither'd leaves, forlorn, I slept  
 All the long night, the morning, and the noon,  
 But balmy sleep, at the decline of day,  
 Broke from me, then, your daughter's train I heard 360  
 Sporting, with whom she also sported, fair  
 And graceful as the Gods To her I kneel'd  
 She, following the dictates of a mind  
 Ingenuous, pass'd in her behaviour all  
 Which even ye could from an age like hers 365  
 Have hoped, for youth is ever indiscreet  
 She gave me plenteous food, with richest wine  
 Refresh'd my spirit, taught me where to bathe,  
 And clothed me as thou seest, thus, though a prey  
 To many sorrows, I have told thee truth 370  
 To whom Alcinous answer thus return'd  
 My daughter's conduct, I perceive, hath been  
 In this erroneous, that she led thee not  
 Hither at once, with her attendant train,  
 For thy first suit was to herself alone 375  
 Thus then Ulysses, wary Chief, replied  
 Blame not, O Hero, for so slight a cause,  
 Thy faultless child, she bade me follow them,  
 But I refused, by fear and awe restrain'd,  
 Lest thou should'st feel displeasure at that sight 380  
 Thyself, for we are all, in every clime,  
 Suspicious, and to worst constructions prone  
 So spake Ulysses, to whom thus the King



I bear not, stranger ! in my breast an heart  
 Causeless irascible , for at all times 385  
 A temperate equanimity is best  
 And oh, I would to heaven, that, being such  
 As now thou art, and of one mind with me,  
 Thou would'st accept my daughter, would'st become  
 My son-in-law, and dwell contented here ! 390  
 House would I give thee, and possessions too,  
 Were such thy choice , else, if thou choose it not,  
 No man in all Phæacia shall by force  
 Detain thee    Jupiter himself forbid !  
 For proof, I will appoint thee convoy hence 395  
 To-morrow , and while thou by sleep subdued  
 Shalt on thy bed repose, they with their oars  
 Shall brush the placid flood, till thou arrive  
 At home, or at what place soe'er thou would'st,  
 Though far more distant than Eubœa lies, 400  
 Remotest isle from us, by the report  
 Of ours, who saw it when they thither bore  
 Golden-hair'd Rhadamanthus o'er the Deep,  
 To visit earth-born Tityus    To that isle  
 They went , they reach'd it, and they brought him thence 405  
 Back to Phæacia, in one day, with ease  
 Thou also shalt be taught what ships I boast  
 Unmatch'd in swiftness, and how far my crews  
 Excel, upturning with their oars the brine  
 He ceased , Ulysses toil-inured his words 410  
 Exulting heard, and praying, thus replied  
 Eternal Father ! may the King perform  
 His whole kind promise ! grant him in all lands  
 A never-dying name, and grant to me  
 To visit safe my native shores again ! 415  
 Thus they conferr'd , and now Areta bade  
 Her fair attendants dress a fleecy couch  
 Under the portico, with purple rugs  
 Resplendent, and with arras spread beneath,  
 And over all with cloaks of shaggy pile 420  
 Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,  
 And, as she bade, prepared in haste a couch  
 Of depth commodious, then, returning, gave

Ulysses welcome summons to repose

Stranger! thy couch is spread. Hence to thy rest. 425

So they—Thrice grateful to his soul the thought

Seem'd of repose There slept Ulysses then,

On his carved couch, beneath the portico,

But in the inner-house Alcinous found

His place of rest, and hers with royal state 430

Prepared, the Queen, his consort, at his side

## BOOK VIII

## A R G U M E N T

The Phæacians consult on the subject of Ulysses. Preparation is made for his departure. Alcinous entertains them at his table. Games follow the entertainment. Demodocus the bard sings, first the loves of Mars and Venus, then the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy. Ulysses, much affected by his song, is questioned by Alcinous, whence and who he is, and what is the cause of his sorrow.

BUT when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Blush'd in the East, then from his bed arose  
 The sacred might of the Phæacian King  
 Then uprose also, city-waster Chief,  
 Ulysses, whom the King Alcinous 5  
 Led forth to council at the ships convened  
 There, side by side, on polish'd stones they sat  
 Frequent, meantime, Minerva in the form  
 Of King Alcinous' herald ranged the town,  
 With purpose to accelerate the return 10  
 Of brave Ulysses to his native home,  
 And thus to every Chief the Goddess spake  
 Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, away!  
 Haste all to council on the stranger held,  
 Who hath of late beneath Alcinous' roof 15  
 Our King arrived, a wanderer o'er the Deep,  
 But in his form majestic as a God  
 So saying, she roused the people, and at once  
 The seats of all the senate-court were fill'd  
 With fast-assembling throngs, no few of whom 20  
 Had mark'd Ulysses with admiring eyes  
 Then Pallas o'er his head and shoulders broad  
 Diffusing grace celestial, his whole form  
 Dilated, and to statelier height advanced,  
 That worthier of all reverence he might seem 25  
 To the Phæacians, and might many a feat

Achieve, with which they should assay his force

When, therefore, the assembly now was full,  
Alcinous, them addressing, thus began

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators ! I speak 30

The dictates of my mind, therefore attend  
This guest unknown to me, hath, wandering, found  
My palace, either from the East arrived,

Or from some nation on our western side  
Safe conduct home he asks, and our consent 35

Here wishes ratified, whose quick return  
Be it our part, as usual, to promote ,  
For at no time the stranger, from what coast

Soe'er, who hath resorted to our doors,  
Hath long complained of his detention here 40

Haste—draw ye down into the sacred Deep  
A vessel of prime speed, and from among  
The people, fifty and two youths select,  
Approved the best , then lashing fast the oars,

Leave her, that at my palace ye may make 45  
Short feast, for which myself will all provide  
Thus I enjoin the crew , but as for those  
Of sceptred rank, I bid them all alike

To my own board, that here we may regale  
The stranger nobly, and let none refuse 50

Call, too, Demodocus, the bard divine,  
To share my banquet, whom the Gods have blest  
With powers of song delectable, unmatched  
By any, when his genius once is fired

He ceased, and led the way, whom follow'd all 55  
The sceptred senators, while to the house  
An herald hasted of the bard divine

Then, fifty mariners and two, from all  
The rest selected, to the coast repa'n'd,

And, from her station on the sea-bank, launched 60  
The galley down into the sacred Deep  
They placed the canvas and the mast on board,

Arranged the oars, unfurl'd the shining sail,  
And leaving her in depth of water moor'd,

All sought the palace of Alcinous 65  
There soon the portico, the court, the hall  
Were fill'd with multitudes of young and old,

For whose regale the mighty monarch slew  
 Two beeves, twelve sheep, and twice four fatted brawns.  
 They flay'd them first, then busily their task 70  
 Administering, prepared the joyous feast  
 And now the herald came, leading with care  
 The tuneful bard, dear to the muse was he,  
 Who yet appointed him both good and ill,  
 Took from him sight, but gave him strains divine 75  
 For him Pontoncus in the midst disposed  
 An argent-studded throne, thrusting it close  
 To a tall column, where he hung his lyre  
 Above his head, and taught him where it hung  
 He sat before him, next, a polish'd board 80  
 And basket, and a goblet fill'd with wine  
 For his own use, and at his own command.  
 Then, all assail'd at once the ready feast,  
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,  
 Then came the muse, and roused the bard to sing 85  
 Exploits of men renown'd, it was a song,  
 In that day to the highest heaven extoll'd.  
 He sang of a dispute kindled between  
 The son of Peleus, and Laertes'<sup>1</sup> son,  
 Both seated at a feast held to the Gods 90  
 That contest Agamemnon, King of men,  
 Between the noblest of Achaia's host  
 Hearing, rejoiced, for when in Pytho erst  
 He pass'd the marble threshold to consult  
 The oracle of Apollo, such dispute 95  
 The voice divine had to his ear announced,  
 For then it was that, first, the storm of war  
 Came rolling on, ordain'd long time to afflict  
 Troy and the Grecians, by the will of Jove  
 So sang the bard illustrious, then his robe 100  
 Of purple dye with both hands o'er his head  
 Ulysses drew, behind its ample folds  
 Veiling his face, through fear to be observed

<sup>1</sup> Ag emnon having inquired at Delphos at what time the war should end, was answered, that the conclusion of it should happen at a time when a dispute should arise between two of his principal commanders That dispute occurred at the time here alluded to, Achilles recommending force as most likely to reduce the city, and Ulysses stratagem

By the Phæacians weeping at the song,  
 And ever as the bard harmonious ceased, 105  
 He wiped his tears, and, drawing from his brows  
 The mantle, pour'd libation to the Gods.  
 But when the Chiefs (for they delighted heard  
 Those sounds,) solicited again the bard,  
 And he renew'd the strain, then covering close 110  
 His countenance, as before, Ulysses wept  
 Thus, unperceived by all, the Hero mourn'd,  
 Save by Alcinous, he alone his tears  
 (Beside him seated) mark'd, and his deep sighs  
 O'erhearing, the Phæacians thus bespake 115  
 Phæacia's Chiefs and Senators, attend '  
 We have regaled sufficient, and the harp  
 Heard to satiety, companion sweet  
 And seasonable of the festive hour  
 Now go we forth for honourable proof 120  
 Of our address in games of every kind,  
 That this our guest may to his friends report,  
 At home arrived, that none like us have learn'd  
 To leap, to box, to wrestle, and to run  
 So saying, he led them forth, whose steps the guests 125  
 All follow'd, and the herald hanging high  
 The sprightly lyre, took by his hand the bard  
 Demodocus, whom he the self-same way  
 Conducted forth by which the Chiefs had gone  
 Themselves, for that great spectacle peepared 130  
 They sought the forum, countless swarm'd the throng  
 Behind them as they went, and many a youth  
 Strong and courageous to the strife arose  
 Upstood Acroneus and Ocyalus,  
 Elatreus, Nauteus, Prymneus, after whom 135  
 Anchialus with Anabeesineus  
 Arose, Eretmeus, Ponteus, Proreus bold,  
 Amphialus and Thoon Then arose,  
 In aspect dread as homicidal Mars,  
 Euryalus, and for his graceful form 140  
 (After Laodamas) distinguish'd most  
 Of all Phæacia's sons, Naubolides  
 Three also from Alcinous sprung, arose,  
 Laodamas, his eldest, Halus, next,

His second-born , and godlike Clytoneus. 145  
 Of these, some started for the runner's prize  
<sup>2</sup>They gave the race its limits All at once  
 Along the dusty champaign swift they flew  
 But Clytoneus, illustrious youth, outstripp'd  
 All competition , far as mules surpass 150  
 Slow oxen furrowing the fallow ground,  
 So far before all others he arrived  
 Victorious, where the throng'd spectators stood  
 Some tried the wrestler's toil severe, in which  
 Euryalus superior proved to all. 155  
 In the long leap Amphialus prevail'd ,  
 Elatæus most successful hurl'd the quoit,  
 And at the cestus<sup>3</sup>, last, the noble son  
 Of Scheïa's King, Laodamas excell'd  
 When thus with contemplation of the games 160  
 All had been gratified, Alcinous' son  
 Laodamas, arising, them address'd  
 Friends! ask we now the stranger, if he boast  
 Proficiency in aught His figure seems  
 Not ill, in thighs, and legs, and arms he shews 165  
 Much strength, and in his brawny neck , nor youth  
 Hath left him yet, though batter'd he appears  
 With numerous troubles, and misfortune-flaw'd.  
 Nor know I hardships in the world so sure  
 To break the strongest down, as those by sea 170  
 Then answer thus Euryalus return'd  
 Thou hast well said, Laodamas , thyself  
 Approaching, speak to him, and call him forth  
 Which when Alcinous' noble offspring heard,  
 Advancing from his seat, amid them all 175  
 He stood, and to Ulysses thus began  
 Stand forth, oh guest, thou also prove thy skill  
 (If any such thou boast) in games like ours,  
 Which likeliest thou hast learn'd , for greater praise

<sup>2</sup> *τοῖσι δ' ἀπο νύσσης τέτατο δρόμος*—This expression is by the commentators generally understood to be significant of the effort which they made at starting, but it is not improbable that it relates merely to the measurement of the course, otherwise, *καρπαλίμως ἐπείοντο* will be tautologous

<sup>3</sup> In boxing

Hath no man, while he lives, than that he know 180  
 His feet to exercise and hands aight  
 Come then, make trial, scatter wide thy cares,  
 We will not hold thee long, the ship is launch'd  
 Aheady, and the crew stand all prepared  
 To whom replied the wily Chief renown'd 185  
 Wherefore, as in derision, have ye call'd  
 Me forth, Laodamas, to these exploits?  
 No games have I, but many a grief, at heart,  
 And with far other struggles worn, here sit  
 Desirous only of conveyance home, 190  
 For which both King and people I implore  
 Then him Euryalus aloud reproach'd  
 I well believed it, friend! in thee the guise  
 I see not of a man expert in feats  
 Athletic, of which various are perform'd 195  
 In every land, thou rather seem'st with ships  
 Familiar, one accusom'd to control  
 Some crew of trading mariners, well-learn'd  
 In stowage, pilotage, and wealth acquired  
 By rapine, but of no gymnastic powers 200  
 To whom Ulysses, frowning dark, replied  
 Thou hast ill spoken, sir, and like a man  
 Regardless whom he wrongs Therefore the Gods  
 Give not endowments graceful in each kind,  
 Of body, mind, and utterance, all to one 205  
 This man in figure less excels, yet Jove  
 Crowns him with eloquence, his hearers charm'd  
 Behold him, while with modest confidence  
 He bears the prize of fluent speech from all,  
 And in the streets is gazed on as a God! 210  
 Another, in his form the Powers above  
 Resembles, but no grace around his words  
 Twines itself elegant So, thou in form  
 Hast excellence to boast, a God employ'd  
 To make a master-piece in human shape, 215  
 Could but produce proportions just as thine,  
 Yet hast thou an untutor'd intellect  
 Thou much hast moved me, thy unhandsome phrase  
 Hath roused my wrath, I am not, as thou say'st,  
 A novice in these sports, but took the lead 220



In all, while youth and strength were on my side  
 But I am now in bands of sorrow held,  
 And of misfortune, having much endured  
 In war, and buffeting the boisterous waves  
 Yet, though with misery worn, I will essay 225  
 My strength among you, for thy words had teeth  
 Whose bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the proof

He said, and mantled as he was, a quoit  
 Upstarting, seized, in bulk and weight all those  
 Transcending far, by the Phæacians used 230  
 Swiftly he swung, and from his vigorous hand  
 Sent it Loud sang the stone, and as it flew  
 The maritime Phæacians low inclined  
 Their heads beneath it, over all the marks,  
 And far beyond them, sped the flying rock 235  
 Minerva in a human form, the cast  
 Prodigious measured, and aloud exclaim'd

Stranger! the blind himself might with his hands  
 Feel out the 'vantage here Thy quoit disdains  
 Fellowship with a crowd, borne far beyond 240  
 Fear not a losing game, Phæacian none  
 Will reach thy measure, much less overcast

She ceased, Ulysses, hardy Chief, rejoiced  
 That in the circus he had found a judge  
 So favourable, and with brisker tone, 245  
 As less in wrath, the multitude address'd

Young men, reach this, and I will quickly heave  
 Another such, or yet a heavier quoit  
 Then, come the man whose courage prompts him forth  
 To box, to wrestle with me, or to run, 250  
 For ye have chafed me much, and I decline  
 No strife with any here, but challenge all  
 Phæacia, save Laodamas alone

He is mine host Who combats with his friend?  
 To call to proof of hardiment the man 255  
 Who entertains him in a foreign land,  
 Would but evince the challenger a fool,  
 Who, so, should cripple his own interest there  
 As for the rest, I none refuse, scorn none,  
 But wish for trial of you, and to match 260  
 In opposition fair my force with yours.

There is no game athletic in the use  
 Of all mankind, too difficult for me ,  
 I handle well the polish'd bow, and first  
 Amid a thousand foes strike whom I mark, 265  
 Although a throng of warriors at my side  
 Imbattled, speed then shafts at the same time  
 Of all Achaia's sons who erst at Troy  
 Drew bow, the sole who bore the prize from me  
 Was Philoctetes , I resign it else 270  
 To none now nourish'd with the fruits of earth  
 Yet mean I no comparison of myself  
 With men of ancient times, with Hercules,  
 Or with Oechalian Eurytus, who, both,  
 The Gods themselves in archery he defied 275  
 Soon, therefore, died huge Eurytus, ere yet  
 Old age he reach'd , him, angry to be call'd  
 To proof of archership, Apollo slew  
 But, if ye name the spear, mine flies a length  
 By no man's arrow reach'd , I fear no foil 280  
 From the Phæacians, save in speed alone ,  
 For I have suffer'd hardships, dash'd and drench'd  
 By many a wave, nor had I food on board  
 At all times, therefore am I much unstrung  
 He spake, and silent the Phæacians sat, 285  
 Of whom alone Alcinous thus replied  
 Since, stranger, not ungraceful is thy speech,  
 Who hast but vindicated in our ears  
 Thy question'd prowess, angry that this youth  
 Reproach'd thee in the presence of us all, 290  
 That no man qualified to give his voice  
 In public might affront thy courage more ,  
 Now mark me, therefore, that in time to come,  
 While feasting with thy children and thy spouse,  
 Thou may'st inform the Heroes of thy land 295  
 Even of our proficiency in arts  
 By Jove enjoin'd us in our father's days  
 We boast not much the boxer's skill, nor yet  
 The wrestler's , but light-footed in the race  
 Are we, and navigators well inform'd 300  
 Our pleasures are the feast, the harp, the dance,  
 Garments for change , the tepid bath , the bed.

Come, ye Phæacians, beyond others skill'd  
 To tread the circus with harmonious steps,  
 Come, play before us, that our guest, arrived 305  
 In his own country, may inform his friends  
 How far in seamanship we all excel,  
 In running, in the dance, and in the song.  
 Haste! bring ye to Demodocus his lyre  
 Clear-toned, left somewhere in our hall at home 310  
 So spake the godlike King, at whose command  
 The herald to the palace quick return'd  
 To seek the charming lyre    Meantime arose  
 Nine arbiters, appointed to intend  
 The whole arrangement of the public games, 315  
 To smoothe the circus-floor, and give the ring  
 Its compass, widening the attentive throng  
 Ere long the herald came, bearing the harp,  
 With which Demodocus supplied, advanced  
 Into the middle area, around whom 320  
 Stood blooming youths, all skilful in the dance  
 With footsteps justly timed all smote at once  
 The sacred floor, Ulysses wonder-fixt,  
 The ceaseless play of twinkling<sup>4</sup> feet admird  
 Then tuning his sweet chords, Demodocus 325  
 A jocund strain began, his theme the loves  
 Of Mars and Cytherea chaplet-crown'd,  
 How first, clandestine, they embraced beneath  
 The roof of Vulcan, her, by many a gift  
 Seduced, Mars won, and with adulterous lust 330  
 The bed dishonour'd of the King of fire  
 The Sun, a witness of their amorous sport,  
 Bore swift the tale to Vulcan, he, apprized  
 Of that foul deed, at once his smithy sought,  
 In secret darkness of his inmost soul 335  
 Contriving vengeance, to the stock he heaved  
 His anvil huge, on which he forged a snare  
 Of bands indissoluble, by no art

<sup>4</sup> The translator is indebted to Mr Grey for an epithet more expressive of the original (*Μαρμαρυγας*) than any other, perhaps, in all our language See the Ode on the Progress of Poetry

“To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
 Glance their *many-twinkling* feet”

To be untied, durance for ever firm  
 The net prepared, he bore it, fiery-wroth, 240  
 To his own chamber and his nuptial couch,  
 Where stretching them from post to post, he wrapp'd  
 With those fine meshes all his bed around,  
 And hung them numerous from the roof, diffused  
 Like spiders' filaments, which not the Gods 315  
 Themselves could see, so subtle were the toils  
 When thus he had encircled all his bed  
 On every side, he feign'd a journey thence  
 To Lemnos, of all cities that adorn  
 The earth, the city that he favours most 350  
 Nor kept the God of the resplendent reins  
 Mars, drowsy watch, but seeing that the famed  
 Artificer of heaven had left his home,  
 Flew to the house of Vulcan, hot to enjoy  
 The Goddess with the wreath-encircled brows 255  
 She, newly from her potent Sire return'd  
 The son of Saturn, sat Mars, entering, seized  
 Her hand, hung on it, and thus urged his suit  
 To bed, my fair, and let us love ' for lo '  
 Thine husband is from home, to Lemnos gone, 360  
 And to the Sintians, men of barbarous speech  
 He spake, nor she was loth, but bedward too  
 Like him inclined, so then to bed they went,  
 And as they laid them down, down stream'd the net  
 Around them, labour exquisite of hands 365  
 By ingenuity divine inform'd  
 Small room they found, so prison'd, not a limb  
 Could either lift, or move, but felt at once  
 Entanglement from which was no escape  
 And now the glorious artist, ere he yet 370  
 Had reach'd the Lemnian isle, limping, return'd  
 From his feign'd journey, for his spy the Sun  
 Had told him all With aching heart he sought  
 His home, and, standing in the vestibule,  
 Fiant with indignation roar'd to heaven, 375  
 And roar'd again, summoning all the Gods —  
 Oh, love ' and all ye powers for ever blest !  
 Here ! hither look, that ye may view a sight  
 Ludicrous, yet too monstrous to be borne,

How Venus always with dishonour loads 380  
 Her cripple spouse, doting on fiery Mars !  
 And wherefore ? for that he is fair in form  
 And sound of foot, I ricket-boned, and weak  
 Whose fault is this ? Their fault, and theirs alone  
 Who gave me being , ill-employ'd were they 385  
 Begetting me, one better far unborn  
 See where they couch together on my bed  
 Lascivious ! ah, sight hateful to my eyes !  
 Yet cooler wishes will they feel, I ween,  
 To press my bed hereafter , here to sleep 390  
 Will little please them fondly as they love.  
 But these my toils and tangles will suffice  
 To hold them here, till Jove shall yield me back  
 Complete, the sum of all my nuptial gifts  
 Paid to him for the shameless strumpet's sake 395  
 His daughter, as incontinent as fair  
 He said, and in the brazen-floor'd abode  
 Of Jove the Gods assembled Neptune came,  
 Earth-circling Power , came Hermes friend of man,  
 And regent of the far-commanding bow, 400  
 Apollo also came , but chaste reserve  
 Bashful kept all the Goddesses at home  
 The Gods by whose beneficence all live,  
 Stood in the portal , infinite arose  
 The laugh of heaven, all looking down intent 405  
 On that shrewd project of the smith divine,  
 And, turning to each other, thus they said  
 Bad works speed ill The slow o'ertakes the swift  
 So Vulcan, tardy as he is, by craft  
 Hath outstript Mars, although the fleetest far 410  
 Of all who dwell in heaven, and the light-heel'd  
 Must pay the adulterer's forfeit to the lame  
 So spake the Powers immortal , then the King  
 Of radiant shafts thus question'd Mercury  
 Jove's son, heaven's herald, Hermes, bounteous God 415  
 Would'st *thou* such stricture close of bands endure  
 For golden Venus lying at thy side ?  
 Whom answer'd thus the messenger of heaven  
 Archer divine ! yea, and with all my heart ,  
 And be the bands which wind us round about 420

Thrice these, innumerable, and let all  
 The Gods and Goddesses in heaven look on,  
 So I may clasp Vulcan's fair spouse the while.

He spake, then laugh'd the Immortal powers again  
 But not so Neptune, he with earnest suit 425  
 The glorious artist urged to the release  
 Of Mars, and thus in accents wing'd he said.

Loose him, accept my promise, he shall pay  
 Full recompense in presence of us all

Then thus the limping smith fair-famed replied 430  
 Earth-circler Neptune, spare me that request  
 'Lame suitor, lame security What bands  
 Could I devise for thee among the Gods,  
 Should Mars, emancipated once, escape,  
 Leaving both death and durance far behind? 435

Him answer'd then the Shaker of the shores  
 I tell thee, Vulcan, that if Mars by flight  
 Shun payment, I will pay, myself, the fine

To whom the glorious artist of the skies  
 Thou must not, canst not, shalt not be refused 440

So saying, the might of Vulcan loosed the snare,  
 And they, detain'd by those coercive bands  
 No longer, from the couch upstarting flew,  
 Mars into Thrace, and to her Paphian home  
 The Queen of smiles, where deep in myrtle groves 445  
 Her incense-breathing altar stands embower'd  
 Her there, the Graces laved, and oils diffused  
 O'er all her form, ambrosial, such as add  
 Fresh beauty to the Gods for ever young,  
 And clothed her in the loveliest robes of heaven 450

Such was the theme of the illustrious bard  
 Ulysses with delight that song, and all  
 The maritime Phæacian concourse heard

Alcinous, then, (for in the dance they pass'd  
 All others), call'd his sons to dance alone, 455

\* The original line has received such a variety of interpretations, that a Translator seems free to choose. It has, however, a proverbial turn, which I have endeavoured to preserve, and have adopted that sense of the words which appears best to accord with what immediately follows. Vulcan pleads his own inability to enforce the demand, as a circumstance that made Neptune's promise unacceptable.

Halus and Laodamas, they gave  
 The purple ball into their hands, the work  
 Exact of Polybus, one, re-supine,  
 Upcast it high toward the dusky clouds,  
 The other springing into air, with ease 460  
 Received it, ere he sank to earth again  
 When thus they oft had sported with the ball  
 Thrown upward, next, with nimble interchange,  
 They pass'd it to each other many a time,  
 Footing the plain, while every youth of all 465  
 The circus clapp'd his hands, and from beneath  
 The din of stamping feet fill'd all the air

Then, turning to Alcinous, thus the wise  
 Ulysses spake Alcinous' mighty King!  
 Illustrious above all Phæacia's sons' 470  
 Incomparable are ye in the dance,  
 Even as thou said'st Amazement-fixt I stand!

So he, whom hearing, the imperial might  
 Exulted of Alcinous, and aloud  
 To his oar-skill'd Phæacians thus he spake 475

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, attend!  
 Wisdom beyond the common stint I mark  
 In this our guest, good cause in my account,  
 For which we should present him with a pledge  
 Of hospitality and love The Chiefs 480  
 Are twelve, who, highest in command, control  
 The people, and the thirteenth Chief am I  
 Bring each a golden talent, with a vest  
 Well-bleach'd, and tunic, gratified with these,  
 The stranger to our banquet shall repair 485  
 Exulting, bring them all without delay,  
 And let Euryalus by word and gift  
 Appease him, for his speech was unadvised

He ceased, whom all applauded, and at once  
 Each sent his herald forth to bring the gifts, 490  
 When thus Euryalus his Sire address'd

Alcinous! o'er Phæacia's sons supreme!  
 I will appease our guest as thou command'st  
 This sword shall be his own, the blade all steel,  
 The hilt of silver, and the unsullied sheath 495  
 Of ivory recent from the carver's hand

A gift like this he shall not need despise.

So saying, his silver-studded sword he gave  
Into his grasp, and courteous, thus began

Hail, honour'd stranger ! and if word of mine 500  
Have harm'd thee, rashly spoken, let the winds  
Bear all remembrance of it swift away !

May the Gods give thee to behold again  
Thy wife, and to attain thy native shore,  
Whence absent long, thou hast so much endured ' 505

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied  
Hail also thou, and may the Gods, my friend,  
Grant thee felicity, and may never want  
Of this thy sword touch thee in time to come,  
By whose kind phrase appeased my wrath subsides ' 510

He ended, and athwart his shoulders threw  
The weapon bright-emboss'd Now sank the sun,  
And those rich gifts arrived, which to the house  
Of King Alcinous the heralds bore,  
Alcinous' sons received them, and beside 515  
Their royal mother placed the precious charge  
The King then led the way, at whose rebode  
Arrived, again they press'd their lofty thrones,  
And to Areta thus the monarch spake

Haste, bring a coffer, bring thy best, and store 520  
A mantle and a sumptuous vest within,  
Warm for him, next a brazen bath, by which  
Refresh'd, and viewing in fair order placed  
The noble gifts by the Phæacian Lords  
Conferr'd on him, he may the more enjoy 525  
Our banquet, and the bard's harmonious song  
I give him also this my golden cup  
Splendid, elaborate, that, while he lives,  
What time he pours libation forth to Jove  
And all the Gods, he may remember me 530

He ended, at whose words Areta bade  
Her maidens with dispatch place o'er the fire  
A tripod ample-womb'd, obedient they  
Advanced a laver to the glowing hearth,  
Water infused, and kindled wood beneath 535  
The flames encircling bright the belied vase,  
Warm'd soon the flood within Meantime the queen



Producing from her chamber-stores a chest  
 All-elegant, within it placed the gold  
 And raiment, gifts of the Phæacian Chiefs, 540  
 With her own gifts, the mantle and the vest,  
 And in wing'd accents to Ulysses said

Now take, thyself, the coffer's lid in charge ,  
 Girdle it quickly with a cord, lest loss  
 Befall thee on thy way, while thou perchance 545  
 Shalt sleep secure on board the sable bark

Which when Ulysses heard, Hero renown'd,  
 Adjusting close the lid, he cast a cord  
 Around it, which with many a mazy knot  
 He tied, by Circe taught him long before 550  
 And now, the mistress of the household charge  
 Summon'd him to his bath , glad he beheld  
 The steaming vase, uncustom'd to its use  
 E'er since his voyage from the isle of fair  
 Calypso, although, while a guest with her, 555  
 Ever familiar with it, as a God

Laved by attendant damsels, and with oil  
 Refresh'd, he put his sumptuous tunic on  
 And mantle, and proceeding from the bath  
 To the symposium, join'd the numerous guests , 560  
 But, as he pass'd, the Princess all divine  
 Beside the pillars of the portals lost  
 In admiration of his graceful form,  
 Stood, and in accents wing'd him thus address'd

Hail, stranger ! at thy native home arrived 565  
 Remember me, thy first deliverer here

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied  
 Nausicaa ! daughter of the noble King  
 Alcinous ! So may Jove, high-thundering mate  
 Of Juno, grant me to behold again 570  
 My native land, and my delightful home,  
 As, even there, I will present my vows  
 To thee, adoring thee as I adore

The Gods themselves, virgin, by whom I live !  
 He said, and on his throne beside the King 575  
 Alcinous sat And now they portion'd out  
 The feast to all, and charged the cups with wine,  
 And introducing by his hand the bard

Phæacia's glory, at the column's side  
The herald placed Demodocus again 580

Then, carving forth a portion from the loins  
Of a huge brawn, of which uneaten still  
Large part and delicate remain'd, thus spake  
Ulysses—Herald ! bear it to the bard  
For his regale, whom I will soon embrace 585  
In spite of sorrow , for respect is due  
And veneration to the sacred bard

From all mankind, for that the muse inspires  
Herself his song, and loves the tuneful tribe

He ended, and the herald bore his charge 590  
To the old Hero, who with joy received  
That meed of honour at the bearer's hand  
Then, all, at once, assail'd the ready feast,  
And hunger now and thirst both satisfied,  
Thus to Demodocus Ulysses spake 595

Demodocus ! I give thee praise above  
All mortals, for that either thee the muse  
Jove's daughter teaches, or the King, himself,  
Apollo , since thou so record'st the fate,  
With such clear method, of Achaia's host, 600

Their deeds heroic, and their numerous toils,  
As thou hadst present been thyself, or learnt  
From others present there, the glorious tale  
Come, then, proceed , that rare invention sing,  
The horse of wood, which by Minerva's aid 605  
Epeus framed, and which Ulysses erst  
Convey'd into the citadel of Troy

With warriors fill'd, who laid all Ilium waste  
These things rehearse regular, and myself  
Will, instant, publish in the ears of all 610  
Thy fame, reporting thee a bard to whom  
Apollo free imparts celestial song

He ended , then Apollo with full force  
Rush'd on Demodocus, and he began  
What time the Greeks, first firing their own camp, 615  
Steer'd all their galleys from the shore of Troy.  
Already, in the horse conceal'd, his band  
Around Ulysses sat , for Ilium's sons  
Themselves had drawn it to the citadel,



The bard divine began, continual flow  
 The stranger's sorrows, by remembrance caused  
 Of some great woe which wraps his soul around.  
 Then let the bard suspend his song, that all  
 (As most befits the occasion) may rejoice, 665  
 Both guest and hosts together, since we make  
 This voyage, and these gifts confer, in proof  
 Of hospitality and unfeign'd love,  
 Judging, with all wise men, the stranger-guest  
 And suppliant worthy of a brother's place 670  
 And thou conceal not, artfully reserved,  
 What I shall ask, far better plain declared  
 Than smother'd close, who art thou? speak thy name,  
 The name by which thy father, mother, friends  
 And fellow-citizens, with all who dwell 675  
 Around thy native city, in times past  
 Have known thee, for of all things human none  
 Lives altogether nameless, whether good  
 Or whether bad, but every man receives,  
 Even in the moment of his birth, a name 680  
 Thy country, people, city, tell, the mark  
 At which my ships, intelligent, shall aim,  
 That they may bear thee thither, for our ships  
 No pilot need or helm, as ships are wont,  
 But know, themselves, our purpose, know beside 685  
 All cities, and all fruitful regions well  
 Of all the earth, and with dark clouds involved  
 Plough rapid the rough Deep, fearless of harm,  
 (Whate'er betide) and of disastrous wreck  
 Yet thus, long since, my father I have heard 690  
 Nausithous speaking, Neptune, he would say,  
 Is angry with us, for that safe we bear  
 Strangers of every nation to their home,  
 And he foretold a time when he would smite  
 In vengeance some Phæacian gallant bark 695  
 Returning after convoy of her charge,  
 And fix her in the sable flood, transform'd  
 Into a mountain, right before the town  
 So spake my hoary Sire, which let the God  
 At his own pleasure do, or leave undone 700

Thy wanderings ? in what regions of the earth  
Hast thou arrived ? what nations hast thou seen,  
What cities ? say, how many hast thou found  
Harsh, savage, and unjust ? how many, kind 705  
To strangers, and disposed to fear the Gods ?  
Say also, from what secret grief of heart  
Thy sorrows flow, oft as thou hear'st the fate  
Of the Achæians, or of Ithum sung ?  
That fate the Gods prepared, they spin the thread 710  
Of man's destruction, that in after-days  
The bard may make the sad event his theme  
Perish'd thy father or thy brother there ?  
Or hast thou at the siege of Ithum lost  
Father-in-law or son-in-law ? for such 715  
Are next and dearest to us after those  
Who share our own descent, or was the dead  
Thy bosom-friend, whose heart was as thy own ?  
For worthy as a brother of our love  
The constant friend and the discreet I deem 720

## BOOK IX

## ARGUMENT

Ulysses discovers himself to the Phæacians, and begins the history of his adventures. He destroys Ismarus, city of the Ciconians, arrives among the Lotophagi, and afterwards at the land of the Cyclops. He is imprisoned by Polypheme in his cave, who devours six of his companions, intoxicates the monster with wine, blinds him while he sleeps, and escapes from him.

THEN answer, thus, Ulysses wise return'd  
 Alcinous! King! illustrious above all  
 Phæacia's sons! pleasant it is to hear  
 A bard like this, sweet as the Gods in song  
 The world, in my account, no sight affords  
 More gratifying, than a people blest  
 With cheerfulness and peace, a palace throng'd  
 With guests in order ranged, listening to sounds  
 Melodious, and the steaming tables spread  
 With plenteous viands, while the cups, with wine  
 From humming beakers fill'd, pass brisk around  
 No lovelier sight know I. But thou, it seems,  
 Thy thoughts hast turn'd to ask me whence my groans  
 And tears, that I may sorrow still the more  
 What first, what next, what last shall I rehearse,  
 On whom the Gods have shower'd such various woes?  
 Learn first my name, that even in this land  
 Remote I may be known, and that escaped  
 From all adversity, I may requite  
 Hereafter this your hospitable care  
 At my own home, however distant hence  
 I am Ulysses, fear'd in all the earth,  
 For subtlest wisdom, and renown'd to heaven,  
 The offspring of Laertes, my abode  
 Is sun-burnt Ithaca, there waving stands  
 The mountain Neritus his numerous boughs,

And it is neighbour'd close by clustering isles  
 All populous, thence Samos is beheld,  
 Dulichium, and Zacynthus forest-clad.  
 Flat on the Deep she lies, farthest removed 30  
 Toward the West, while, situate apart,  
 Her sister islands face the rising day,  
 Rugged she is, but fruitful nurse of sons  
 Magnanimous, nor shall these eyes behold,  
 Elsewhere, an object dear and sweet as she. 35  
 Calypso, beauteous Goddess, in her grot  
 Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused,  
 Ææan Circe also, skill'd profound  
 In potent arts, within her palace long  
 Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused, 40  
 But never could they warp my constant mind  
 So much our parents and our native soil  
 Attract us most, even although our lot  
 Be fair and plenteous in a foreign land.  
 But come—my painful voyage, such as Jove 45  
 Gave me from Ithum, I will now relate  
 From Troy the winds bore me to Ismarus,  
 City of the Ciconians, them I slew,  
 And laid their city waste, whence bringing forth  
 Much spoil with all their wives, I portion'd it 50  
 With equal hand, and each received a share  
 Next, I exhorted to immediate flight  
 My people, but in vain, they madly scorn'd  
 My sober counsel, and much wine they drank,  
 And sheep and beeves slew numerous on the shore 55  
 Meantime, Ciconians to Ciconians call'd,  
 Their neighbours summoning, a mightier host  
 And braver, natives of the continent,  
 Expert, on horses mounted, to maintain  
 Fierce fight, or if occasion bade, on foot 60  
 Numerous they came as leaves, or vernal flowers  
 At day-spring. Then by the decree of Jove,  
 Misfortune found us At the ships we stood  
 Piercing each other with the brazen spear,  
 And till the morning brighten'd into noon, 65  
 Few as we were, we yet withstood them all,  
 But when the sun verged westward, then the Greeks

Fell back, and the Ciconian host prevail'd  
 Six warlike Grecians from each galley's crew  
 Perish'd in that dread field, the rest escaped 70  
 Thus after loss of many we pursued  
 Our course, yet, difficult as was our flight,  
 Went not till first we had invoked by name  
 Our friends whom the Ciconians had destroy'd  
 But cloud-assembler Jove assail'd us soon 75  
 With a tempestuous North-wind, earth alike  
 And sea with storms he overhung, and night  
 Fell fast from heaven Their heads deep plunging oft  
 Our gallees flew, and rent, and rent again  
 Our tatter'd sail-cloth crackled in the wind 80  
 We, fearing instant death, within the barks  
 Our canvas lodged, and toiling strenuous, reach'd  
 At length the continent Two nights we lay  
 Continual there, and two long days consumed  
 With toil and grief, but when the beauteous morn 85  
 Bright-hair'd had brought the third day to a close,  
 (Our masts erected, and white sails unroll'd,)  
 Again we sat on board, meantime, the winds  
 Well managed by the steersman, urged us on  
 And now, all danger pass'd, I had attain'd 90  
 My native shore, but, doubling in my course  
 Malea, waves and currents and North-winds  
 Constrain'd me devious to Cythera's isle  
 Nine days by cruel storms thence was I borne  
 Athwart the fishy Deep, but on the tenth 95  
 Reach'd the Lotophagi, a race sustain'd  
 On sweetest fruit alone There quitting ship,  
 We landed and drew water, and the crews  
 Beside the vessels took their evening cheer  
 When, hasty, we had thus our strength renew'd, 100  
 I order'd forth my people to inquire  
 (Two I selected from the rest, with whom  
 I join'd an herald, third), what race of men  
 Might there inhabit They, departing, mix'd  
 With the Lotophagi, nor hostile aught 105  
 Or savage the Lotophagi devised  
 Against our friends, but offer'd to their taste  
 The lotus ; of which fruit what man see'r



Once tasted, no desire felt he to come  
 With tidings back, or seek his country more, 110  
 But rather wish'd to feed on lotus still  
 With the Lotophagi, and to renounce  
 All thoughts of home    Them, therefore, I constrain'd  
 Weeping on board, and dragging each beneath  
 The benches, bound him there    Then, all in haste, 115  
 I urged my people to ascend again  
 Their hollow barks, lest others also, fed  
 With fruit of lotus, should forget their home  
 They quick embark'd, and on the benches ranged  
 In order, thresh'd with oars the foamy flood 120  
 Thence, o'er the Deep proceeding sad, we reach'd  
 The land at length, where,<sup>1</sup> giant-sized and free  
 From all constraint of law, the Cyclops dwell  
 They, trusting to the Gods, plant not, or plough,  
 But earth unsow'd, untill'd, brings forth for them 125  
 All fruits, wheat, barley, and the vinous grape  
 Large-cluster'd, nourish'd by the showers of Jove  
 No councils they convene, no laws contrive,  
 But in deep caverns dwell, found on the heads  
 Of lofty mountains, judging each supreme 130  
 His wife and children, heedless of the rest  
 In front of the Cyclopean haven lies  
 A level island, not adjoining close  
 Their land, nor yet remote, woody and rude  
 There, wild goats breed numberless, by no foot 135  
 Of man molested, never huntsman there,  
 Inured to winter's cold and hunger, roams  
 The dreary woods, or mountain-tops sublime,  
 No fleecy flocks dwell there, nor plough is known,  
 But the unseeded and unfurrow'd soil, 140  
 Year after year a wilderness by man  
 Untrodden, food for blatant goats supplies  
 For no ships crimson-prōw'd the Cyclops own,  
 Nor naval artizan is there, whose toil  
 Might furnish them with oary barks, by which 145  
 Subsists all distant commerce, and which bear  
 Man o'er the Deep to cities far remote  
 Who might improve the peopled isle, that seems

<sup>1</sup> So the Scholium interprets in this place the word *ὕπερφιάλος*

Not sterile in itself, but apt to yield,  
 In then due season, fruits of every kind. 150  
 For stretch'd beside the hoary ocean lie  
 Green meadows moist, where vines would never fail,  
 Light is the land, and they might yearly reap  
 The tallest crops, so unctuous is the glebe  
 Safe is its haven also, where no need 155  
 Of cable is or anchor, or to lash  
 The hawser fast ashore, but pushing in  
 His bark, the mainmast might there abide  
 Till rising gales should tempt him forth again.  
 At bottom of the bay runs a clear stream 160  
 Issuing from a cove hemm'd all around  
 With poplars, down into that bay we steer'd  
 Amid the darkness of the night, some God  
 Conducting us, for all unseen it lay,  
 Such gloom involved the fleet, nor shone the moon 165  
 From heaven to light us, veil'd by pitchy clouds  
 Hence, none the isle descried, nor any saw  
 The lofty surge roll'd on the strand, or ere  
 Our vessels struck the ground, but when they struck,  
 Then, lowering all our sails, we disembark'd, 170  
 And on the sea-beach slept till dawn appear'd.  
 Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Look'd rosy forth, we with admiring eyes  
 The isle survey'd, roaming it wide around  
 Meantime, the nymphs, Jove's daughters, roused the goats 175  
 Bred on the mountains, to supply with food  
 The partners of my toils, then, bringing forth  
 Bows and long-pointed-javelins from the ships,  
 Divided all into three separate bands  
 We struck them, and the Gods gave us much prey 180  
 Twelve ships attended me, and every ship  
 Nine goats received by lot, myself alone  
 Selected ten All day, till set of sun,  
 We sat eating goat's flesh, and drinking wine  
 Delicious without stint, for dearth was none 185  
 Of ruddy wine on board, but much remain'd,  
 With which my people had their jars supplied  
 What time we sack'd Ciconian Ismaus  
 Thence looking forth toward the neighbour-land

Where dwell the Cyclops, rising smoke we saw, 190  
 And voices heard, their own, and of their flocks  
 Now sank the sun, and (night o'ershadowing all)  
 We slept along the shore, but when again,  
 The rosy-finger'd daughter of the dawn  
 Look'd forth, my crews convened, I thus began 195  
 Companions of my course ! here rest ye all,  
 Save my own crew, with whom I will explore  
 This people, whether wild they be, unjust,  
 And to contention given, or well-disposed  
 To strangers, and a race who fear the Gods 200  
 So speaking, I embark'd, and bade embark  
 My followers, throwing, quick, the hawsers loose.  
 They, entering at my word, the benches fill'd  
 Well-ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood  
 Attaining soon that neighbour-land, we found 205  
 At its extremity, fast by the sea,  
 A cavern, lofty, and dark-brow'd above  
 With laurels, in that cavern slumbering lay  
 Much cattle, sheep and goats, and a broad court  
 Enclosed it, fenced with stones from quarries hewn, 210  
 With spiry firs, and oaks of ample bough.  
 Here dwelt a giant vast, who far remote  
 His flocks fed solitary, converse none  
 Desiring, sullen, savage, and unjust  
 Monster, in truth, he was, hideous in form, 215  
 Resembling less a man by Ceres' gift  
 Sustain'd, than some aspiring mountain-crag  
 Tufted with wood, and standing all alone  
 Enjoining, then, my people to abide  
 Fast by the ship which they should closely guard, 220  
 I went, but not without a goat-skin fill'd  
 With sable wine which I had erst received  
 From Maron, offspring of Evanthes, priest  
 Of Phœbus guardian god of Ismarus,  
 Because through reverence of him, we had saved 225  
 Himself, his wife and children, for he dwelt  
 Amid the grove umbrageous of his God  
 He gave me, therefore, noble gifts, from him  
 Seven talents I received of beaten gold,  
 A beaker, argent all, and after these 230

No fewer than twelve jars with wine replete,  
Rich, unadulterate, drink for Gods, nor knew  
One servant, male or female, of that wine  
In all his house, none knew it, save himself,  
His wife, and the intendant of his stores 235  
Oft as they drank that luscious juice, he slaked  
A single cup with twenty from the stream,  
And, even then, the beaker breath'd abroad  
A scent celestial, which whoever smelt,  
Thenceforth no pleasure found it to abstain 240  
Charged with an ample goat-skin of this wine  
I went, and with a wallet well supplied,  
But felt a sudden presage in my soul  
That, haply, with terrific force endued,  
Some savage would appear, strange to the laws 245  
And privileges of the human race  
Few steps convey'd us to his den, but him  
We found not, he his flocks pastured abroad  
His cavern entering, we with wonder gazed  
Around on all, his strainers hung with cheese 250  
Distended wide, with lambs and kids his pens  
Close-throng'd we saw, and folded separate  
The various charge, the eldest all apart,  
Apart the middle-aged, and the new-yea'd  
Also apart His pails and bowls with whey 255  
Swam all, neat vessels into which he milk'd  
Me then my friends first importuned to take  
A portion of his cheeses, then to drive  
Forth from the sheep-cotes to the rapid bark  
His kids and lambs, and plough the brine again 260  
But me they moved not, happier had they moved '  
I wish'd to see him, and to gain, perchance,  
Some pledge of hospitality at his hands,  
Whose form was such, as should not much bespeak,  
When he appear'd, our confidence or love 265  
Then, kindling fire we offer'd to the Gods,  
And of his cheeses eating, patient sat  
Till home he trudged from pasture Charged he came  
With dry wood bundled, an enormous load,  
Fuel by which to sup Loud crash'd the thorns 270  
Which down he cast before the cavern's mouth,

To whose interior nooks we trembling flew  
 At once he drove into his spacious cave  
 His batten'd flock, all those which gave him milk,  
 But all the males, both rams and goats, he left 275  
 Abroad, excluded from the cavern-yard  
 Upheaving, next, a rocky barrier huge  
 To his cave's mouth, he thrust it home That weight  
 Not all the oxen from its place had moved  
 Of twenty and two wains, with such a rock 280  
 Immense his den he closed Then down he sat,  
 And as he milk'd his ewes and bleating goats  
 All in their turns, her yeanling gave to each,  
 Coagulating, then, with brisk dispatch,  
 The half of his new milk, he thrust the curd 285  
 Into his wicker sieves, but stored the rest  
 In pans and bowls—his customary drink  
 His labours thus perform'd, he kindled, last,  
 His fuel, and discerning us, enquired,  
 Who are ye, strangers? from what distant shore 290  
 Roam ye the waters? traffic ye? or bound  
 To no one port, wander, as pirates use,  
 At large the Deep, exposing life themselves,  
 And enemies of all mankind beside?  
 He ceased, we, dash'd with terror, heard the growl 295  
 Of his big voice, and view'd his form uncouth,  
 To whom, though sore-appall'd, I thus replied  
 Of Greece are we, and, bound from Ilum home,  
 Have wander'd wide the expanse of ocean, sport  
 For every wind, and driven from our course, 300  
 Have here arrived, so stood the will of Jove  
 We boast ourselves of Agamemnon's train,  
 The son of Atreus, at this hour the Chief  
 Beyond all others under heaven renown'd,  
 So great a city he hath sack'd, and slain 305  
 Such numerous foes, but since we reach, at last,  
 Thy knees, we beg such hospitable fare,  
 Or other gift, as guests are wont to obtain.  
 Illustrious lord! respect the Gods, and us  
 Thy suitors, suppliants are the care of Jove 310  
 The hospitable, he their wrongs resents,  
 And where the stranger sojourns, there is he.

I ceased, when answer thus he, fierce, return'd  
Friend! either thou art fool, or hast arrived  
Indeed from far, who bidd'st me fear the Gods 315  
Lest they be wioth The Cyclops little heeds  
Jove ægis-arm'd, or all the Powers of Heaven.  
Our race is mightier far, nor shall myself,  
Through fear of Jove's hostility, abstain  
From thee or thine, unless my choice be such 320  
But tell me now Where touch'd thy gallant bark  
Our country, on thy first arrival here?  
Remote or nigh? for I would learn the truth  
So spake he, tempting me, but, artful, thus  
I answer'd, penetrating his intent 325  
My vessel, Neptune, Shaker of the shores,  
At yonder utmost promontory dash'd  
In pieces, hurling her against the rocks  
With winds that blew right thither from the sea,  
And I, with these alone, escaped alive 330  
So I, to whom, relentless, answer none  
He deign'd, but, with his arms extended, sprang  
Toward my people, of whom seizing two  
At once, like whelps against his cavern-floor  
He dash'd them, and then brains spread on the ground. 335  
These, piece-meal hewn, for supper he prepared,  
And, like a mountain-lion, neither flesh  
Nor entrails left, nor yet then marrowy bones  
We, viewing that tremendous sight, upraised  
Our hands to Jove, all hope and courage lost 340  
When thus the Cyclops had with human flesh  
Fill'd his capacious belly, and had quaff'd  
Much undiluted milk, among his flocks  
Outstretch'd immense, he press'd his cavern-floor.  
Me, then, my courage prompted to approach 345  
The monster with my sword drawn from the sheath,  
And to transfix him where the vitals wrap  
The liver, but maturer thoughts forbad  
For so, we also had incurr'd a death  
Tremendous, wanting power to thrust aside 350  
The rocky mass that closed his cavern-mouth  
By force of hand alone Thus many a sigh  
Heaving, we watch'd the dawn. But when, at length,

Aurora, day spring's daughter rosy-palm'd  
 Look'd forth, then kindling fire, his flocks he milk'd 355  
 In order, and her yearling kid or lamb  
 Thrust under each When thus he had perform'd  
 His wonted task, two seizing, as before,  
 He slew them for his next obscene regale.  
 His dinner ended, from the cave he drove 360  
 His fatted flocks abroad, moving with ease  
 That ponderous barrier, and replacing it  
 As he had only closed a quiver's lid  
 Then, hissing them along, he drove his flocks  
 Toward the mountain, and me left, the while, 365  
 Deep ruminating how I best might take  
 Vengeance, and by the aid of Pallas win  
 Deathless renown This counsel pleased me most  
 Beside the sheep-cote lay a massy club  
 Hewn by the Cyclops from an olive stock, 370  
 Green, but which dried, should serve him for a staff.  
 To us, considering it, that staff appear'd  
 Tall as the mast of a huge trading bark,  
 Impell'd by twenty rowers o'er the Deep  
 Such seem'd its length to us, and such its bulk 375  
 Part amputating, (an whole fathom's length)  
 I gave my men that portion, with command  
 To shave it smooth. They smooth'd it, and myself,  
 Shaping its blunt extremity to a point,  
 Season'd it in the fire, then covering close 380  
 The weapon, hid it under litter'd straw,  
 For much lay scatter'd on the cavern-floor.  
 And now I bade my people cast the lot  
 Who of us all should take the pointed brand,  
 And grind it in his eye when next he slept 385  
 The lots were cast, and four were chosen, those  
 Whom most I wished, and I was chosen fifth  
 At even-tide he came, his fleecy flocks  
 Pasturing homeward, and compell'd them all  
 Into his cavern, leaving none abroad, 390  
 Either through some surmise, or so inclined  
 By influence, haply, of the Gods themselves.  
 The huge rock pull'd into his place again  
 At the cave's mouth, he sitting, milk'd his sheep

And goats in order, and her kid or lamb 395  
 Thrust under each, thus, all his work dispatch'd,  
 Two more he seized, and to his supper fell  
 I then approaching to him, thus address'd  
 The Cyclops, holding in my hand a cup  
 Of ivy-wood, well-charged with ruddy wine. 400  
 Lo, Cyclops! this is wine Take this and drink  
 After thy meal of man's flesh Taste and learn  
 What precious liquor our lost vessel bore  
 I brought it hither, purposing to make  
 Libation to thee, if to pity inclined 405  
 Thou wouldst dismiss us home But, ah, thy rage  
 Is insupportable! thou cruel one!  
 Who, thinkest thou, of all mankind, henceforth  
 Will visit *thee* guilty of such excess?  
 I ceased He took and drank, and<sup>2</sup> hugely pleased 410  
 With that delicious beverage, thus enquired  
 Give me again, and spare not Tell me, too,  
 Thy name, incontinent, that I may make  
 Requital, gratifying also thee  
 With somewhat to thy taste We Cyclops own 415  
 A bounteous soil, which yields *us* also wine  
 From clusters large, nourish'd by showers from Jove,  
 But this—oh this is from above—a stream  
 Of nectar and ambrosia, all divine!  
 He ended, and received a second draught, 420  
 Like measure. Thrice I bore it to his hand,  
 And, foolish, thrice he drank But when the fumes  
 Began to play around the Cyclops' brain,  
 With show of amity I thus replied  
 Cyclops! thou hast my noble name enquired, 425  
 Which I will tell thee Give me, in return,  
 Thy promised boon, some hospitable pledge.  
 My name is Outis<sup>3</sup>, Outis I am call'd

<sup>2</sup> Αἰνως

<sup>3</sup> Clarke, who has preserved this name in his marginal version, contends strenuously, and with great reason, that Outis ought not to be translated, and in a passage which he quotes from the *Acta eruditorum*, we see much fault found with Giphanius and other interpreters of Homer for having translated it It is certain that in Homer the word is declined not as *εἰς-τινος*, which signifies no man, but as *εἰς-τιδος*, making *ε-ιν*



At home, abroad, wherever I am known  
 So I, to whom he, savage, thus replied 430  
 Outis, when I have eaten all his friends,  
 Shall be my last regale Be that thy boon  
 He spake, and downward sway'd, fell resupine,  
 With his huge neck aslant All-conquering sleep  
 Soon seized him From his gullet gush'd the wine 435  
 With human morsels mingled, many a blast  
 Sonorous issuing from his glutt'd maw  
 Then thrusting far the spike of olive-wood  
 Into the embers glowing on the hearth,  
 I heated it, and cheer'd my friends, the while, 440  
 Lest any should, through fear, shrink from his part  
 But when that stake of olive-wood, though green,  
 Should soon have flamed, for it was glowing hot,  
 I bore it to his side Then all my aids  
 Around me gather'd, and the Gods infused 445  
 Heroic fortitude into our hearts  
 They, seizing the hot stake rasp'd to a point,  
 Bored his eye with it, and myself, advanced  
 To a superior stand, twirl'd it about  
 As when a shipwright with his wimble bores 450  
 Tough oaken timber, placed on either side  
 Below, his fellow-artists strain the thong  
 Alternate, and the restless iron spins,  
 So, grasping hard the stake pointed with fire,  
 We twirl'd it in his eye, the bubbling blood 455  
 Boil'd round about the brand, his pupil sent  
 A scalding vapour forth that singed his brow,  
 And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame  
 As when the smith an hatchet or large axe  
 Tempering with skill, plunges the hissing blade 460  
 Deep in cold-water, (whence the strength of steel),  
 So hiss'd his eye around the olive-wood  
 The howling monster with his outcry fill'd  
 The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,  
 Fled terrified He, plucking forth the spike 465

in the accusative, consequently as a proper name It is sufficient that the ambiguity was such as to deceive the friends of the Cyclops Outis is said by some (perhaps absurdly) to have been a name given to Ulysses on account of his having larger ears than common

From his burnt socket, mad with anguish, cast  
 The implement all bloody far away  
 Then, bellowing, he sounded forth the name  
 Of every Cyclops dwelling in the caves  
 Around him, on the wind-swept mountain tops , 470  
 They at his cry flocking from every part,  
 Circled his den, and of his ail enquired

What grievous hurt hath caused thee, Polypheme !  
 Thus yelling to alarm the peaceful ear  
 Of night, and break our slumbers ? Fear'st thou lest 475  
 Some mortal man drive off thy flocks ? or fear'st  
 Thyself to die by cunning or by force ?

Them answer'd then, Polypheme from his cave  
 Oh, friends ! I die, and Outis gives the blow  
 To whom with accents wing'd his friends without 480  
 If no man<sup>4</sup> harm thee, but thou art alone,  
 And sickness feel'st, it is the stroke of Jove,  
 And thou must bear it, yet invoke for aid  
 Thy father Neptune, Sovereign of the floods

So saying, they went, and in my heart I laugh'd 485  
 That by the fiction only of a name,  
 Slight stratagem ! I had deceived them all

Then groan'd the Cyclops wrung with pain and grief,  
 And, fumbling with stretch'd hands, removed the rock  
 From his cave's mouth, which done, he sat him down 490  
 Spreading his arms athwart the pass, to stop  
 Our egress with his flocks abroad, so dull,  
 It seems, he held me, and so ill advised  
 I, pondering what means might fittest prove  
 To save from instant death (if save I might) 495  
 My people and myself, to every shift  
 Inclined, and various counsels framed, as one  
 Who strove for life, conscious of woe at hand  
 To me, thus meditating, thus appear'd  
 The likest course The rams well-thriven were 500  
 Thick-fleeced, full-sized, with wool of sable hue  
 These, silently, with osier twigs on which

<sup>4</sup> Outis, as a *name*, could only denote him who bore it, but as a *noun*, it signifies *no man*, which accounts sufficiently for the ludicrous mistake of his brethren

The Cyclops, hideous monster, slept, I bound,  
 Three in one leash, the intermediate rams  
 Bore each a man, whom the exterior two 500  
 Preserved, concealing him on either side  
 Thus each was borne by three, and I, at last,  
 The curl'd back seizing of a ram, (for one  
 I had reserved far stateliest of them all)  
 Shipp'd underneath his belly, and both hands 510  
 Enfolding fast in his exuberant fleece,  
 Clung ceaseless to him as I lay supine  
 We, thus disposed, waited with many a sigh  
 The sacred dawn, but when, at length, arisen,  
 Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd, 515  
 Again appear'd, the males of all his flocks  
 Rush'd forth to pasture, and his ewes the while  
 Stood bleating, unrelieved from the distress  
 Of udders overcharged Their master, rack'd  
 With pain intolerable, handled yet 520  
 The backs of all, inquisitive, as they stood,  
 But, gross of intellect, suspicion none  
 Conceived of men beneath their bodies bound  
 And now (none left beside) the ram approach'd  
 With his own wool burthen'd, and with myself, 525  
 Whom many a fear molested Polypheme  
 The giant strok'd him as he sat, and said,  
 My darling ram ! why, latest of the flock  
 Comest thou, whom never, heretofore, my sheep  
 Could leave behind, but stalking at their head, 530  
 Thou first was wont to crop the tender grass,  
 First to arrive at the clear stream, and first  
 With ready will to seek my sheep-cote here  
 At evening, but, thy practice changed, thou comest  
 Now last of all Feel'st thou regret, my ram ! 535  
 Of thy poor master's eye, by a vile wretch  
 Bored out, who overcame me first with wine,  
 And by a crew of vagabonds accursed,  
 Followers of Outis, whose escape from death  
 Shall not be made to-day ? Ah ! that thy heart 540  
 Were as my own, and that distinct as I  
 Thou couldst articulate, so shouldst thou tell,

Where hidden, he eludes my furious wiath  
 Then dash'd against the floor his spatter'd brain  
 Should fly, and I should lighter feel my haim 545  
 From Outis, wretch base-named and nothing-worth

So saying, he left him to pursue the flock.  
 When thus drawn forth, we had, at length, escaped  
 Few paces from the cavern and the court,  
 First, quitting my own ram, I loosed my fiends, 550  
 Then, turning seaward many a thriven ewe  
 Sharp-hoof'd, we drove them swiftly to the ship  
 Thrice welcome to our faithful friends we came  
 From death escaped, but much they mourn'd the dead  
 I suffer'd not their tears, but silent shook 555

My brows, by signs commanding them to lift  
 The sheep on board, and instant plough the main  
 They, quick embarking, on the benches sat  
 Well ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood,  
 But distant now such length as a loud voice 560  
 May reach, I hail'd with taunts the Cyclops' ear

Cyclops! when thou devouredst in thy cave  
 With brutal force my followers, thou devour'dst  
 The followers of no timid Chief, or base  
 Vengeance was sure to recompense that deed 565  
 Atrocious Monster! who wast not afraid  
 To eat the guest shelter'd beneath thy roof!  
 Therefore the Gods have well requited thee

I ended, he, exasperate, raged the more,  
 And rending from its hold a mountain-top, 570  
 Hurl'd it toward us, at our vessel's stern  
 Down came the mass, nigh sweeping in its fall  
 The rudder's head The ocean, at the plunge  
 Of that huge rock, high on his reflux flood  
 Heaved, irresistible, the ship to land 575

I seizing, quick, our longest pole on board,  
 Back thrust her from the coast, and by a nod  
 In silence given, bid my companions ply  
 Strenuous their oars, that so we might escape  
 Procumbent, each obey'd, and when, the flood 580

• προπεσοντες

Procumbunt.

Olli certamine summo

VIRGIL.

Cleaving<sup>6</sup>, we twice that distance had obtain'd,  
 Again I hail'd the Cyclops, but my friends  
 Earnest dissuaded me on every side

Ah, rash Ulysses! why with taunts provoke  
 The savage more, who hath this moment hurl'd 585  
 A weapon, such as heaved the ship again  
 To land, where death seem'd certain to us all?

For had he heard a cry, or but the voice  
 Of one man speaking, he had all our heads  
 With some sharp rock, and all our timbers crush'd 590  
 Together, such vast force is in his arm

So they, but my courageous heart remain'd  
 Unmoved, and thus again, incensed, I spake  
 Cyclops! should any mortal man inquire  
 To whom thy shameful loss of sight thou owest, 595  
 Say, to Ulysses, city-waster Chief,  
 Laertes' son, native of Ithaca

I ceased, and with a groan thus he replied  
 Ah me! an ancient oracle I feel  
 Accomplish'd Here abode a prophet erst, 600  
 A man of noblest form, and in his art  
 Unrival'd, Telemus Eurymedes

He, prophesying to the Cyclops-race,  
 Grew old among us, and presaged my loss  
 Of sight, in future, by Ulysses' hand 605  
 I therefore watch'd for the arrival here,

Always, of some great Chief, for stature, bulk,  
 And beauty praised, and clothed with wondrous might  
 But now—a dwarf, a thing impalpable,  
 A shadow, overcame me first by wine, 610  
 Then quench'd my sight Come hither, O my guest!  
 Return, Ulysses! hospitable cheer

Awaits thee, and my prayers I will prefer  
 To glorious Neptune for thy prosperous course,  
 For I am Neptune's offspring, and the God 615  
 Is proud to be my Sire, he, if he please,  
 And he alone can heal me, none beside  
 Of Powers Immortal, or of men below

<sup>6</sup> The seeming incongruity of this line with line 560, is reconciled by supposing that Ulysses exerted his voice, naturally loud, in an extraordinary manner on this second occasion See Clarke

He spake, to whom I answer thus return'd.  
 I would that of my life and soul amerced,  
 I could as sure dismiss thee down to Hell,  
 As none shall heal thy eye—not even He

So I, then pray'd the Cyclops to his Sue  
 With hands upraised toward the starry heaven  
 Hear, Earth-encircler Neptune, azure-han'd !  
 If I indeed am thine, and if thou boast  
 Thyself my father, grant that never more  
 Ulysses, leveller of hostile towers,

Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair,  
 Behold his native home ! but if his fate  
 Decree him yet to see his friends, his house,  
 His native country, let him deep-distress'd  
 Return and late, all his companions lost,  
 Indebted for a ship to foreign aid,  
 And let affliction meet him at his door

He spake, and Ocean's sovereign heard his prayer  
 Then lifting from the shore a stone of size  
 Far more enormous, o'er his head he whirl'd  
 The rock, and his immeasurable force  
 Exerting all, dismiss'd it Close behind  
 The ship, nor distant from the rudder's head,

Down came the mass The ocean at the plunge  
 Of such a weight, high on its reflux flood  
 Tumultuous, heaved the bark well-nigh to land  
 But when we reach'd the isle where we had left  
 Our numerous barks, and where my people sat  
 Watching with ceaseless sorrow our return,  
 We thrust our vessel to the sandy shore,  
 Then disembark'd, and of the Cyclops' sheep  
 Gave equal share to all To me alone

My fellow-voyagers the ram consign'd  
 In distribution, my peculiar meed  
 Him, therefore, to cloud-girt Saturnian Jove  
 I offer'd on the shore, burning his thighs  
 In sacrifice, but Jove my hallow'd rites  
 Reck'd not, destruction purposing to all  
 My barks, and all my followers o'er the Deep  
 Thus, feasting largely, on the shore we sat

Till even-tide, and quaffing generous wine ,  
But when day fail'd, and night o'ershadow'd all, 660  
Then on the shore we slept, and when again  
Aurora, rosy daughter of the Dawn,  
Look'd forth, my people, anxious, I enjoin'd  
To climb their barks, and cast the hawsers loose  
They, all obedient, took their seats on board 665  
Well-ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood.  
Thus, 'scaping narrowly, we roam'd the Deep  
With aching hearts, and with diminish'd crews.

## BOOK X.

## ARGUMENT

Ulysses, in pursuit of his narrative, relates his arrival at the island of Æolus, his departure thence, and the unhappy occasion of his return thither. The monarch of the winds dismisses him at last with much asperity. He next tells of his arrival among the Læstrægonians, by whom his whole fleet, together with their crews, are destroyed, his own ship and crew excepted. Thence he is driven to the island of Circe. By her the half of his people are transformed into swine. Assisted by Mercury, he resists her enchantments himself, and prevails with the Goddess to recover them to their former shape. In consequence of Circe's instructions, after having spent a complete year in her palace, he prepares for a voyage to the internal regions.

WE came to the Æolian isle, there dwells  
 Æolus, son of Hippotas, beloved  
 By the Immortals, in an isle afloat.  
 A brazen wall impregnable on all sides  
 Girds it, and smooth its rocky coast ascends 5  
 His children in his own fair palace born,  
 Are twelve, six daughters, and six blooming sons  
 He gave his daughters to his sons to wife,  
 They with their father hold perpetual feast  
 And with their royal mother, still supplied 10  
 With dainties numberless, the sounding dome  
 Is fill'd with savoury odours all the day,  
 And with their consorts chaste at night they sleep  
 On stateliest couches with rich arras spread  
 Their city and their splendid courts we reach d 15  
 A month complete he, friendly, at his board  
 Regaled me, and enquiry made minute  
 Of Ilum's fall, of the Achaian fleet,  
 And of our voyage thence. I told him all  
 But now, desirous to embark again, 20  
 I ask'd dismissal home, which he approved,



And well provided for my prosperous course  
 He gave me, furnished by a bullock flay'd  
 In his ninth year, a bag, every rude blast  
 Which from its bottom turns the Deep, that bag 25  
 Imprison'd held, for him Saturnian Jove  
 Hath officed arbiter of all the winds,  
 To rouse their force, or calm them, at his will  
 He gave me them on board my bark, so bound  
 With silver twine that not a breath escaped, 30  
 Then order'd gentle Zephyrus to fill  
 Our sails propitious Order vain, alas !  
 So fatal proved the folly of my friends  
 Nine days continual, night and day we sail'd,  
 And on the tenth my native land appear'd 35  
 Not far remote my Ithacans I saw  
 Fires kindling on the coast, but me with toil  
 Worn, and with watching, gentle sleep subdued,  
 For constant I had ruled the helm, nor given  
 That charge to any, fearful of delay 40  
 Then, in close conference combined, my crew  
 Each other thus bespake—He carries home  
 Silver and gold from Æolus received,  
 Offspring of Hippotas, illustrious Chief,  
 And thus a mariner the rest harangued 45  
 Ye Gods ! what city or what land soe'er  
 Ulysses visits, how he is beloved  
 By all, and honour'd ! many precious spoils  
 He homeward bears from Troy, but we return,  
 (We who the self-same voyage have perform'd,) 50  
 With empty hands Now also he hath gain'd  
 This pledge of friendship from the Kings of winds  
 But come—be quick—search we the bag and learn  
 What stores of gold and silver it contains  
 So he, whose mischievous advice prevail'd 55  
 They loosed the bag, forth issued all the winds,  
 And caught by tempests o'er the billowy waste,  
 Weeping they flew, far, far from Ithaca  
 I then, awaking, in my noble mind  
 Stood doubtful, whether from my vessel's side 60  
 Immersed to perish in the flood, or calm  
 To endure my sorrows, and consent to live

I calm endured them, but around my head  
 Winding my mantle, laid me down below,  
 While adverse blasts bore all my fleet again 65  
 To the Æolian isle, then groan'd my people  
 We disembark'd and drew fresh water there,  
 And my companions, at their galley's sides  
 All seated took repast, short meal we made,  
 When with an herald and a chosen friend 70  
 I sought once more the hall of Æolus  
 Him banquetting with all his sons we found,  
 And with his spouse, we, entering, on the floor  
 Of his wide portal sat, whom they amazed  
 Beheld, and of our coming thus enquired 75  
 Return'd? Ulysses! by what adverse Power  
 Repulsed hast thou arrived? we sent thee hence  
 Well-fitted forth to reach thy native isle,  
 Thy palace, or what place so'er thou would'st  
 So they—to whom, heart-broken, I replied, 80  
 My worthless crew have wrong'd me, not alone  
 My worthless crew, but sleep ill-timed, as much  
 Yet heal, O friends, my hurt, the power is yours!  
 So I their favour woo'd Mute sat the sons,  
 But thus their father answer'd Hence—begone— 85  
 Leave this our isle, thou most obnoxious wretch  
 Of all mankind I should, myself, transgress,  
 Receiving here, and giving conduct hence  
 To one detested by the Gods as thou  
 Away—for hated by the Gods thou comest 90  
 So saying, he sent me from his palace forth,  
 Groaning profound, thence, therefore, o'er the Deep  
 We still proceeded sorrowful, our force  
 Exhausting ceaseless at the toilsome oar,  
 And through our own imprudence, hopeless now 95  
 Of other furtherance to our native isle  
 Six days we navigated, day and night,  
 The briny flood, and on the seventh reach'd  
 The city erst by Lamus built sublime,  
 Proud Læstrigonia, with the distant gates 100  
<sup>1</sup> The herdsman, there, driving his cattle home,

<sup>1</sup> It is supposed by Eustathius that the pastures being infested by gad-flies and other noxious insects in the day-time, they drove their sleep

Summons the shepherd with his flocks abroad  
 The sleepless there might double wages earn,  
 Attending, now, the herds, now tending sheep,  
 For the night-pastures, and the pastures grazed 105  
 By day, close border, both, the city-walls  
 To that illustrious port we came, by rocks  
 Uninterrupted flank'd on either side  
 Of towering height, while prominent the shores  
 And bold, converging at the haven's mouth 110  
 Leave narrow pass. We push'd our galleys in,  
 Then moor'd them side by side, for never surge  
 There lifts its head, or great or small, but clear  
 We found, and motionless, the shelter'd flood  
 Myself alone, staying my bark without, 115  
 Secured her well with hawsers to a rock  
 At the land's point, then climb'd the rugged steep,  
 And spying stood the country    Labours none  
 Of men or oxen in the land appear'd,  
 Nor aught beside saw we, but from the earth 120  
 Smoke rising, therefore of my friends I sent  
 Before me two, adding an herald third,  
 To learn what race of men that country fed.  
 Departing, they an even track pursued  
 Made by the waggons bringing timber down 125  
 From the high mountains to the town below  
 Before the town a virgin bearing forth  
 Her ewer they met, daughter of him who ruled  
 The Læstrygonian race, Antiphatas  
 Descending from the gate she sought the fount 130  
 Aitacia, for their custom was to draw  
 From that pure fountain for the city's use  
 Approaching they accosted her, and ask'd  
 What king reigned there, and over whom he reign'd  
 She gave them soon to know where stood sublime 135  
 The palace of her Sire, no sooner they  
 The palace enter'd, than within they found,  
 In size resembling an huge mountain-top,

a-field in the morning, which by their wool were defended from them,  
 and their cattle in the evening, when the insects had withdrawn. It is  
 one of the few passages in Homer that must be at the mercy of con-  
 jecture

A woman, whom they shudder'd to behold  
 She forth from council summon'd quick her spouse 140  
 Antiphatas, who teeming came with thoughts  
 Of carnage, and arriving seized at once  
 A Grecian, whom, next moment, he devoured  
 With headlong terror the surviving two  
 Fled to the ships Then sent Antiphatas 145  
 His voice through all the town, and on all sides,  
 Hearing that cry, the Læstrygonians flock'd  
 Numberless, and in size resembling more  
 The giants than mankind They from the rocks  
 Cast down into our fleet enormous stones, 150  
 A strong man's burden each, dire din arose  
 Of shatter'd galleys and of dying men,  
 Whom spear'd like fishes to their home they bore,  
 A loathsome prey While them within the port  
 They slaughter'd, I (the faulchion at my side 155  
 Drawn forth) cut loose the hawser of my ship,  
 And all my crew enjoin'd, with bosoms laid,  
 Prone on their oars, to fly the threaten'd woe  
 They, dreading instant death, tugg'd resupine  
 Together, and the galley from beneath 160  
 Those <sup>2</sup>bestling rocks into the open sea  
 Shot gliding, but the rest all perish'd there  
 Proceeding thence, we sigh'd, and roam'd the waves,  
 Glad hat we lived, but sorrowing for the slain  
 We came to the Ææan isle, there dwelt 165  
 The awful Cice, Goddess amber-hair'd,  
 Deep kill'd in magic song, sister by birth  
 Of the all-wise Æetes, them the Sun,  
 Bright luminary of the world, begat  
 On Pese, daughter of Oceanus 170  
 Our vessel there, noiseless, we push'd to land  
 Within a spacious haven, thither led  
 By some celestial Power We disembark'd,  
 And on the coast two days and nights entire  
 Extended lay, worn with long toil, and each 175  
 The victim of his heart-devouring woes  
 Then win my spear, and with my faulchion arm'd,  
 I left the ship to climb with hasty steps

An airy height, thence hoping to espy  
 Some works of man, or hear, perchance, a voice. 180  
 Exalted on a rough rock's craggy point  
 I stood, and on the distant plain, beheld  
 Smoke which from Cuce's palace through the gloom  
 Of trees and thickets rose That smoke discern'd,  
 I ponder'd next if thither I should haste, 185  
 Seeking intelligence Long time I mused,  
 But chose at last, as my discreeter course,  
 To seek the sea-beach and my bark again,  
 And, when my crew had eaten, to dispatch  
 Before me others, who should first enquire 190  
 But, ere I yet had reach'd my gallant bark,  
 Some God with pity viewing me alone  
 In that untrodden solitude, sent forth  
 An antler'd stag full-sized into my path  
 His woodland pastures left, he sought the stream, 195  
 For he was thirsty, and already parch'd  
 By the sun's heat Him issuing from his haunt,  
 Sheer through the back, beneath his middle spine,  
 I wounded, and the lance sprang forth beyond  
 Moaning he fell, and in the dust expired 200  
 Then treading on his breathless trunk, I pluck'd  
 My weapon forth, which leaving there reclined,  
 I tore away the osiers with my hands  
 And sallows green, and to a fathom's length  
 Twisting the gather'd twigs into a band, 205  
 Bound fast the feet of my enormous prey,  
 And, slinging him athwart my neck, repair'd  
 Toward my sable bark, propp'd on my lance,  
 Which now to carry shoulder'd as before  
 Surpass'd my power, so bulky was the load 210  
 Arriving at the ship, there I let fall  
 My burthen, and with pleasant speech and kind,  
 Man after man addressing, cheer'd my crew.  
 My friends! we suffer much, but shall not seek  
 The shades, ere yet our destined hour arrive. 215  
 Behold a feast! and we have wine on board,—  
 Pine not with needless famine, rise and eat  
 I spake, they readily obey'd, and each

The galley stood, admiring, as he lay, 220  
 The stag, for of no common bulk was he  
 At length, then eyes gratified to the full  
 With that glad spectacle, they lav'd their hands,  
 And preparation made of noble cheer  
 That day complete, till set of sun, we spent 225  
 Feasting deliciously without restraint,  
 And quaffing generous wine but when the sun  
 Went down, and darkness overshadow'd all,  
 Extended then on Ocean's bank we lay,  
 And when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 230  
 Look'd rosy forth, convening all my crew  
 To council, I arose, and thus began  
 My fellow-voyagers, however worn  
 With numerous hardships, hear ! for neither West  
 Know we, nor East, where rises, or where sets 235  
 The all enlight'ning sun But let us think,  
 If thought perchance may profit us, of which  
 Small hope I see, for when I lately climb'd  
 Yon craggy rock, plainly I could discern  
 The land encompass'd by the boundless Deep 240  
 The isle is flat, and in the midst I saw  
 Dun smoke ascending from an oaken bower  
 So I, whom hearing, they all courage lost,  
 And at remembrance of Antiphatas  
 The Læstrygonian, and the Cyclops' deeds, 245  
 Ferocious feeder on the flesh of man,  
 Mourn'd loud and wept, but tears could nought avail  
 Then, numbering man by man, I parted them  
 In equal portions, and assign'd a Chief  
 To either band, myself to these, to those 250  
 Godlike Eurylochus This done, we cast  
 The lots into the helmet, and at once  
 Forth sprang the lot of bold Eurylochus  
 He went, and with him of my people march'd  
 Twenty and two, all weeping, nor ourselves 255  
 Wept less, at separation from our friends  
 Low in a vale, but on an open spot,  
 They found the splendid house of Circe, built  
 With hewn and polish'd stones, compass'd she dwelt  
 By lions on all sides and mountain-wolves 260

Tamed by herself with drugs of noxious powers.  
 Nor were they mischievous, but as my friends  
 Approach'd, arising on their hinder feet,  
 Paw'd them in blandishment, and wagg'd the tail  
 As, when from feast he rises, dogs around 265  
 Their master fawn, accusom'd to receive  
 The sop conciliatory from his hand,  
 Around my people, so, those talon'd wolves  
 And lions fawn'd They, terrified, that troop  
 Of savage monsters horrible beheld. 270  
 And now before the Goddess' gates arriv'd,  
 They heard the voice of Circe singing sweet  
 Within, while, busied at the loom, she wove  
 An ample web immortal, such a work  
 Transparent, graceful, and of bright design 275  
 As hands of Goddesses alone produce  
 Thus then Polites, Prince of men, the friend  
 Highest in my esteem, the rest bespake  
 Ye hear the voice, comrades, of one who weaves  
 An ample web within, and at her task 280  
 So sweetly chaunts that all the marble floor  
 Re-echoes, human be she or divine  
 I doubt, but let us call, that we may learn  
 He ceased, they call'd, soon issuing at the sound,  
 The Goddess open'd wide her splendid gates, 285  
 And bade them in, they, heedless, all complied,  
 All save Eurylochus, who fear'd a snare.  
 She, introducing them, conducted each  
 To a bright throne, then gave them Pramnian wine,  
 With grated cheese, pure meal, and honey new, 290  
 But medicated with her poisonous drugs  
 Their food, that in oblivion they might lose  
 The wish of home. She gave them, and they drank,—  
 When smiting each with her enchanting wand,  
 She shut them in her sties In head, in voice, 295  
 In body, and in bristles they became  
 All swine, yet intellect'd as before,  
 And at her hand were dieted alone  
 With acorns, chestnuts, and the cornel-fruit,  
 Food grateful ever to the grovelling swine. 300  
 Back flew Eurvlochos toward the ship,

To tell the woful tale , struggling to speak  
 Yet speechless, there he stood, his heart transfixt  
 With anguish, and his eyes deluged with tears  
 Me boding terrors occupied      At length,      365  
 When, gazing on him, all had oft inquired,  
 He thus rehearsed to us the dreadful change

Renown'd Ulysses ! as thou badest, we went  
 Through yonder oaks , there, bosom'd in a vale,  
 But built conspicuous on a swelling knoll      310  
 With polish'd rock, we found a stately dome  
 Within, some Goddess or some woman wove  
 An ample web, carolling sweet the while  
 They call'd aloud , she, issuing at the voice,  
 Unfolded, soon, her splendid portals wide,      315  
 And bade them in      Heedless they enter'd, all,  
 But I remain'd, suspicious of a snare  
 Ere long the whole band vanish'd, none I saw  
 Thenceforth, though, seated there, long time I watch'd

He ended , I my studded falchion huge      320  
 Athwart my shoulder cast, and seized my bow,  
 Then bade him lead me thither by the way  
 Himself had gone , but with both hands my knees  
 He clasp'd, and in wing'd accents sad exclaim'd.

My King ! ah lead me not unwilling back,      325  
 But leave me here , for confident I judge  
 That neither thou wilt bring another thence,  
 Nor come thyself again      Haste—fly we swift  
 With these, for we, at least, may yet escape

So he, to whom this answer I return'd      330  
 Eurylochus ! abiding here, eat thou  
 And drink thy fill beside the sable bark ,  
 I go , necessity forbids my stay

So saying, I left the galley and the shore.  
 But ere that awful vale entering, I reach'd      335  
 The palace of the sorceress, a God  
 Met me, the bearer of the golden wand,  
 Hermes      He seem'd a stripling in his prime,  
 His cheeks clothed only with their earliest down,  
 For youth is then most graceful , fast he lock'd      340  
 His hand in mine, and thus, familiar, spake

Unhappy ! whither, wandering o'er the hills,



Stranger to all this region, and alone,  
 Goest thou? Thy people—they within the walls  
 Are shut of Circe, where as swine close-pent 345  
 She keeps them Comest thou to set them free?  
 I tell thee, never wilt thou thence return  
 Thyself, but wilt be prison'd with the rest  
 Yet hearken—I will disappoint her wiles,  
 And will preserve thee Take this precious drug, 350  
 Possessing this, enter the Goddess' house  
 Boldly, for it shall save thy life from harm  
 Lo! I reveal to thee the cruel arts  
 Of Circe, learn them She will mix for thee  
 A potion, and will also drug thy food 355  
 With noxious herbs, but she shall not prevail  
 By all her power to change thee, for the force  
 Superior of this noble plant, my gift,  
 Shall baffle her Hear still what I advise.  
 When she shall smite thee with her slender rod, 360  
 With faulchion drawn and with death-threatening looks  
 Rush on her, she will bid thee to her bed  
 Affrighted, then beware Decline not thou  
 Her love, that she may both release thy friends,  
 And may with kindness entertain thyself 365  
 But force her swear the dreaded oath of Heaven  
 That she will other mischief none devise  
 Against thee, lest she strip thee of thy might,  
 And quenching all thy virtue, make thee vile  
 So spake the Argicide, and from the earth 370  
 That plant extracting, placed it in my hand,  
 Then taught me all its powers Black was the root,  
 Milk-white the blossom, Moly is its name  
 In heaven, not easily by mortal man  
 Dug forth, but all is easy to the Gods 375  
 Then Hermes through the island-woods repair'd  
 To heaven, and I to Circe's dread abode,  
 In gloomy musings busied as I went  
 Within the vestibule arrived, where dwelt  
 The beauteous Goddess, staying there my steps 380  
 I call'd aloud, she heard me, and at once  
 Issuing, threw her splendid portals wide,  
 And bade me in I follow'd, heart-distress'd

Leading me by the hand to a bright throne  
 With ardent studs embellish'd, and beneath 385  
 Foot-stool'd magnificent, she made me sit.

Then mingling for me in a golden cup  
 My beverage, she infused a drug, intent  
 On mischief, but when I had drunk the draught  
 Unchanged, she smote me with her wand, and said 390

Hence—seek the sty There wallow with thy friends  
 She spake, I drawing from beside my thigh  
 My faulchion keen, with death-denouncing looks  
 Rush'd on her, she with a shrill scream of fear  
 Ran under my raised arm, seized fast my knees, 395  
 And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began

Who? whence? thy city and thy birth declare  
 Amazed I see thee with that potion drench'd,  
 Yet unenchanted, never man before

Once pass'd it through his lips, and lived the same, 400  
 But in thy breast a mind inhabits, proof

Against all charms Come then—I know thee well  
 Thou art Ulysses artifice-renown'd,  
 Of whose arrival here in his return

From Ithum, Hermes of the golden wand 405  
 Was ever wont to tell me Sheath again

Thy sword, and let us on my bed reclined,  
 Mutual embrace, that we may trust thenceforth  
 Each other, without jealousy or fear

The Goddess spake, to whom I thus replied. 410

O Cice! canst thou bid me meek become  
 And gentle, who beneath thy roof detain'd

My fellow-voyagers transform'd to swine?  
 And fearing my escape, invitest thou me  
 Into thy bed, with fraudulent pretext 415

Of love, that there enfeebling by thy arts  
 My noble spirit, thou may'st make me vile?  
 No—trust me—never will I share thy bed  
 Till first, oh Goddess, thou consent to swear  
 That dread all-binding oath, that other harm 420  
 Against myself thou wilt imagine none

I spake She swearing as I bade, renounced  
 All evil purpose, and (her solemn oath  
 Concluded,) I ascended next her bed

Magnificent. Meantime, four graceful nymphs 425  
 Attended on the service of the house,  
 Her menials, from the fountains sprung and groves,  
 And from the sacred streams that seek the sea  
 Of these, one cast fine linen on the thrones,  
 Which, next, with purple arras rich she spread , 430  
 Another placed before the gorgeous seats  
 Bright tables, and set on baskets of gold  
 The third, an argent beaker filled with wine  
 Delicious, which in golden cups she served ,  
 The fourth brought water, which she warm'd within 435  
 An ample vase, and when the simmering flood  
 Sang in the tripod, led me to a bath,  
 And laved me with the pleasant stream profuse  
 Pour'd o'er my neck and body, till my limbs,  
 Refresh'd, all sense of lassitude resign'd 440  
 When she had bathed me, and with limpid oil  
 Anointed me, and clothed me in a vest  
 And mantle, next she led me to a throne  
 Of royal state, with silver studs emboss'd,  
 And footstool'd soft beneath , then came a nymph 445  
 With golden ewer charged and silver bowl,  
 Who pour'd pure water on my hands, and placed  
 The polish'd board before me, which with food  
 Various, selected from her present stores,  
 The cateress spread, then, courteous, bade me eat 450  
 But me it pleased not , with far other thoughts  
 My spirit teem'd, on vengeance more intent  
 Soon, then, as Circe mark'd me on my seat  
 Fast-rooted, sullen, nor with outstretch'd hands  
 Deigning to touch the banquet, she approach'd, 455  
 And in wing'd accents suasive thus began  
 Why sits Ulysses like the Dumb, dark thoughts  
 His only food ? loathes he the touch of meat,  
 And taste of wine ? Thou fear'st, as I perceive,  
 Some other snare, but idle is that fear, 460  
 For I have sworn the inviolable oath  
 She ceased, to whom this answer I return'd.  
 How can I eat ? what virtuous man and just,  
 O Circe ! could endure the taste of wine  
 Or food, till he should see his prison'd friends 465

Once more at liberty ? If then thy wish  
That I should eat and drink be true, produce  
My captive people , let us meet again

So I , then Circe, bearing in her hand  
Her potent rod, went forth, and opening wide 470  
The door, drove out my people from the sty,  
In bulk resembling brawns of the ninth year  
They stood before me , she through all the herd  
Proceeding, with an unctuous antidote

Anointed each, and at the wholesome touch 475  
All shed the swinish bustles by the drug,  
Dread Circe's former magic gift, produced  
Restored at once to manhood, they appear'd  
More vigorous far, and sightlier than before  
They knew me, and with grasp affectionate 480  
Hung on my hand Tears follow'd, but of joy,  
And with loud cries the vaulted palace rang  
Even the awful Goddess felt, herself,  
Compassion, and, approaching me, began

Læertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd ! 485  
Hence to the shore, and to thy gallant bark ,  
First, hale her safe aground, then, hiding all  
Your arms and treasures in the caverns, come  
Thyself again, and hither lead thy friends

So spake the Goddess, and my generous mind 490  
Persuaded , thence repairing to the beach,  
I sought my ship , arrived, I found my crew  
Lamenting miserably, and their cheeks  
With tears bedewing ceaseless at her side

As when the calves within some village rear'd 495  
Behold, at eve, the herd returning home  
From fruitful meads where they have grazed their fill,  
No longer in the stalls contain'd, they rush  
With many a frisk abroad, and, blaring off,  
With one consent all dance then dams around , 500

So they, at sight of me, dissolved in tears  
Of rapturous joy, and each his spirit felt  
With like affections warm'd as he had reach'd  
Just then his country, and his city seen,  
Fair Ithaca, where he was born and rear'd 505  
Then in wing'd accents tender thus they spake.

Noble Ulysses ' thy appearance fills  
 Our soul with transports, such as we should feel  
 Arrived in safety on our native shore  
 Speak—say how perish'd our unhappy friends ? 510  
 So they , to whom this answer mild I gave  
 Hale we our vessel first ashore, and hide  
 In caverns all our treasures and our arms,  
 Then, hasting hence, follow me, and ere long  
 Ye shall behold your friends, beneath the roof 515  
 Of Cuce banquetting and drinking wine  
 Abundant, for no dearth attends them there  
 So I , whom all with readiness obey'd,  
 All save Eurylochus , he sought alone  
 To stay the rest, and, eager, interposed 520  
 Ah, whither tend we, miserable men ?  
 Why covet ye this evil, to go down  
 To Circe's palace ? she will change us all  
 To lions, wolves, or swine, that we may guard  
 Her palace, by necessity constrain'd 525  
 So some were prisoners of the Cyclops erst,  
 When, led by rash Ulysses, our lost friends  
 Intruded needlessly into his cave,  
 And perish'd by the folly of their Chief  
 He spake, whom hearing, occupied I stood 530  
 In self-debate, whether, my faulchion keen  
 Forth-drawing from beside my sturdy thigh,  
 To tumble his lopp'd head into the dust,  
 Although he were my kinsman in the bonds  
 Of close affinity , but all my friends, 535  
 As with one voice, thus gently interposed  
 Noble Ulysses ' we will leave him here  
 Our vessel's guard, if such be thy command,  
 But us lead thou to Cuce's dread abode  
 So saying, they left the galley, and set forth 540  
 Climbing the coast , nor would Eurylochus  
 Beside the hollow bark remain, but join'd  
 His comrades, by my dreadful menace awed  
 Meantime the Goddess, busily employ'd,  
 Bathed and refresh'd my friends with limpid oil, 545  
 And clothed them. We, arriving, found them all  
 Banquetting in the palace , there they met ,

These ask'd and those rehearsed the wondrous tale,  
 And the recital made, all wept aloud  
 Till the wide dome resounded Then approach'd 550  
 The graceful Goddess, and addressed me thus

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !  
 Provoke ye not each other, now, to tears  
 I am not ignorant, myself, how dread  
 Have been your woes, both on the fishy Deep, 555  
 And on the land by force of hostile powers  
 But come—Eat now, and drink ye wine, that so  
 Your fieshen'd spirit may revive, and ye  
 Courageous grow again, as when ye left  
 The rugged shores of Ithaca, your home 560  
 For now, through recollection, day by day,  
 Of all your pains and toils, ye are become  
 Spiritless, strengthless, and the taste forget  
 Of pleasure, such have been your numerous woes

She spake, whose invitation kind prevail'd, 565  
 And won us to her will There then we dwelt  
 The year complete, fed with delicious fare  
 Day after day, and quaffing generous wine  
 But when (the year fulfill'd) the circling hours  
 Then course resumed, and the successive months 570  
 With all their tedious days were spent, my friends,  
 Summoning me abroad, thus greeted me

Sir ! recollect thy country, if indeed  
 The fates ordain thee to revisit safe  
 That country, and thy own glorious abode 575

So they, whose admonition I received  
 Well-pleased Then, all the day, regaled we sat  
 At Circe's board with savoury viands rare,  
 And quaffing richest wine, but when, the sun  
 Declining, darkness overshadow'd all, 580  
 Then, each within the dusky palace took  
 Custom'd repose, and to the Goddess' bed  
 Magnificent ascending, there I urged  
 My earnest suit, which gracious she received,  
 And in wing'd accents earnest thus I spake 585

O Circe ! let us prove thy promise true,  
 Dismiss us hence My own desires, at length,  
 Tend homeward vehement, and the desires

No less of all my friends, who with complaints  
 Unheard by thee, wear my sad heart away 590  
 So I, to whom the Goddess in return  
 Laertes' noble son, Ulysses famed  
 For deepest wisdom ! dwell not longer here,  
 Thou and thy followers, in my abode  
 Reluctant But your next must be a course 595  
 Far different, hence departing, ye must seek  
 The dreary house of Aides and of dread  
 Persephone, there to consult the Seer  
 Theban Tiresias, prophet blind, but blest  
 With faculties which death itself hath spared 600  
 To him alone, of all the dead, Hell's Queen  
 Gives still to prophecy, while others flit  
 Mere forms, the shadows of what once they were  
 She spake, and by her words dash'd from my soul  
 All courage, weeping on the bed I sat, 605  
 Reckless of life and of the light of day  
 But when, with tears and rolling to and fro  
 Satiated, I felt relief, thus I replied  
 O Circe ! with what guide shall I perform  
 This voyage, unperform'd by living man ? 610  
 I spake, to whom the Goddess quick replied  
 Brave Laertes ! let not the fear  
 To want a guide distress thee Once on board,  
 Your mast erected, and your canvas white  
 Unfurled, sit thou, the breathing North shall waft 615  
 Thy vessel on But when ye shall have cross'd  
 The broad expanse of Ocean, and shall reach  
 The oozy shore, where grow the poplar groves  
 And fruitless willows wan of Proserpine,  
 Push thither through the gulfy Deep thy bark, 620  
 And, landing, haste to Pluto's murky abode  
 There, into Acheron run not alone  
 Dread Pyriphlegethon, but Cocytus loud,  
 From Styx derived, there also stands a rock,  
 At whose broad base the roaring rivers meet 625  
 There, thrusting, as I bid, thy bark ashore,  
 O Hero ! scoop the soil, opening a trench  
 Ell-broad on every side ; then pour around  
 Libation consecrate to all the dead,

First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine, 630  
Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all  
Next supplicate the unsubstantial forms,  
Fervently of the dead, vowing to slay,  
(Return'd to Ithaca) in thy own house,  
An heifer barren yet, fairest and best 635  
Of all thy herds, and to enrich the pile  
With delicacies such as please the shades,  
But, in peculiar, to Thesias vow  
A sable-ram, noblest of all thy flocks  
When thus thou hast propitiated with prayer 640  
All the illustrious nations of the dead,  
Next thou shalt sacrifice to them a ram  
And sable ewe, turning the face of each  
Right toward Erebus, and look thyself,  
Meantime, askance toward the river's course 645  
Souls numerous, soon, of the departed dead  
Will thither flock, then strenuous urge thy friends,  
Flaying the victims which thy ruthless steel  
Hath slain, to burn them, and to soothe by prayer  
Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine 650  
While thus is done, thou seated at the fess,  
Faulchion in hand, chase thence the airy forms  
Afar, nor suffer them to approach the blood,  
Till with Thesias thou have first conferr'd  
Then, glorious Chief! the Prophet shall himself 655  
Appear, who will instruct thee, and thy course  
Delineate, measuring from place to place  
Thy whole return athwart the fishy flood  
While thus she spake, the golden dawn arose,  
When, putting on me my attire, the nymph 660  
Next cloth'd herself, and guiding to her waist  
With an embroider'd zone her snowy robe  
Graceful, redundant, veil'd her beauteous head  
Then, ranging the wide palace, I aroused  
My followers, standing at the side of each— 665  
Up! sleep no longer! let us quick depart,  
For thus the Goddess hath, herself, advised  
So I, whose early summons my brave friends  
With readiness obey'd Yet even thence  
I brought not all my crew There was a youth, 670



Youngest of all my train, Elpenor, one  
Not much in estimation for desert  
In arms, nor prompt in understanding more,  
Who, overcharged with wine, and covetous  
Of cooler air, high on the palace-roof  
Of Circe slept, apart from all the rest  
Awaken'd by the clamour of his friends  
Newly arisen, he also sprang to rise,  
And in his haste, forgetful where to find  
The deep-descending stairs, plunged through the roof  
With neck-bone broken from the vertebræ  
Outstretch'd he lay, his spirit sought the shades

Then, thus to my assembling friends I spake  
Ye think, I doubt not, of an homeward couise,  
But Circe points me to the drear abode  
Of Proserpine and Pluto, to consult  
The spirit of Tiresias, Theban seer

I ended, and the hearts of all alike  
Felt consternation, on the earth they sat  
Disconsolate, and plucking each his hair,  
Yet profit none of all their sorrow found

But while we sought my galley on the beach,  
With tepid tears bedewing, as we went,  
Our cheeks, meantime the Goddess to the shore  
Descending, bound within the bark a ram  
And sable ewe, passing us unperceived  
For who hath eyes that can discern a God  
Going or coming, if he shun the view?

## BOOK XI

## A R G U M E N T.

Ulysses relates to Alcinous his voyage to the infernal regions, his conference there with the prophet Tiresias concerning his return to Ithaca, and gives him an account of the heroes, heroines, and others whom he saw there

ARRIVING on the shore, and launching, first,  
 Our bark into the sacred Deep, we set  
 Our mast and sails, and stow'd secure on board  
 The ram and ewe, then, weeping, and with hearts  
 Sad and disconsolate, embark'd ourselves 5  
 And now, melodious Cice, nymph divine,  
 Sent after us a canvas-stretching breeze,  
 Pleasant companion of our course, and we  
 (The decks and benches clear'd) untailing sat,  
 While managed gales sped swift the bark along 10  
 All day, with sails distended, o'er the Deep  
 She flew, and when the sun at length declined,  
 And twilight dim had shadow'd all the ways  
 Approach'd the bourn of Ocean's vast profound  
 The city, there, of the Cimmerians stands 15  
 With clouds and darkness veil'd, on whom the sun  
 Deigns not to look with his beam-darting eye,  
 Or when he climbs the starry arch, or when  
 Earthward he slopes again his westering<sup>1</sup> wheels,  
 But sad night canopies the woful race 20  
 We haled the bark aground, and landing there  
 The ram and sable ewe, journey'd beside  
 The Deep, till we arrived where Circe bade  
 Here Perimides' son Eurylochus  
 Held fast the destined sacrifice, while I 25  
 Scoop'd with my sword the soil, opening a trench  
 Ell-broad on every side, then pour'd around

<sup>1</sup> Milton

Libation consecrate to all the dead,  
 First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine,  
 Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all 30  
 This done, adoring the unreal forms  
 And shadows of the dead, I vow'd to slay,  
 (Return'd to Ithaca) in my own abode,  
 An heifer barren yet, fairest and best  
 Of all my herds, and to enrich the pile 35  
 With delicacies, such as please the shades  
 But in peculiar, to the Theban see!  
 I vow'd a sable ram, largest and best  
 Of all my flocks    When thus I had implored,  
 With vows and prayer, the nations of the dead, 40  
 Piercing the victims next, I turn'd them both  
 'To bleed into the trench, then swarming came  
 From Erebus the shades of the deceased,  
 Brides, youths unwedded, seniors long with woe  
 Oppress'd, and tender girls yet new to grief 45  
 Came also many a warrior by the spear  
 In battle pierced, with armour gore-distain'd,  
 And all the multitude around the foss  
 Stalk'd shrieking dreadful, me pale horror seized  
 I next, importunate, my people urged, 50  
 Flaying the victims which myself had slain,  
 To burn them, and to supplicate in prayer  
 Illustrious Plato and dread Proserpine  
 Then down I sat, and with drawn falchion chased  
 The ghosts, nor suffer'd them to approach the blood, 55  
 Till with Tiresias I should first confer  
 The spirit, first, of my companion came,  
 Elpenor, for no burial honours yet  
 Had he received, but we had left his corse  
 In Cuce's palace, tombless, undeplord, 60  
 Ourselves by pressure urged of other cares  
 Touch'd with compassion seeing him, I wept,  
 And in wing'd accents brief him thus bespake  
 Elpenor! how camest thou into the realms  
 Of darkness? Hast thou, though on foot, so far 65  
 Outstripp'd my speed, who in my bark arrived?  
 So I, to whom with tears he thus replied  
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!

Fool'd by some dæmon and the intemperate bowl,  
I perish'd in the house of Circe, there 70  
The deep-descending steps heedless I miss'd,  
And fell precipitated from the roof.  
With neck-bone broken from the vertebræ  
Outstretch'd I lay, my spirit sought the shades  
But now, by those whom thou hast left at home, 75  
By thy Penelope, and by thy sire,  
The gentle nourisher of thy infant growth,  
And by thy only son Telemachus,  
I make my suit to thee For sure, I know,  
That from the house of Pluto safe return'd, 80  
Thou shalt ere long thy gallant vessel moor  
At the Ææan isle Ah! there arrived  
Remember me Leave me not undeplord  
Nor uninhumed, lest, for my sake, the Gods  
In vengeance visit thee, but with my arms 85  
(What arms soe'er I left) burn me, and raise  
A kind memorial of me on the coast,  
Heap'd high with earth, that an unhappy man  
May yet enjoy an unforgotten name  
Thus do at my request, and on my hill 90  
Funereal plant the oar with which I row'd,  
While yet I lived a mariner of thine.  
He spake, to whom thus answer I return'd.  
Poor youth! I will perform thy whole desire  
Thus we, there sitting, doleful converse held, 95  
With outstretch'd faulchion, I guarding the blood,  
And my companion's shadowy semblance sad  
Meantime discoursing me on various themes  
The soul of my departed mother, next,  
Of Anticleia came, daughter of brave 100  
Autlycus, whom when I sought the shores  
Of Ium, I had living left at home  
Seeing her, with compassion touch'd, I wept,  
Yet even her, (although it pain'd my soul)  
Forb'd, relentless, to approach the blood, 105  
Till with Tiresias I should first confer  
Then came the spirit of the Theban seer  
Himself, his golden sceptre in his hand,  
Who knew me, and, enquiring, thus began.

Why, hapless Chief! leaving the cheerful day, 110  
 Arrivest thou to behold the dead and this  
 Unpleasant land? but, from the trench awhile  
 Receding, turn thy faulchion keen away,  
 That I may drink the blood, and tell thee truth  
 He spake, I thence receding, deep infix'd 115  
 My sword bright-studded in the sheath again  
 The noble prophet then, approaching, drank  
 The blood, and satisfied, address'd me thus  
 Thou seek'st a pleasant voyage home again,  
 Renown'd Ulysses! but a God will make 120  
 That voyage difficult, for, as I judge,  
 Thou wilt not pass by Neptune unperceived,  
 Whose anger follows thee, for that thou hast  
 Deprived his son the Cyclops of his eye  
 At length, however, after numerous woes 125  
 Endured, thou may'st attain thy native isle,  
 If thy own appetite thou wilt control  
 And theirs who follow thee, what time thy bark  
 Well-built, shall at Thrinacia's<sup>2</sup> shore arrive,  
 Escaped from perils of the gloomy Deep 130  
 There shall ye find grazing the flocks and herds  
 Of the all-seeing and all-hearing Sun,  
 Which, if attentive to thy safe return,  
 Thou leave unharm'd, though after numerous woes  
 Ye may at length arrive in Ithaca 135  
 But if thou violate them, I denounce  
 Destruction on thy ship and all thy band,  
 And though thyself escape, late shalt thou reach  
 Thy home and <sup>3</sup>hard-bested, in a strange bark,  
 All thy companions lost, trouble beside 140  
 Awaits thee there, for thou shalt find within  
 Proud suitors of thy noble wife, who waste  
 Thy substance, and with promised spousal gifts  
 Ceaseless solicit her to wed, yet well  
 Shalt thou avenge all their injurious deeds 145  
 That once perform'd, and every suitor slain

<sup>2</sup> The shore of Sicily, commonly called Trinacria, but *euphronè* by Homer, Thrinacia

<sup>3</sup> The expression is used by Milton, and signifies—Beset with many difficulties

Either by stratagem, or face to face  
 In thy own palace, bearing, as thou goest,  
 A shapely oar, journey till thou hast found  
 A people who the sea know not, nor eat 150  
 Food salted, they trim galley crimson-prow'd  
 Have ne'er beheld, nor yet smooth-shaven oar,  
 With which the vessel wing'd scuds o'er the waves  
 Well thou shalt know them, this shall be the sign  
 When thou shalt meet a traveller, who shall name 155  
 The oar on thy broad shoulder borne, a van,<sup>4</sup>  
 There, deep infixing it within the soil,  
 Worship the King of Ocean with a bull,  
 A ram, and a lascivious boar, then seek  
 Thy home again, and sacrifice at home 160  
 An hecatomb to the Immortal Gods,  
 Adorning each duly, and in his course  
 So shalt thou die in peace a gentle death,  
 Remote from Ocean, it shall find thee late,  
 In soft serenity of age, the Chief 165  
 Of a blest people—I have told thee truth  
 He spake, to whom I answer thus return'd  
 Tiresias! thou, I doubt not, hast reveal'd  
 The ordinance of heaven But tell me, Seer!  
 And truly I behold my mother's shade, 170  
 Silent she sits beside the blood, nor word  
 Nor even look vouchsafes to her own son  
 How shall she learn, prophet! that I am hers?  
 So I, to whom Tiresias quick repli'd  
 The course is easy Learn it, taught by me 175  
 What shade so'er, by leave from thee obtain'd,  
 Shall taste the blood, that shade will tell thee truth,  
 The rest, prohibited, will all retire  
 When thus the spirit of the royal Seer  
 Had his prophetic mind reveal'd, again 180  
 He entered Pluto's gates, but I unmoved  
 Still waited till my mother's shade approach'd,  
 She drank the blood, then knew me, and in words  
 Wing'd with affection, plaintive, thus began  
 My son! how hast thou enter'd, still alive, 185

<sup>4</sup> Mistaking the oar for a corn-van A sure indication of his ignorance of maritime concerns

This darksome region ? Difficult it is  
 For living man to view the realms of death  
 Broad rivers roll, and awful floods between,  
 But chief, the Ocean, which to pass on foot,  
 Or without ship, impossible is found 190  
 Hast thou, long-wandering in thy voyage home  
 From Ilium, with thy ship and crew arrived,  
 Ithaca and thy consort yet unseen ?

She spake, to whom this answer I return'd  
 My mother ! me necessity constrain'd 195  
 To Pluto's dwelling, anxious to consult  
 Theban Tiresias, for I have not yet  
 Approach'd Achaia, nor have touch'd the shore  
 Of Ithaca, but suffering ceaseless woe  
 Have roam'd, since first in Agamemnon's train 200  
 I went to combat with the sons of Troy  
 But speak, my mother, and the truth alone,  
 What stroke of fate slew *thee* ? Fell'st thou a prey  
 To some slow malady ? or by the shafts  
 Of gentle Dian suddenly subdued ? 205  
 Speak to me also of my ancient Sire,  
 And of Telemachus, whom I left at home,  
 Possess I still unalienate and safe  
 My property, or hath some happier Chief  
 Admittance free into my fortunes gain'd, 210  
 No hope subsisting more of my return ?  
 The mind and purpose of my wedded wife  
 Declare thou also Dwells she with our son  
 Faithful to my domestic interests,  
 Or is she wedded to some Chief of Greece ? 215

I ceased, when thus the venerable shade  
 Not so, she faithful still and patient dwells  
 Thy roof beneath, but all her days and nights  
 Devoting sad to anguish and to tears  
 Thy fortunes still are thine, Telemachus 220  
 Cultivates, undisturb'd, thy land, and sits  
 At many a noble banquet, such as well  
 Beseems the splendour of his princely state,  
 For all invite him. At his farm retired  
 Thy father dwells, nor to the city comes 225  
 For aught, nor bed, nor furniture of bed,

Furr'd cloaks or splendid arras he enjoys,  
But with his servile hands all winter sleeps  
In ashes and in dust at the hearth-side,  
Coarsely attuned, again, when summer comes, 230  
Or genial autumn, on the fallen leaves  
In any nook, not curious where, he finds  
An humble couch among his fruitful vines  
There, stretch'd forlorn, nourishing grief, he weeps  
Thy lot, enfeebled now by numerous years 235  
So perish'd I, such fate I also found,  
Me, neither the right-aiming archeress struck,  
Diana, with her gentle shafts, nor me  
Distemper slew, my limbs by slow degrees,  
But sure, bereaving of their little life, 240  
But long regret, tender solicitude,  
And recollection of thy kindness past,  
These, my Ulysses' fatal proved to me  
She said, I ardent wish'd to clasp the shade  
Of my departed mother, thrice I sprang 245  
Toward her, by desire impetuous urged,  
And thrice she flitted from between my arms  
Light as a passing shadow or a dream  
Then, pierced by keener grief, in accents wing'd  
With filial earnestness I thus replied 250  
My mother, why elud'st thou my attempt  
To clasp thee, that even here, in Pluto's realm,  
We might to full satiety indulge  
Our grief enfolded in each other's arms?  
Hath Proserpine, alas! only dispatch'd 255  
A shadow to me, to augment my woe?  
Then, instant, thus the venerable form  
Ah, son! thou most afflicted of mankind!  
On thee, Jove's daughter, Proserpine, obtrudes  
No airy semblance vain, but such the state 260  
And nature is of mortals once deceased  
For they nor muscle have, nor flesh, nor bone,  
All those (the spirit from the body once  
Divorced) the violence of fire consumes,  
And, like a dream, the soul flies swift away 265  
But haste thou back to light, and taught thyself  
These sacred truths, hereafter teach thy spouse





I, next, the daughter of Asopus saw,  
 Antiope ; she gloried to have known 310  
 The embrace of Jove himself, to whom she brought  
 A double progeny, Amphion named  
 And Zethus ; they the seven-gated Thebes  
 Founded and girded with strong towers, because,  
 Though puissant Heroes both, in spacious Thebes, 315  
 Unfenced by towers, they could not dwell secure.

Alcmena, next, wife of Amphitryon,  
 I saw ; she in the arms of sovereign Jove  
 The lion-hearted Hercules conceived,  
 And, after, bore to Creon brave in fight 320  
 His daughter Megara, by the noble son  
 Unconquer'd of Amphitryon espoused.

The beauteous Epicaste<sup>s</sup> saw I then,  
 Mother of Oedipus, who guilt incurr'd  
 Prodigious, wedded unintentional 325  
 To her own son ; his father first he slew,  
 Then wedded her, which soon the Gods divulged.  
 He, under vengeance of offended heaven,  
 In pleasant Thebes dwelt miserable, King  
 Of the Cadmean race ; she to the gates 330  
 Of Ades brazen-barr'd despairing went,  
 Self-strangled by a cord fasten'd aloft  
 To her own palace-roof, and woes bequeath'd  
 (Such as the Fury sisters execute  
 Innumerable) to her guilty son. 335

There also saw I Chloris, loveliest fair,  
 Whom Neleus woo'd and won with spousal gifts  
 Inestimable, by her beauty charm'd.  
 She youngest daughter was of Iasus' son,  
 Amphion, in old time a sovereign prince 340  
 In Minucian Orchomenus,  
 And King of Pylus. Three illustrious sons  
 She bore to Neleus, Nestor, Chromius,  
 And Periclymenus the wide-renown'd,  
 And, last, produced a wonder of the earth, 345  
 Pero, by every neighbour prince around  
 In marriage sought ; but Neleus her on none  
 Deign'd to bestow, save only on the Chief

<sup>s</sup> By the Tragedians called—Jocasta.

Who should from Phylace drive off the beeves  
 (Broad-fronted, and with jealous care secured) 350  
 Of valiant Iphicles One undertook  
 That task alone, a prophet high in fame,  
 Melampus, but the Fates fast bound him there  
 In rigorous bonds by rustic hands imposed  
 At length (the year, with all its months and days 355  
 Concluded, and the new-born year begun)  
 Illustrious Iphicles released the seer,  
 Grateful<sup>6</sup> for all the oracles resolved,  
 Till then obscure So stood the will of Jove  
 Next, Leda, wife of Tyndarus, I saw, 360  
 Who bore to Tyndarus a noble pair,  
 Castor the bold, and Pollux cestus-famed  
 They prisoners in the fertile womb of earth,  
 Though living, dwell, and even there from Jove  
 High privilege gain, alternate they revive 365  
 And die, and dignity partake divine  
 The consort of Aloeus, next, I view'd,  
 Iphimedeia, she the embrace profess'd  
 Of Neptune to have shared, to whom she bore  
 Two sons, short-lived they were, but godlike both, 370  
 Otus and Ephialtes far-renown'd  
 Onion sole except, all-bounteous Earth  
 Ne'er nourish'd forms for beauty or for size  
 To be admired as theus, in his ninth year  
 Each measured, broad, nine cubits, and the height 375  
 Was found nine ells of each Against the Gods  
 Themselves they threaten'd war, and to excite  
 The din of battle in the realms above  
 To the Olympian summit they essay'd  
 To heave up Ossa, and to Ossa's crown 380  
 Branch-waving Pelion, so to climb the heavens  
 Nor had they failed, maturer grown in might,  
 To accomplish that emprise, but them the son<sup>7</sup>  
 Of radiant-hau'd Latona and of Jove  
 Slew both, ere yet the down of blooming youth 385

<sup>6</sup> Iphicles had been informed by the Oracles, that he should have no children till instructed by a prophet how to obtain them, a service which Melampus had the good fortune to render him

<sup>7</sup> Apollo

Thick-sprung, their cheeks or chins had tufted o'er

Phædra I also there, and Procris saw,  
And Ariadne for her beauty praised,  
Whose sire was all-wise Minos Theseus her  
From Crete toward the fruitful region bore 390  
Of sacred Athens, but enjoy'd not there,  
For, first, she perish'd by Diana's shafts  
In Dia, Bacchus<sup>b</sup> witnessing her crime

Mæra and Clymene I saw beside,  
And odious Enphyle, who received 395  
The price in gold of her own husband's life

But all the wives of Heroes whom I saw,  
And all their daughters, can I not relate,  
Night, first, would fail, and even now the hour  
Calls me to rest either on board my bark, 400  
Or here, meantime, I in yourselves confide,  
And in the Gods to shape my conduct home

He ceased, the whole assembly silent sat,  
Charm'd into ecstasy by his discourse  
Throughout the twilight hall, till, at the last, 405  
Areta ivory-arm'd them thus bespake

Phæacians! how appears he in your eyes  
This stranger, graceful as he is in port,  
In stature noble, and in mind discreet?  
My guest he is, but ye all share with me 410  
That honour, him dismiss not, therefore, hence  
With haste, nor from such indigence withhold  
Supplies gratuitous, for ye are rich,  
And by kind heaven with rare possessions blest

The Hero, next, Echeneus spake, a Chief 415  
Now ancient, eldest of Phæacia's sons

You, prudent Queen, my friends, speaks not beside  
Her proper scope, but as beseems her well  
Her voice obey, yet the effect of all  
Must on Alcinous himself depend 420

To whom Alcinous, thus, the King, replied  
I ratify the word So shall be done,  
As surely as myself shall live supreme  
O'er all Phæacia's maritime domain

<sup>b</sup> Bacchus accused her to Diana of having lain with Theseus in his temple, and the Goddess punished her with death

Then let the guest, though anxious to depart, 425  
 Wait till the morrow, that I may complete  
 The whole donation. His safe conduct home  
 Shall be the general care, but mine in chief,  
 To whom dominion o'er the rest belongs

Him answer'd, then, Ulysses ever-wise. 430  
 Alcinous ! Prince ! exalted high o'er all  
 Phæacia's sons ! should ye solicit, kind,  
 My stay throughout the year, preparing still  
 My conduct home, and with illustrious gifts  
 Enriching me the while, even that request 435  
 Should please me well, the wealthier I return'd,  
 The happier my condition, welcome more  
 And more respectable I should appear  
 In every eye, to Ithaca restored

To whom Alcinous answer thus return'd 440  
 Ulysses ! viewing thee, no fears we feel  
 Lest thou, at length, some false pretender prove,  
 Or subtle hypocrite, of whom no few  
 Disseminated o'er its face the earth  
 Sustains, adepts in fiction, and who frame 445  
 Fables, where fables could be least surmised  
 Thy phrase well turn'd, and thy ingenuous mind  
 Proclaim *thee* different far, who hast in strains  
 Musical as a poet's voice, the woes  
 Rehearsed of all thy Grecians, and thy own. 450  
 But say, and tell me true Beheld'st thou there  
 None of thy followers to the walls of Troy  
 Slain in that warfare ? Lo ! the night is long—  
 A night of utmost length, nor yet the hour  
 Invites to sleep Tell me thy wondrous deeds, 455  
 For I could watch till sacred dawn, couldst thou  
 So long endure to tell me of thy toils

Then thus Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.  
 Alcinous ! high exalted over all  
 Phæacia's sons ! the time suffices yet 460  
 For converse both and sleep, and if thou wish  
 To hear still more, I shall not spare to unfold  
 More pitiable woes than these, sustain'd  
 By my companions, in the end destroy'd,  
 Who saved from perils of disastrous war 465

At Ilum, perish'd yet in their return,  
Victims of a pernicious woman's<sup>9</sup> crime.

Now, when chaste Proserpine had wide dispersed  
Those female shades, the spirit sore distress'd  
Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appear'd, 470  
Enchained by a throng, he came, by all  
Who with himself beneath Ægisthus' roof  
Their fate fulfill'd, perishing by the sword  
He drank the blood, and knew me, shrill he wail'd  
And querulous, tears trickling bathed his cheeks, 475  
And with spread palms, through ardour of desire,  
He sought to enfold me fast, but vigour none,  
Or force, as erst, his agile limbs inform'd  
I, pity-moved, wept at the sight, and him,  
In accents wing'd by friendship, thus address'd. 480

Ah, glorious son of Atreus, King of men !  
What hand inflicted the all-numbing stroke  
Of death on thee ? Say didst thou perish sunk  
By howling tempests irresistible  
Which Neptune raised, or on dry land by force 485  
Of hostile multitudes, while cutting off  
Beeves from the herd, or driving flocks away,  
Or fighting for Achaia's daughters, shut  
Within some city's bulwarks close besieged ?

I ceased, when Agamemnon thus replied 490  
Ulysses, noble Chief, Laertes' son  
For wisdom famed ! I neither perish'd sunk  
By howling tempests irresistible  
Which Neptune raised, nor on dry land received 495  
From hostile multitudes the fatal blow,  
But me Ægisthus slew, my woful death  
Confederate with my own pernicious wife  
He plotted, with a show of love sincere  
Bidding me to his board, where as the ox  
Is slaughter'd at his crib, he slaughter'd me 500  
Such was my dreadful death, carnage ensued  
Continual of my friends slain all around,  
Numerous as boars bight-tusk'd at nuptial feast,  
On feast convivial of some wealthy Chief  
Thou hast already witness'd many a field 505

<sup>9</sup> Probably meaning Helen

With warriors overspread, slain one by one,  
 But that dire scene had most thy pity moved,  
 For we, with brimming beakers at our side,  
 And underneath full tables, bleeding lay  
 Blood floated all the pavement Then the cries 510  
 Of Priam's daughter sounded in my ears  
 Most pitiable of all, Cassandra's cries,  
 Whom Clytemnestra close beside me slew  
 Expiring as I lay, I yet essay'd  
 To grasp my faulchion, but the traitoress quick 515  
 Withdrew herself, nor would vouchsafe to close  
 My languid eyes, or prop my drooping chin  
 Even in the moment when I sought the shades  
 So that the thing breathes not, ruthless and fell  
 As woman once resolved on such a deed 520  
 Detestable, as my base wife contrived,  
 The murder of the husband of her youth  
 I thought to have return'd welcome to all,  
 To my own children and domestic train ,  
 But she, past measure profligate, hath pour'd 525  
 Shame on herself, on women yet unborn,  
 And even on the virtuous of her sex

He ceased, to whom, thus, answer I return'd  
 Gods ! how severely hath the Thunderer plagued  
 The house of Atreus, even from the first, 530  
 By female counsels ! we for Helen's sake  
 Have numerous died, and Clytemnestra framed,  
 While thou wast far remote, this snare for thee !

So I, to whom Atrides thus replied  
 Thou, therefore, be not pliant overmuch 535  
 To woman , trust her not with all thy mind,  
 But half disclose to her, and half conceal  
 Yet, from thy consort's hand no bloody death,  
 My friend, hast thou to fear , for passing wise  
 Icarus' daughter is, far other thoughts, 540  
 Intelligent, and other plans, to frame.  
 Her, going to the wars we left a bride  
 New-wedded, and the boy hung at her breast,  
 Who, man himself, consorts ere now with men  
 A prosperous youth , his father, safe restored 545  
 To his own Ithaca, shall see him soon,

And *he* shall clasp his father in his arms  
 As nature bids , but me, my cruel one  
 Indulged not with the dear delight to gaze  
 On my Oiestes, for she slew me first 550  
 But listen<sup>10</sup> , treasure what I now impart  
 Steer secret to thy native isle , avoid  
 Notice , for woman merits trust no more  
 Now tell me truth    Hear ye in whose abode  
 My son resides ? dwells he in Pylus, say, 555  
 Or in Orichomenos, or else beneath  
 My brother's roof in Sparta's wide domain ?  
 For my Orestes is not yet a shade

So he, to whom I answer thus return'd  
 Atides, ask not me    Whether he live, 560  
 Or have already died, I nothing know ,  
 Mere words are vanity, and better spared

Thus we discoursing mutual stood, and tears  
 Shedding disconsolate    The shade, meantime,  
 Came of Achilles, Peleus' mighty son , 565  
 Patroclus also, and Antilochus

Appear'd, with Ajax, for proportion just  
 And stature tall, (Pelides sole except)  
 Distinguish'd above all Achaia's sons  
 The soul of swift Æacides at once 570  
 Knew me, and in wing'd accents thus began

Brave Laertiades, for wiles renowned !  
 What mightier enterprise than all the past  
 Hath made thee here a guest ? rash as thou art !  
 How hast thou dared to penetrate the gloom 575  
 Of Ades, dwelling of the shadowy dead,  
 Semblances only of what once they were ?

He spake, to whom I, answering, thus replied  
 O Peleus' son ! Achilles ! bravest far  
 Of all Achaia's race ! I here arrived 580  
 Seeking Tiresias, from his lips to learn,  
 Perchance, how I might safe regain the coast  
 Of craggy Ithaca , for tempest-toss'd

<sup>10</sup> This is, surely one of the most natural strokes to be found in any poet  
 Convinced, for a moment, by the virtues of Penelope, he mentions her  
 with respect , but recollecting himself suddenly, involves even her in his  
 general ill opinion of the sex, begotten in him by the crimes of Clytemnestra



Perpetual, I have neither yet approach'd  
 Achaia's shore, or landed on my own 595  
 But as for thee, Achilles ! never man  
 Hath known felicity like thine, or shall,  
 Whom living we all honour'd as a God,  
 And who maintain'st, here resident, supreme  
 Control among the dead, indulge not then, 600  
 Achilles, causeless grief that thou hast died

I ceased, and answer thus instant received  
 Renown'd Ulysses ! think not death a theme  
 Of consolation, I had rather live 605  
 The servile hind for hire, and eat the bread  
 Of some man scantily himself sustain'd,  
 Than sovereign empire hold o'er all the shades  
 But come—speak to me of my noble boy,  
 Proceeds he, as he promised, brave in arms,  
 Or shuns he war ? Say also hast thou heard 610  
 Of royal Peleus ? shares he still respect  
 Among his numerous Myrmidons, or scorn  
 In Hellas and in Phthia, for that age  
 Predominates in his enfeebled limbs ?  
 For help is none in me, the glorious sun 615  
 No longer sees me such, as when in aid  
 Of the Achaeans I o'erspread the field  
 Of spacious Troy with all their bravest slain  
 Oh<sup>11</sup> might I, vigorous as then, repair  
 For one short moment to my father's house, 620  
 They all should tremble, I would show an arm,  
 Such as should daunt the fiercest who presumes  
 To injure *him*, or to despise his age

Achilles spake, to whom I thus replied.  
 Of noble Peleus have I nothing heard, 625  
 But I will tell thee, as thou biddest, the truth  
 Unfeign'd of Neoptolemus thy son,  
 For him, myself, on board my hollow bark  
 From Scyros to Achaia's host convey'd  
 Oft as in council under Ilum's walls 630

<sup>11</sup> Another most beautiful stroke of nature Ere yet Ulysses has had opportunity to answer, the very thought that Peleus may possibly be insulted, fires him, and he takes the whole for granted Thus is the impetuous character of Achilles sustained to the last moment

We met, he ever foremost was in speech,  
 Nor spake erroneous, Nestor and myself  
 Except, no Grecian could with him compare  
 Oft, too, as we with battle hemm'd around  
 Troy's bulwarks from among the mingled crowd 625  
 Thy son sprang foremost into martial act,  
 Interior in heroic worth to none  
 Beneath him numerous fell the sons of Troy  
 In dreadful fight, nor have I power to name  
 Distinctly all, who by his glorious arm,  
 Exerted in the cause of Greece, expired 630  
 Yet will I name Eurypylus, the son  
 Of Telephus, an Hero whom his sword  
 Of life bereaved, and all around him strew'd  
 The plain with his Cetean warriors, won 635  
 To Ilium's side by bribes<sup>12</sup> to women given  
 Save noble Memnon only, I beheld  
 No Chief at Ilium beautiful as he  
 Again, when we within the house of wood  
 Framed by Epeus sat, an ambush chosen 640  
 Of all the bravest Greeks, and I in trust  
 Was placed to open or to keep fast-closed  
 The hollow fraud, then every Chieftain there  
 And Senator of Greece wiped from his cheeks  
 The tears, and tremors felt in every limb,  
 But never saw I changed to terror's hue 645  
 His ruddy cheeks, no tears wiped *he* away,  
 But oft he press'd me to go forth, his suit  
 With prayers enforcing, gripping hard his nelt  
 And his brass-burden'd spear, and due revenge 650  
 Denouncing, ardent, on the race of Troy  
 At length, when we had sack'd the lofty town  
 Of Priam, laden with abundant spoils  
 He safe embark'd, neither by spear or shaft  
 Aught hurt, or in close fight byaulchion's edge, 655

<sup>2</sup> *Γυναικῶν εἰνεκα δωρων*—Priam is said to have influenced by gifts the wife and mother of Eurypylus, to persuade him to the assistance of Troy, he being himself unwilling to engage. The passage, through defect of history, has long been dark, and commentators have adapted different senses to it, all conjectural. The Ceteans are said to have been a people of Mysia, of which Eurypylus was king.

As oft in war befalls, where wounds are dealt  
Promiscuous, at the will of fiery Mars

So I, then striding large, the spuit thence  
Withdrew of swift *Æacides*, along

The hoary<sup>13</sup> mead pacing with joy elate  
That I had blazon'd bright his son's renown 660

The other souls of men by death dismiss'd  
Stood mournful by, sad uttering each his woes,

The soul alone I saw standing remote  
Of *Telamonian Ajax*, still incensed 665

That in our public contest for the arms  
Worn by *Achilles*, and by *Thetis* thrown

Into dispute, my claim had strongest proved,  
*Troy* and *Minerva* judges of the cause

Disastrous victory<sup>1</sup> which I could wish  
Not to have won, since for that armour's sake 670

The earth hath cover'd *Ajax*, in his form  
And martial deeds superior far to all

The *Grecians*, *Peleus'* matchless son except.  
I, seeking to appease him, thus began 675

O *Ajax*, son of glorious *Telamon*<sup>1</sup>  
Canst thou remember, even after death,

Thy wrath against me, kindled for the sake  
Of those pernicious arms? arms which the Gods

Ordain'd of such dire consequence to *Greece*,  
Which caused thy death, our bulwark<sup>1</sup> Thee we mourn 680

With grief perpetual, nor the death lament  
Of *Peleus'* son, *Achilles*, more than thine

Yet none is blameable, *Jove* evermore  
With bitterest hate pursued *Achaia's* host, 685

And he ordain'd thy death *Hero*<sup>1</sup> approach,  
That thou may'st hear the words with which I seek

To soothe thee<sup>1</sup> let thy long displeasure cease<sup>1</sup>  
Quell all resentment in thy generous breast<sup>1</sup> 690

I spake, nought answer'd he, but sullen join'd  
His fellow ghosts, yet, angry as he was,

I had prevail'd even on him to speak,  
Or had, at least, accosted him again,

<sup>13</sup> Κατ' ασφοδελον λειμωνα—*Asphodel* was planted on the graves, and around the tombs of the deceased, and hence the supposition, that the *Stygian* plain was clothed with *asphodel* F

But that my bosom teem'd with strong desire  
Urgent to see yet others of the dead

6' 5

There saw I Minos, offspring famed of Jove,  
His golden sceptre in his hand, he sat  
Judge of the dead, they, pleading each in turn  
His cause, some stood, some sat, filling the house  
Whose spacious folding gates are never closed

700

Orion next, huge ghost, engaged my view,  
Droves urging o'er the grassy mead of beasts  
Which he had slain, himself, on the wild hills,  
With strong club arm'd of ever-during brass

705

There also Tityus on the ground I saw  
Extended, offspring of the glorious earth,  
Nine acres he o'erspread, and, at his side  
Station'd, two vultures on his liver prey'd,  
Scoping his entrails, nor sufficed his hands  
To fray them thence, for he had sought to force  
Latona, illustrious concubine of Jove,  
What time the Goddess journey'd o'er the rocks  
Of Pytho into pleasant Panopeus

710

Next, suffering grievous torments, I beheld  
Tantalus, in a pool he stood, his chin  
Wash'd by the wave, thirst-parch'd he seem'd, but found  
Nought to assuage his thirst, for when he bow'd  
His hoary head, ardent to quaff, the flood  
Vanish'd absorb'd, and at his feet, adust  
The soil appear'd, dried, instant, by the Gods  
Tall trees, fruit-laden, with inflected heads  
Stoop'd to him, pears, pomegranates, apples bright,  
The luscious fig, and unctuous olive smooth  
Which when with sudden grasp he would have seized,  
Winds whirl'd them high into the dusky clouds

715

720

725

There too, the hard-task'd Sisyphus I saw,  
Thrusting<sup>14</sup> before him, strenuous, a vast rock  
With hands and feet struggling, he shoved the stone  
Up to a hill-top, but the steep well-nigh  
Vanquish'd, by some<sup>15</sup> great force repulsed, the mass

730

\* Βασίζοντα must have this sense interpreted by what follows. To attempt to make the English numbers expressive as the Greek, is a labour like that of Sisyphus. The translator has done what he could.

<sup>15</sup> It is now, perhaps, impossible to ascertain with precision what Homer meant by the word κραταύς, which he uses only here and in the next Book,

Rush'd again obstinate down to the plain  
 Again stretch'd prone, severe he toil'd, the sweat  
 Bathed all his weary limbs, and his head reek'd

The might of Hercules I next survey'd ,  
 His semblance , for himself their banquet shares 735

With the Immortal Gods, and in his arms

Enfolds neat-footed Hebe, daughter fair

Of Jove, and of his golden sandal'd spouse

Around him, clamorous as birds, the dead

Swarm'd turbulent , he gloomy-brow'd as night, 749

With uncased bow and arrow on the string

Peer'd terrible from side to side, as one

Ever in act to shoot , a dreadful belt

He bore athwart his bosom, thong'd with gold

There, broider'd shone many a stupendous toun , 755

Bears, wild-boars, lions with fire-flashing eyes,

Fierce combats, battles, bloodshed, homicide

The artist, author of that belt, none such

Before produced, or after Me his eye 759

No sooner mark'd, than knowing me, in words

By sorrow quick suggested, he began

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !

Ah hapless Hero ! thou art, doubtless, charged,

Thou also, with some arduous labour, such

As in the realms of day I once endured 765

Son was I of Saturnian Jove, yet woes

Immense sustain'd, subjected to a King

Inferior far to me, whose harsh commands

Enjoin'd me many a terrible exploit

He even bade me on a time lead hence 769

The dog, that task believing above all

Impracticable , yet from Ades him

I dragg'd reluctant into light, by aid

Of Hermes, and of Pallas azure-eyed

So saying, he penetrated deep again 775

The abode of Pluto , but I still unmoved

There stood expecting, curious, other shades

To see of Heroes in old time deceased

where it is the name of Scylla's dam — *Αραιης* is also of very doubtful  
 explication

And now, more ancient worthies still, and whom  
 I wish'd, I had beheld Puthous 770  
 And Theseus, glorious progeny of Gods,  
 But nations, first, numberless of the dead  
 Came shrieking hideous me pale horror seized,  
 Lest awful Proserpine should thither send  
 The Goigon-head from Ades, sight abhorr'd' 775  
 I, therefore, hasting to the vessel, bade  
 My crew embark, and cast the hawsers loose  
 They, quick embarking, on the benches sat  
 Down the Oceanus<sup>16</sup> the current bore  
 My galley, winning, at the first, her way 780  
 With oars, then waited by propitious gales

<sup>16</sup> The two first lines of the following book seem to ascertain the true meaning of the conclusion of this, and to prove sufficiently that by 'Ὠκεανός' here, Homer could not possibly intend any other than a river. In those lines he tells us in the plainest terms, that *the ship left the stream of the river Oceanus, and arrived in the open sea*. Diodorus Siculus informs us, that 'Ὠκεανός' had been a name anciently given to the Nile. See Clarke

## BOOK XII.

## ARGUMENT

Ulysses, pursuing his narrative, relates his return from the shades to Circe's island, the precautions given him by that Goddess, his escape from the Sirens, and from Scylla and Charybdis, his arrival in Sicily, where his companions, having slain and eaten the oxen of the Sun, are afterward shipwrecked and lost, and concludes the whole with an account of his arrival, alone, on the mast of his vessel at the island of Calypso

AND now, borne seaward from the river-stream  
 Of the Oceanus we plough'd again  
 The spacious Deep, and reach'd the Ææan isle,  
 Where, daughter of the dawn, Aurora takes  
 Her choral sports, and whence the sun ascends 5  
 We, there arriving, thrust our bark aground  
 On the smooth beach, then landed, and on the shore  
 Reposed, expectant of the sacred dawn  
 But soon as day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd  
 Look'd forth again, sending my friends before, 10  
 I bade them bring Elpenor's body down  
 From the abode of Circe to the beach  
 Then on the utmost headland of the coast  
 We timber fell'd, and sorrowing o'er the dead,  
 His funeral rites water'd with tears profuse. 15  
 The dead consumed, and with the dead his arms,  
 We heap'd his tomb, and the sepulchral post  
 Erecting, fix'd his shapely oar aloft  
 Thus, punctual, we perform'd, nor our return  
 From Ades knew not Circe, but attired 20  
 In haste, ere long arrived, with whom appear'd  
 Her female train with plenteous viands charged,  
 And bright wine rosy-red Amidst us all  
 Standing, the beauteous Goddess thus began.  
 Ah miserable ! who have sought the shades 25  
 Alive ! while others of the human race

Die only once, appointed twice to die !  
Come—take ye food , drink wine , and on the shore  
All day regale, for ye shall hence again  
At day-spring o'er the Deep , but I will mark 30  
Myself your future course, nor uninform'd  
Leave you in aught, lest through some dire mistake,  
By sea or land new miseries ye incur

The Goddess spake, whose invitation kind  
We glad accepted , thus we feasting sat 35  
Till set of sun, and quaffing richest wine ,  
But when the sun went down and darkness fell,  
My crew beside the hawsers slept, while me  
The Goddess by the hand leading apart,  
First bade me sit, then, seated opposite, 40  
Enquired, minute, of all that I had seen,  
And I, from first to last, recounted all  
Then thus the awful Goddess in return

Thus far thy toils are finish'd Now attend !  
Mark well my words, of which the Gods will sure 45  
Themselves remind thee in the needful hour  
First shalt thou reach the Sirens , they the hearts  
Enchant of all who on their coast arrive  
The wretch, who unforewarn'd approaching, hears  
The Sirens' voice, his wife and little-ones 50  
Ne'er fly to gratulate his glad return ,  
But him the Sirens sitting in the meads  
Charm with mellifluous song, while all around  
The bones accumulated he of men  
Now putrid, and the skins mouldering away 55  
But, pass them thou, and lest thy people hear  
Those warblings, ere thou yet approach, fill all  
Their ears with wax moulded between thy palms ,  
But as for thee—thou hear them if thou wilt  
Yet let thy people bind thee to the mast 60  
Erect, encompassing thy feet and arms  
With cordage well-secured to the mast-foot,  
So shalt thou, raptured, hear the Sirens' song  
But if thou supplicate to be released,  
Or give such order, then, with added cords 65  
Let thy companions bind thee still the more  
When thus thy people shall have safely pass'd



The Sirens by, think not from me to learn  
 What course thou next shall steer, two will occur,  
 Deliberate choose I shall describe them both 70  
 Here vaulted rocks impend, dash'd by the waves  
 Immense of Amphitrite azure-eyed,  
 The blessed Gods those rocks, Erratic, call  
 Birds cannot pass them safe, no, not the doves  
 Which his ambrosia bear to Father Jove, 75  
 But even of those doves the slippery rock  
 Proves fatal still to one, for which the God  
 Supplies another, lest the number fail  
 No ship, what ship soever there arrives,  
 Escapes them, but both mariners and planks 80  
 Whelm'd under billows of the Deep, or, caught  
 By fiery tempests, sudden disappear  
 Those rocks the billow-cleaving bark alone,  
 The Argo, further'd by the vows of all,  
 Pass'd safely, sailing from *Ætæa's* isle, 85  
 Nor she had pass'd, but surely dash'd had been  
 On those huge rocks, but that, propitious still  
 To Jason, Juno sped her safe along  
 These rocks are two, one lifts his summit sharp  
 High as the spacious heavens, wrapt in dun clouds 90  
 Perpetual, which nor autumn sees dispersed  
 Nor summer, for the sun shines never there,  
 No mortal man might climb it or descend,  
 Though twice ten hands and twice ten feet he own'd,  
 For it is levigated as by art 95  
 Down scoop'd to Erebus, a cavern drear  
 Yawns in the centre of its western side,  
 Pass it, renown'd Ulysses! but aloof  
 So far, that a keen arrow smartly sent  
 Forth from thy bark should fail to reach the cave 100  
 There Scylla dwells, and thence her howl is heard  
 Tremendous, shrill her voice is as the note  
 Of hound new-whelp'd, but hideous her aspect,  
 Such as no mortal man, nor even a God  
 Encountering her, should with delight survey 105  
 Her feet are twelve, all fore-feet, six her necks  
 Of hideous length, each clubb'd into a head  
 Terrific, and each head with fangs is arm'd

In triple row, thick-planted, stored with death  
 Plunged to her middle in the hollow den 110  
 She lurks, protruding from the black abyss  
 Her heads, with which the ravening monster dives  
 In quest of dolphins, dog-fish, or of prey  
 More bulky, such as in the roaring gulfs  
 Of Amphitrite without end abounds 115  
 It is no seaman's boast that e'er he slipp'd  
 Her cavern by, unharm'd In every mouth  
 She bears upcaught a mariner away  
 The other rock, Ulysses, thou shalt find  
 Humbler, a bow-shot only from the first, 120  
 On this a wild-fig grows broad-leaved, and here  
 Charybdis drowns the gulfs the sable flood  
 Each day she thrice disgorges and each day  
 Thrice swallows it Ah! well-forewarned beware  
 What time she swallows, that thou come not nigh, 125  
 For not himself, Neptune, could snatch thee thence,  
 Close passing Scylla's rock, shoot swift thy bark  
 Beyond it, since the loss of six alone  
 Is better far than shipwreck made of all  
 So Circe spake, to whom I thus replied 130  
 Tell me, O Goddess, next, and tell me true!  
 If, chance, from fell Charybdis I escape,  
 May I not also save from Scylla's force  
 My people, should the monster threaten them?  
 I said, and quick the Goddess in return 135  
 Unhappy! can exploits and toils of war  
 Still please thee? yieldst not to the Gods themselves?  
 She is no mortal, but a deathless pest,  
 Impracticable, savage, battle-proof  
 Defence is vain, flight is thy sole resource 140  
 For should'st thou linger putting on thy arms  
 Beside the rock, beware lest darting forth  
 Her numerous heads, she seize with every mouth  
 A Grecian, and with others, even thee  
 Pass theretore swift, and passing, loud invoke 145  
 Cratais, mother of this plague of man,  
 Who will forbid her to assail thee more  
 Thou, next, shall reach Thrinacia, there, the bees  
 And fatted flocks graze numerous of the Sun,

Seven herds , as many flocks of snowy fleece , 150  
 Fifty in each , they breed not, neither die,  
 Nor are they kept by less than Goddesses,  
 Lampetia fair, and Phaethusa, both  
 By nymph Neæra to Hyperion borne  
 Them, soon as she had train'd them to an age 155  
 Proportion'd to that charge, their mother sent  
 Into Thrinacia, there to dwell and keep  
 Inviolate their father's flocks and herds  
 If, anxious for a safe return, thou spare  
 Those herds and flocks, though after much endured, 160  
 Ye may at last your Ithaca regain ,  
 But should'st thou violate them, I foretell  
 Destruction of thy ship and of thy crew,  
 And though thyself escape, thou shalt return  
 Late, in ill plight, and all thy friends destroy'd. 165  
 She ended, and the golden morning dawn'd  
 Then, all-divine, her graceful steps she turn'd  
 Back through the isle, and at the beach arrived,  
 I summon'd all my followers to ascend  
 The bark again, and cast the hawsers loose 170  
 They, at my voice, embarking, fill'd in ranks  
 The seats, and rowing, thresh'd the hoary flood  
 And now, melodious Cuce, nymph divine,  
 Sent after us a canvas-stretching breeze,  
 Pleasant companion of our course, and we 175  
 (The decks and benches clear'd) untiring sat,  
 While managed gales sped swift the bark along  
 Then, with dejected heart, thus I began  
 Oh friends ! (for it is needful that not one  
 Or two alone the admonition hear 180  
 Of Circe, beauteous prophetess divine,)  
 To all I speak, that whether we escape  
 Or perish, all may be at least forewarn'd  
 She bids us, first, avoid the dangerous song  
 Of the sweet Sirens and their flowery meads. 185  
 Me only she permits those strains to hear ,  
 But ye shall bind me with coercion strong  
 Of cordage well-secured to the mast-foot,  
 And by no struggles to be loosed of mine.  
 But should I supplicate to be released 190

Or give such order, then, with added coids  
Be it your part to bind me still the more

Thus with distinct precaution I prepared  
My people, rapid in her course, meantime,  
My gallant bark approach'd the Sien's isle, 195  
For brisk and favourable blew the wind

Then fell the wind suddenly, and serene  
A breathless calm ensued, while all around  
The billows slumber'd, lull'd by power divine  
Up-sprang my people, and the folded sails 200  
Bestowing in the hold, sat to their oars,

Which with their polish'd blades whiten'd the Deep  
I then, with edge of steel severing minute  
A waxen cake, chafed it and moulded it  
Between my palms, ere long the ductile mass 205  
Grew warm, obedient to that ceaseless force,

And to Hyperion's all-pervading beams  
With that soft liniment I fill'd the ears  
Of my companions, man by man, and they  
My feet and arms with strong coercion bound 210  
Of cordage to the mast-foot well-secured

Then down they sat, and rowing, thresh'd the brine  
But when with rapid course we had arrived  
Within such distance as a voice may reach,  
Not unperceived by them the gliding bark 215  
Approach'd, and thus harmonious they began

Ulysses, Chief by every tongue extoll'd,  
Achaia's boast, oh hither steer thy bark!  
Here stay thy course, and listen to our lay!  
These shores none passes in his sable ship 220  
Till, first, the warblings of our voice he hear,

Then, happier hence and wiser he departs  
All that the Greeks endured, and all the ills  
Inflicted by the Gods on Troy, we know,  
Know all that passes on the boundless earth 225

So they with voices sweet their music poured  
Melodious on my ear, winning with ease  
My heart's desire to listen, and by signs  
I bade my people, instant, set me free  
But they incumbent row'd, and from their seats 230  
Eurylochus and Perimedes sprang

With added cords to bind me still the more  
 This danger past, and when the Siren's voice,  
 Now left remote, had lost its power to charm,  
 Then, my companions freeing from the wax 235  
 Their ears, deliver'd me from my restraint  
 The island, left afar, soon I discern'd  
 Huge waves, and smoke, and horrid thund'ring loud  
 All sat aghast, forth flew at once the oars  
 From every hand, and with a clash the waves 240  
 Smote altogether, check'd, the galley stood,  
 By billow-sweeping oars no longer urged,  
 And I, throughout the bark, man after man  
 Encouraged all, addressing thus my crew  
 We meet not, now, my friends, our first distress 245  
 This evil is not greater than we found  
 When the huge Cyclops in his hollow den  
 Imprison'd us, yet even thence we 'scaped,  
 My intrepidity and fertile thought  
 Opening the way, and we shall recollect 250  
 These dangers also, in due time, with joy  
 Come then—pursue my counsel Ye your seats  
 Still occupying, smite the furrow'd flood  
 With well-timed strokes, that by the will of Jove  
 We may escape, perchance, this death, secure 255  
 To thee the pilot thus I speak, (my words  
 Mark thou, for at thy touch the rudder moves,)  
 This smoke, and these tumultuous waves avoid,  
 Steer wide of both, yet with an eye intent  
 On yonder rock, lest unaware thou hold 260  
 Too near a course, and plunge us into harm  
 So I, with whose advice all, quick, complied  
 But Scylla I as yet named not, (that woe  
 Without a cure,) lest, terrified, my crew  
 Should all renounce their oars, and crowd below 265  
 Just then, forgetful of the strict command  
 Of Circe not to arm, I cloth'd me all  
 In radiant armour, grasp'd two quivering spears,  
 And to the deck ascended at the prow,  
 Expecting earliest notice there, what time 270  
 The rock-bred Scylla should annoy my friends

To weariness of sight the dusky rock  
 I vigilant explored Thus, many a groan  
 Heaving, we navigated sad the strait, 275  
 For here stood Scylla, while Charybdis there  
 With hoarse throat deep absorb'd the biny flood.  
 Oft as she vomited the deluge forth,  
 Like water cauldron'd o'er a furious fire  
 The whirling Deep all murmur'd, and the spray 280  
 On both those rocky summits fell in showers  
 But when she suck'd the salt wave down again,  
 Then, all the pool appear'd wheeling about  
 Within, the rock rebellow'd, and the sea  
 Drawn off into that gulf disclosed to view 285  
 The oozy bottom. Us pale horror seized  
 Thus, dreading death, with fast-set eyes we watch'd  
 Charybdis, meantime, Scylla from the bark  
 Caught six away, the bravest of my friends  
 With eyes, that moment, on my ship and crew 290  
 Retorted, I beheld the legs and arms  
 Of those whom she uplifted in the air,  
 On me they call'd, my name, the last, last time  
 Pronouncing then, in agony of heart  
 As when from some bold point among the rocks 295  
 The angler, with his taper rod in hand,  
 Casts forth his bait to snare the smaller fry,  
 He swings away remote his guarded line  
 Then jerks his gasping prey forth from the Deep,  
 So Scylla them raised gasping to the rock, 300  
 And at her cavern's mouth devour'd them loud-  
 Shrieking, and stretching forth to me then arms  
 In sign of hopeless misery Ne'er beheld  
 These eyes in all the seas that I have roam'd,  
 A sight so piteous, nor in all my toils 305  
 From Scylla and Charybdis due escaped,  
 We reach'd the noble island of the Sun  
 Ere long, where bright Hyperion's beauteous herds  
 Broad-fronted grazed, and his well batten'd flocks  
 I, in the bark and on the sea, the voice 310  
 Of oxen bellowing in hovels heard,

<sup>1</sup> They passed the line through a pipe of horn, to secure it against the

And of loud bleating sheep ; then dropp'd the word  
 Into my memory of the sightless Seer,  
 Theban Tiresias, and the caution strict  
 Of Circe, my *Ææan* monitress, 315  
 Who with such force had caution'd me to avoid  
 The island of the Sun, joy of mankind.  
 Thus then to my companions, sad, I spake.  
 Hear ye, my friends ! although long time distress'd,  
 The words prophetic of the Theban seer 320  
 And of *Ææan* Circe, whose advice  
 Was oft repeated to me to avoid  
 This island of the Sun, joy of mankind.  
 There, said the Goddess, dread your heaviest woes,  
 Pass the isle, therefore, scudding swift away. 325  
 I ceased ; they me with consternation heard,  
 And harshly thus Eurylochus replied.  
 Ulysses, ruthless Chief ! no toils impair  
 Thy strength, of senseless iron thou art form'd,  
 Who thy companions weary, and o'erwatch'd, 330  
 Forbidd'st to disembark on this fair isle,  
 Where now, at last, we might with ease regale.  
 Thou, rash, command'st us, leaving it afar,  
 To roam all night the Ocean's dreary waste ;  
 But winds to ships injurious spring by night, 335  
 And how shall we escape a dreadful death  
 If, chance, a sudden gust from South arise  
 Or stormy West, that dash in pieces oft  
 The vessel, even in the Gods' despite ?  
 Prepare we rather now, as night enjoins, 340  
 Our evening fare beside the sable bark,  
 In which at peep of day we may again  
 Launch forth secure into the boundless flood.  
 He ceased, whom all applauded. Then I knew  
 That sorrow by the will of adverse heaven 345  
 Approach'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.  
 I suffer force, Eurylochus ! and yield  
 O'er-ruled by numbers. Come, then, swear ye all  
 A solemn oath, that should we find an herd  
 Or numerous flock, none here shall either sheep 350

Which from immortal Cuce we received

I spake, they readily a solemn oath  
Sware all, and when their oath was fully sworn, 30  
Within a creek where a fresh fountain rose  
They moor'd the bark, and issuing, began  
BrisK preparation of their evening cheer  
But when nor hunger now nor thirst remain'd  
Unsated, recollecting, then, then friends 300

By Scylla seized and at her cave devour'd,  
They mourn'd, nor ceased to mourn them, till they slept.  
The night's third portion come, when now the stars  
Had traversed the 'mid sky, cloud-gatherer Jove  
Call'd forth a vehement wind with tempest charged, 305  
Menacing earth and sea with pitchy clouds  
Tremendous, and the night fell dark from heaven  
But when Aurora, daughter of the day,  
Look'd rosy forth, we haled, drawn inland more,  
Our bark into a grot, where nymphs were wont 310  
Graceful to tread the dance, or to repose  
Convening there my friends, I thus began

My friends! food fails us not, but bread is yet  
And wine on board Abstain we from the herds,  
Lest harm ensue, for ye behold the flocks 315  
And herds of a most potent God, the Sun!  
Whose eye and watchful ear none may elude

So saying, I sway'd the generous minds of all  
A month complete the South wind ceaseless blew,  
Nor other wind blew next, save East and South, 320  
Yet they, while neither food nor rosy wine  
Fail'd them, the herds harm'd not, through fear to die  
But, our provisions failing, they employ'd  
Whole days in search of food, snaring with hooks  
Birds, fishes, of what kind soe'er they might, 325  
By famine urged I solitary roam'd  
Meantime the isle, seeking by prayer to move  
Some God to show us a deliverance thence  
When, loving thus the isle, I had at length  
Left all my crew remote, laving my hands 330  
Where shelter warm I found from the rude blast,  
I supplicated every Power above,



Shed o'er my eyes, and with pernicious art  
 Eurylochus, the while, my friends harangued 395  
 My friends ! afflicted as ye are, yet hear  
 A fellow-sufferer    Death, however caused,  
 Abhorrence moves in miserable man,  
 But death by famine is a fate of all  
 Most to be fear'd    Come—let us hither drive 400  
 And sacrifice to the Immortal Powers  
 The best of all the oxen of the Sun,  
 Resolving thus—that soon as we shall reach  
 Our native Ithaca, we will erect  
 To bright Hyperion an illustrious fane, 405  
 Which with magnificent and numerous gifts  
 We will enrich    But should he choose to sink  
 Our vessel, for his stately beeves incensed,  
 And should, with him, all heaven conspire our death,  
 I rather had with open mouth, at once, 410  
 Meeting the billows, perish, than by slow  
 And pining waste, here in this desert isle  
 So spake Eurylochus, whom all approved  
 Then, diving all the fattest of the herd  
 Few paces only, (for the sacred beeves 415  
 Grazed rarely distant from the bark) they stood  
 Compassing them around, and grasping each  
 Green foliage newly pluck'd from saplings tall,  
 (For barley none in all our bark remain'd)  
 Worshipp'd the Gods in prayer    Prayer made, they slew 420  
 And flay'd them, and the thighs with double fat  
 Investing, spread them o'er with slices crude  
 No wine had they with which to consecrate  
 The blazing rites, but with libation poor  
 Of water hallow'd the interior parts 425  
 Now, when the thighs were burnt, and each had shared  
 His portion of the maw, and when the rest  
 All slash'd and scored hung roasting at the fire,  
 Sleep, in that moment, suddenly my eyes  
 Forsaking, to the shore I bent my way 430  
 But ere the station of our bark I reach'd,  
 The savoury steam greeted me    At the scent  
 I wept aloud, and to the Gods exclaim'd  
 Oh Jupiter, and all ye Powers above !

- With cruel sleep and fatal ye have lull'd 435  
 My cares to rest, such horrible offence  
 Meantime my rash companions have devised  
 Then, flew long-stoled Lampetia to the Sun  
 At once with tidings of his slaughter'd beeves  
 And he, incensed, the Immortals thus address'd 440  
 Jove, and ye everlasting Powers divine !  
 Avenge me instant on the crew profane  
 Of Laertiades , Ulysses' friends  
 Have dared to slay my beeves, which I with joy  
 Beheld, both when I climb'd the starry heavens, 445  
 And when to earth I sloped my "westring wheels,"  
 But if they yield me not amercement due  
 And honourable for my loss, to Hell  
 I will descend, and give the ghosts my beams.  
 Then thus the cloud-assembler God replied 450  
 Sun ! shine thou still on the Immortal powers,  
 And on the teeming earth, frail man's abode  
 My candent bolts can in a moment reach  
 And split their flying bark in the mid-sea  
 These things Calypso told me, taught herself, 455  
 By herald Heimes, as she oft affirm'd  
 But when, descending to the shore, I reach'd  
 At length my bark, with aspect stern and tone  
 I reprimanded them, yet no redress  
 Could frame or remedy—the beeves were dead 460  
 Soon follow'd signs portentous sent from heaven  
 The skins all crept, and on the spits the flesh  
 Both roast and raw bellow'd, as with the voice  
 Of living beeves Thus my devoted friends  
 Driving the fattest oven of the Sun, 465  
 Feasted six days entire , but when the seventh  
 By mandate of Saturnian Jove appeared,  
 The storm then ceased to rage, and we, again  
 Embarking, launch'd our galley, rear'd the mast,  
 And gave our unfurl'd canvas to the wind 470  
 The island left afar, and other land  
 Appearing none, but sky alone and sea,  
 Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove  
 Hung a cœrulean cloud, darkening the Deep  
 Not long my vessel ran, for blowing wild, 475

Now came shrill Zephyrus ; a stormy gust  
 Snapp'd sheer the shrouds on both sides ; backward fell  
 The mast, and with loose tackle strew'd the hold ;  
 Striking the pilot in the stern, it crush'd  
 His skull together ; he a diver's plunge 480  
 Made downward, and his noble spirit fled.  
 Meantime, Jove thundering, hurl'd into the ship  
 His bolts ; she, smitten by the fires of Jove,  
 Quaked all her length ; with sulphur fill'd she reek'd,  
 And o'er her sides headlong my people plunged 485  
 Like sea-mews, interdicted by that stroke  
 Of wrath divine to hope their country more.  
 But I the vessel still paced to and fro,  
 Till, sever'd by the boisterous waves, her sides  
 Forsook the keel now left to float alone. 490  
 Snapp'd where it join'd the keel the mast had fallen,  
 But fell encircled with a leathern brace,  
 Which it retained ; binding with this the mast  
 And keel together, on them both I sat,  
 Borne helpless onward by the dreadful gale. 495  
 And now the West subsided, and the South  
 Arose instead, with misery charged for me,  
 That I might measure back my course again  
 To dire Charybdis. All night long I drove,  
 And when the sun arose, at Scylla's rock 500  
 Once more, and at Charybdis' gulf arrived.  
 It was the time when she absorb'd profound  
 The briny flood, but by a wave upborne  
 I seized the branches fast of the wild-fig<sup>2</sup>.  
 To which, bat-like, I clung ; yet where to fix 505  
 My foot secure found not, or where to ascend,  
 For distant lay the roots, and distant shot  
 The largest arms erect into the air,  
 O'ershadowing all Charybdis ; therefore hard  
 I clench'd the boughs, till she disgorged again 510  
 Both keel and mast. Not undesired by me  
 They came, though late ; for at what hour the judge,  
 After decision made of numerous strifes<sup>3</sup>  
 Between young candidates for honour, leaves

<sup>2</sup> See line 129.

<sup>3</sup> He had therefore held by the fig-tree from sun-rise till afternoon.

The forum for refreshment' sake at home, 515  
Then was it that the mast and keel emerged  
Deliver'd to a voluntary fall,  
Fast by those beams I dash'd into the flood,  
And seated on them both, with oarv palms  
Impell'd them, nor the Sue of Gods and men 520  
Permitted Scylla to discern me more,  
Else had I perish'd by her fangs at last  
Nine days I floated thence, and on the tenth  
Dark night, the Gods convey'd me to the isle  
Ogygia, habitation of divine 525  
Calypso, by whose hospitable aid  
And assiduity my strength revived.  
But wherefore this ? ye have already learn'd  
That history, thou and thy illustrious spouse,  
I told it yesterday, and hate a tale 530  
Once amply told, then, needless, traced again

## BOOK XIII.

## A R G U M E N T

Ulysses having finished his narrative, and received additional presents from the Phæacians, embarks, he is conveyed in his sleep to Ithaca, and in his sleep is landed on that island The ship that carried him is, in her return, transformed by Neptune to a rock

Minerva meets him on the shore, enables him to recollect his country, which, till enlightened by her, he believed to be a country strange to him, and they concert together the means of destroying the suitors The Goddess then repairs to Sparta, to call thence Telemachus, and Ulysses, by her aid disguised like a beggar, proceeds toward the cottage of Eumæus

HE ceased, the whole assembly silent sat,  
Charm'd into ecstasy with his discourse  
Throughout the twilight hall Then, thus the King.

Ulysses, since beneath my brazen dome  
Sublime thou hast arrived, like woes, I trust, 5  
Thou shalt not in thy voyage hence sustain  
By tempests tost, though much to woe inured  
To you, who daily in my palace quaff  
Your princely meed of generous wine, and hear  
The sacred bard, my pleasure thus I speak 10  
The robes, wrought gold, and all the other gifts  
To this our guest, by the Phæacian Chiefs  
Brought hither, in the sumptuous coffer lie  
But come—present ye to the stranger, each,  
An ample tripod also, with a vase 15  
Of smaller size, for which we will be paid  
By public impost, for the charge of all  
Excessive were by one alone defray'd

So spake Alcinous, and his counsel pleased,  
Then, all retiring, sought repose at home 20  
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
Look'd rosy forth, each hasted to the bark

With his illustrious present, which the might  
 Of King Alcinous, who himself her sides  
 Ascended, safe beneath the seats bestowed, 25  
 Lest it should harm or hinder, while he toil'd  
 In rowing, some Phæacian of the crew  
 The palace of Alcinous seeking next,  
 Together, they prepared a new regale.

For them, in sacrifice, the 'sacred might 30  
 Of King Alcinous slew an ox to Jove  
 Saturnian, cloud-girt governor of all  
 The thighs with fire prepared, all glad partook  
 The noble feast, meantime the bard divine  
 Sang, sweet Demodocus, the people's joy 35  
 But oft Ulysses to the radiant sun  
 Turn'd wistful eyes, anxious for his decline,  
 Nor longer, now, patient of dull delay  
 As when some hungry swain whose sable beeves  
 Have through the fallow dragg'd his ponderous plough 40  
 All day, the setting sun views with delight  
 For supper' sake, which with tired feet he seeks,  
 So welcome to Ulysses' eyes appear'd  
 The sun-set of that eve, directing, then,  
 His speech to maritime Phæacia's sons, 45  
 But to Alcinous chiefly, thus he said

Alcinous, o'er Phæacia's realm supreme !  
 Libation made, dismiss ye me in peace,  
 And farewell all ! for what I wish'd, I have,  
 Conductors hence, and honourable gifts 50  
 With which heaven prosper me ! and may the Gods  
 Vouchsafe to me, at my return, to find  
 All safe, my spotless consort and my friends !  
 May ye, whom here I leave, gladden your wives  
 And see your children blest, and may the Powers 55  
 Immortal with all good enrich you all,  
 And from calamity preserve the land !

He ended, they unanimous, his speech  
 Applauded loud, and bade dismiss the guest  
 Who had so wisely spoken and so well 60  
 Then thus Alcinous to his herald spake  
 Pontonous ! charging high the beaker, bear

<sup>1</sup> Ἱερὸν μένος Ἀλκινόοιο.

To every guest beneath our roof the wine,  
 That, prayer preferred to the eternal Sue,  
 We may dismiss our inmate to his home 65

Then bore Pontonous to every guest  
 The humming cup, they, where they sat, perform'd  
 Libation due, but the illustrious Chief  
 Ulysses, from his seat arising, placed  
 A massy goblet in Areta's hand, 70

To whom in accents wing'd, grateful, he said  
 Farewell, O Queen, a long farewell, till age  
 Arrive, and death, the appointed lot of all!  
 I go, but be this people, and the King  
 Alcinous, and thy progeny, thy joy 75  
 Yet many a year beneath this glorious roof!

So saying, the Hero through the palace-gate  
 Issued, whom, by Alcinous' command,  
 The royal herald to his vessel led  
 Three maidens also of Areta's train 80

His steps attended, one, the robe well-bleach'd  
 And tunic bore, the corded coffee, one,  
 And food the third, with wine of crimson hue.

Arriving where the galley rode, each gave  
 Her charge to some brave mariner on board, 85  
 And all was safely stow'd. Meantime were spread

Linen and arras on the deck astern,  
 For his secure repose And now the Chief  
 Himself embarking, silent laid him down  
 Then every rower to his bench repair'd, 90

They drew the loosen'd cable from its hold  
 In the drill'd rock, and resupine, at once  
 With lusty strokes upturn'd the flashing waves.  
 His eye-lids soon sleep, falling as a dew,  
 Closed fast, death's simular, in sight the same. 95

She, as four harness'd stallions o'er the plain  
 Shooting together at the scourge's stroke,  
 Toss high then manes, and rapid scour along,  
 So mounted she the waves, while dark the flood  
 Roll'd after her of the resounding Deep 100

Steady she ran and safe, passing in speed  
 The falcon, swiftest of the fowls of heaven,  
 With such rapidity she cut the waves,

An Hero bearing like the Gods above  
In wisdom, one familiar long with woe 105  
In fight sustain'd, and on the perilous flood,  
Though sleeping now serenely, and resign'd  
To sweet oblivion of all sorrow past.  
The brightest star of heaven, precursor chief  
Of day-spring, now arose, when at the isle 110  
(Her voyage soon perform'd) the bark arrived  
There is a port sacred in Ithaca  
To Phorcys, hoary ancient of the Deep,  
Form'd by converging shores, prominent both  
And both abrupt, which from the spacious bay 115  
Exclude all boisterous winds ; within it, ships  
(The port once gain'd) uncabled ride secure  
An olive, at the haven's head, expands  
Her branches wide, near to a pleasant cave  
Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named 120  
The Naiads In that cave beakers of stone  
And jars are seen , bees lodge their honey there ,  
And there, on slender spindles of the rock  
The nymphs of rivers weave then wondrous robes  
Perennial springs water it, and it shows 125  
A twofold entrance , ingress one affords  
To mortal man, which Northward looks direct,  
But holier is the Southern far , by that  
No mortal enters, but the Gods alone  
Familiar with that port before, they push'd 130  
The vessel in , she, rapid, plough'd the sands  
With half her keel, such rowers urged her on  
Descending from the well-bench'd bark ashore,  
They lifted forth Ulysses first, with all  
His splendid couch complete, then laid him down, 135  
Still wrapt in balmy slumber, on the sands  
His treasures next, by the Phæacian Chiefs  
At his departure given him as the meed  
Due to his wisdom, at the olive's foot  
They heap'd, without the road, lest while he slept 140  
Some passing traveller should rifle them  
Then homeward thence they sped Nor Ocean's God  
His threats forgot denounced against divine  
Ulysses, but with Jove thus first advised.



Eternal Sire ! I shall no longer share 145  
 Respect and reverence among the Gods,  
 Since now Phæacia's mortal race have ceased  
 To honour me, though from myself derived  
 It was my purpose, that by many an ill  
 Harass'd, Ulysses should have reach'd his home, 150  
 Although to intercept him, whose return  
 Thyself had promised, ne'er was my intent  
 But him fast-sleeping swiftly o'er the waves  
 They have conducted, and have set him down  
 In Ithaca, with countless gifts enrich'd, 155  
 With brass, and tissued raiment, and with gold,  
 Much treasure ! more than he had home convey'd  
 Even had he arrived with all his share  
 Allotted to him of the spoils of Troy.

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied. 160  
 What hast thou spoken, Shaker of the shores,  
 Wide-ruling Neptune ? Fear not, thee the Gods  
 Will ne'er despise, dangerous were the deed  
 To cast dishonour on a God by birth  
 More ancient, and more potent far than they. 165  
 But if, profanely rash, a mortal man  
 Should dare to slight thee, to avenge the wrong  
 Some future day is ever in thy power  
 Accomplish all thy pleasure, thou art free

Him answer'd then the Shaker of the shores 170  
 Jove cloud-enthroned ! that pleasure I would soon  
 Perform as thou hast said, but that I watch  
 Thy mind continual, fearful to offend  
 My purpose is, now to destroy amid  
 The dreary Deep yon fair Phæacian bark, 175  
 Return'd from safe conveyance of her freight,  
 So shall they waft such wanderers home no more,  
 And she shall hide their city, to a rock  
 Transform'd of mountainous o'ershadowing size

Him then Jove answer'd, gatherer of the clouds 180  
 Perform it, O my brother, and the deed  
 Thus done, shall best be done, —What time the people  
 Shall from the city her approach descry,  
 Fix her to stone transform'd, but still in shape  
 A gallant bark near to the coast, that all 185

May wonder, seeing her transform'd to stone  
Of size to hide their city from the view

These words once heard, the Shaker of the shoes  
Instant to Scheria, maritime abode

Of the Phæacians, went Arrived, he watch'd 190

And now the flying bark full near approach'd,  
When Neptune, meeting her, with outspread palm

Depress'd her at a stroke, and she became  
Deep-rooted stone Then Neptune went his way

Phæacia's ship-ennobled sons meantime 195

Conferring stood, and thus in accents wing'd,  
The amazed spectator to his fellow spake

Ah ! who hath sudden check'd the vessel's course  
Homeward ? This moment she was all in view

Thus they, unconscious of the cause, to whom 200  
Alcinous, instructing them, replied

Ye Gods ! a prophecy now strikes my mind

With force, my father's He was wont to say—

Neptune resents it, that we safe conduct

Natives of every region to their home 205

He also spake, prophetic, of a day

When a Phæacian gallant bark, return'd

After conveyance of a stranger hence,

Should perish in the dreary Deep, and changed

To a huge mountain, cover all the town 210

So spake my father, all whose words we see

This day fulfill'd Thus, therefore, act we all

Unanimous, henceforth no longer bear

The stranger home, when such shall here arrive,

And we will sacrifice, without delay, 215

Twelve chosen bulls to Neptune, if, perchance,

He will commiserate us, and forbear

To hide our town behind a mountain's height

He spake, they, terrified, the bulls prepared

Thus all Phæacia's Senators and Chiefs 220

His altar compassing, in prayer adored

The Ocean's God Meantime Ulysses woke,

Unconscious where, stretch'd on his native soil

He lay, and knew it not, long time exiled

For Pallas, progeny of Jove, a cloud 225

Drew dense around him, that ere yet agnized

By others, he might wisdom learn from her,  
 Neither to citizens, nor yet to friends  
 Reveal'd, nor even to his own espoused,  
 Till, first, he should avenge complete his wrongs 230  
 Domestic from those suitors proud sustain'd  
 All objects, therefore, in the Hero's eyes  
 Seem'd alien, foot paths long, commodious ports,  
 Heaven-climbing rocks, and trees of amplest growth  
 Arising, fixt he stood, his native soil 235  
 Contemplating, till with expanded palms  
 Both thighs he smote, and plaintive thus began  
 Ah me ! what mortal race inhabits here ?  
 Rude are they, contumacious and unjust,  
 Or hospitable, and who fear the Gods ? 240  
 Where now shall I secrete these numerous stores ?  
 Where wander I, myself ? I would that still  
 Phæacians own'd them, and I had arrived  
 In the dominions of some other King  
 Magnanimous, who would have entertain'd 245  
 And sent me to my native home secure !  
 Now, neither know I where to place my wealth,  
 Nor can I leave it here, lest it become  
 Another's prey Alas ! Phæacia's Chiefs  
 Not altogether wise I deem or just, 250  
 Who have misplaced me in another land,  
 Promised to bear me to the pleasant shores  
 Of Ithaca, but have not so perform'd  
 Jove, guardian of the suppliant's rights, who all  
 Transgressors marks, and punishes all wrong, 255  
 Avenge me on the treacherous race !—but hold—  
 I will revise my stores, so shall I know  
 If they have left me here of aught despoil'd  
 So saying, he number'd carefully the gold,  
 The vases, tripods bright, and tissued robes, 260  
 But nothing miss'd of all Then he bewail'd  
 His native isle, with pensive steps and slow  
 Pacing the border of the billowy flood,  
 Foin'd, but while he wept, Pallas approach'd,  
 In form a shepherd striding, gulish tan 265  
 In feature, such as are the sons of Kings,  
 A sumptuous mantle o'er his shoulders hung

Twice-folded, sandals his nice feet upboar,  
 And a smooth javelin glitter'd in his hand  
 Ulysses, joyful at the sight, his steps  
 Turn'd brisk toward her, whom he thus address'd 270

Sweet youth ! since thee, of all mankind, I first  
 Encounter in this land unknown, all hail !  
 Come not with purposes of harm to me !  
 These save, and save me also I prefer 275  
 To thee, as to some God, my prayer, and clasp  
 Thy knees a suppliant Say, and tell me true,  
 What land ? what people ? who inhabit here ?  
 Is this some isle delightful, or a shore  
 Of fruitful main-land sloping to the sea ? 280

Then Pallas thus, Goddess cœrulean-eyed  
 Stranger ! thou sure art simple, or hast dwelt  
 Far distant hence, if of this land thou ask  
 It is not, trust me, of so little note,  
 But known to many, both to those who dwell 285  
 Toward the sun-rise, and to others placed  
 Behind it, distant in the dusky West  
 Rugged it is, not yielding level course  
 To the swift steed, and yet no barren spot,  
 However small, but rich in wheat and wine 290  
 Nor wants it rain or fertilizing dew,  
 But pasture green to goats and bees affords,  
 Trees of all kinds, and fountains never dry  
 Ithaca therefore, stranger, is a name  
 Known even at Troy, a city, by report, 295  
 At no small distance from Achæa's shore

The Goddess ceased, then, toil-enduring Chast  
 Ulysses, happy in his native land,  
 (So taught by Pallas, progeny of Jove)  
 In accents wing'd her answering, utter'd prompt 300  
 Not truth, but figments to truth opposite,  
 For guile in him stood never at a pause

O'er yonder flood, even in spacious<sup>2</sup> Crete  
 I heard of Ithaca, where now, it seems,  
 I have myself with these my stores arrived, 305

<sup>2</sup> Homer dates all the fictions of Ulysses from Crete, as if he meant to pass a similar censure on the Cretans to that quoted by St. Paul—*ἐογγεγονεὶ ψευσαι*

Not richer stores than, flying thence, I left  
 To my own children, for from Crete I fled  
 For slaughter of Oisilochus the swift,  
 Son of Idomeneus, whom none in speed  
 Could equal throughout all that spacious isle 310  
 His purpose was to plunder me of all  
 My Trojan spoils, which to obtain much woe  
 I had in battle and by storms endured,  
 For that I would not gratify his Sue,  
 Fighting beside him in the fields of Troy, 315  
 But led a different band Him from the field  
 Returning homeward, with my brazen spear  
 I smote, in ambush waiting his return  
 At the road-side, with a confederate friend  
 Unwonted darkness over all the heavens 320  
 That night prevailed, nor any eye of man  
 Observed us, but unseen I slew the youth  
 No sooner then with my sharp spear of life  
 I had bereft him, than I sought a ship  
 Mann'd by renown'd Phæacians, whom with gifts 325  
 Part of my spoils, and by requests, I won  
 I bade them land me on the Pylan shore,  
 Or in fair Elis by the Epeans ruled,  
 But they, reluctant, were by violent winds  
 Driven devious thence, for fraud they purposed none 330  
 Thus through constraint we here arrived by night,  
 And with much difficulty push'd the ship  
 Into safe harbour, nor was mention made  
 Of food by any, though all needed food,  
 But disembark'd in haste, on shore we lay 335  
 I, weary, slept profound, and they my goods  
 Forth heaving from the bark, beside me placed  
 The treasures on the sea-beach, where I slept,  
 Then reimbarking, to the populous coast  
 Steer'd of Sidonia, and me left forlorn 340  
 He ceased, then smiled Minerva azure-eyed  
 And stroked his cheek, in form a woman now,  
 Beauteous, majestic, in all elegant arts  
 Accomplish'd, and with accents wing'd replied  
 Who passes thee in artifice well-framed 345  
 And in imposture various, need shall find

Of all his policy, although a God  
 Canst thou not cease, inventive as thou art  
 And subtle, from the wiles which thou hast loved  
 Since thou wast infant, and from tricks of speech 350  
 Delusive, even in thy native land ?  
 But come, dismiss we these ingenious shifts  
 From our discourse, in which we both excel,  
 For thou of all men in expedients most  
 Abound'st and eloquence, and I, throughout 355  
 All heaven have praise for wisdom and for art.  
 And know'st thou not thine Athenæan aid,  
 Pallas, Jove's daughter, who in all thy toils  
 Assist thee and defend ? I gave thee power  
 To engage the hearts of all Phæacia's sons, 360  
 And here arrive even now, counsels to frame  
 Discreet with thee, and to conceal the stores  
 Given to thee by the rich Phæacian Chiefs  
 On my suggestion, at thy going thence  
 I will inform thee also what distress 365  
 And hardship under thy own palace-roof  
 Thou must endure, which since constraint enjoins,  
 Bear patiently, and neither man apprise  
 Nor woman that thou hast arrived toiling  
 And vagabond, but silent undergo 370  
 What wrongs soever from the hands of men  
 To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied  
 O Goddess ! thou art able to elude,  
 Wherever met, the keenest eye of man,  
 For thou all shap'st assumest, yet this I know 375  
 Certainly, that I ever found thee kind,  
 Long as Achaia's Heroes fought at Troy,  
 But when (the lofty towers of Priam laid  
 In dust) we re-embark'd, and by the will  
 Of heaven Achaia's fleet was scatter'd wide, 380  
 Thenceforth, O daughter wise of Jove, I thee  
 Saw not, nor thy appearance in my ship  
 Once mark'd, to rid me of my numerous woes,  
 But always bearing in my breast a heart  
 With anguish riven, I roam'd, till by the Gods 385  
 Relieved at length, and till with gracious words  
 Thyself didst in Phæacia's opulent land

Confirm my courage, and becamest my guide.

But I adjure thee in thy father's name—

O tell me truly, (for I cannot hope 380

That I have reach'd fair Ithaca, I tread

Some other soil, and thou affirm'st it mine

To mock me merely, and deceive,) oh say—

Am I in Ithaca? in truth, at home?

Thus then Minerva the cœrulean-eyed. 395

Such caution ever in thy breast prevails

Distrustful, but I know thee eloquent,

With wisdom and with ready thought endued,

And cannot leave thee therefore thus distress'd

For what man, save Ulysses, new-return'd 400

After long wanderings, would not pant to see

At once his home, his children, and his wife?

But thou preferr'st neither to know nor ask

Concerning them, till some experience first

Thou make of her whose wasted youth is spent 405

In barren solitude, and who in tears

Ceaseless her nights and woful days consumes

I ne'er was ignorant, but well foreknew

That not till after loss of all thy friends

Thou should'st return, but loth I was to oppose 410

Neptune, my father's brother, sore incensed

For his son's sake, deprived of sight by thee

But I will give thee proof—come now—survey

These marks of Ithaca, and be convinced

This is the port of Phorcys, sea-born sage, 415

That, the huge olive at the haven's head,

Fast by it, thou behold'st the pleasant cove

Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named

The Naiads, this the broad-arch'd cavern is

Where thou wast wont to offer to the nymphs 420

Many a whole hecatomb, and yonder stands

The mountain Neritus with forests clothed

So saying, the Goddess scatter'd from before

His eyes all darkness, and he knew the land

Then felt Ulysses, Hero toil-inured, 425

Transport unutterable, seeing plain

Once more his native isle He kiss'd the glebe,

And with uplifted hands the nymphs adored

Nymphs, Naiads, Jove's own daughters ! I despan'd  
 To see you more, whom yet with happy vows 430  
 I now can hail again Gifts, as of old,  
 We will hereafter at your shrines present,  
 If Jove-born Pallas, huntress of the spoils,  
 Grant life to me, and manhood to my son

Then Pallas, blue-eyed progeny of Jove 435  
 Take courage, trouble not thy mind with thoughts  
 Now needless Haste—delay not—far within  
 This hallow'd cave's recess place we at once  
 Thy precious stores, that they may thine remain,  
 Then muse together on thy wisest course 440

So saying, the Goddess enter'd deep the cave  
 Caliginous, and its secret nooks explored  
 From side to side, meantime Ulysses brought  
 All his stores into it, the gold, the brass,  
 And robes magnificent, his gifts received 445  
 From the Phæacians, safe he lodged them all,  
 And Pallas, daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd,  
 Closed fast, herself, the cavern with a stone

Then, on the consecrated olive's root  
 Both seated, they in consultation plann'd 450  
 The deaths of those injurious suitors proud,  
 And Pallas, blue-eyed Goddess, thus began.

Laertes' noble son, Ulysses ! think  
 By what means likeliest thou shalt assail  
 Those shameless suitors, who have now control'd 455  
 Three years thy family, thy matchless wife  
 With language amorous and with spousal gifts  
 Urging importunate, but she, with tears  
 Watching thy wish'd return, hope gives to all  
 By messages of promise sent to each, 460  
 Flaming far other purposes the while

Then answer thus Ulysses wise return'd  
 Ah, Agamemnon's miserable fate  
 Had surely met me in my own abode,  
 But for thy gracious warning, power divine ! 465  
 Come then—Devise the means, teach me, thyself,  
 The way to vengeance, and my soul inspire  
 With daring fortitude, as when we loosed  
 Her radiant frontlet from the brows of Troy



Would'st thou with equal zeal, O Pallas ! and	470
Thy servant here, I would encounter thrice	
An hundred enemies, let me but perceive	
Thy dread divinity my prompt ally	
Him answer'd then Pallas cœrulean-eyed	
And such I will be , not unmark'd by me,	475
(Let once our time of enterprize arrive)	
Shalt thou assail them    Many, as I judge,	
Of those proud suitors who devour thy wealth	
Shall leave their brains then on thy palace-floor	
But come    Behold ! I will disguise thee so	480
That none shall know thee , I will parch the skin	
On thy fair body , I will cause thee shed	
Thy wavy locks , I will enfold thee round	
In such a kirtle as the eyes of all	
Shall loathe to look on, and I will deform	485
With blurring rheums thy eyes, so vivid erst ,	
So shall the suitors deem thee, and thy wife,	
And thy own son whom thou didst leave at home,	
Some sordid wretch obscure    But seek thou first	
Thy swine-herd's mansion , he, alike, intends	490
Thy good, and loves affectionate thy son	
And thy Penelope , thou shalt find the swain	
Tending his herd , they feed beneath the rock	
Corax, at side of Arethusa's fount,	
On acorns dieted, nutritious food	495
To them, and drinking of the limpid stream	
There waiting, question him of thy concerns,	
While I from Sparta praised for women fair	
Call home thy son Telemachus, a guest	
With Menelaus now, whom to consult	500
In spacious Lacedæmon he is gone,	
Anxious to learn if yet his father lives	
To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied	
And why, alas ! all-knowing as thou art,	
Him left'st thou ignorant ? was it that he,	505
He also, wand'ring wide the barren Deep,	
Might suffer woe, while these devour his wealth ?	
Him answer'd then Pallas cœrulean-eyed	
Grieve thou not much for him    I sent him forth	
Myself, that there arrived, he might acquire	510

Honour and fame    No sufferings finds he there,  
But in Atrides' palace safe resides,  
Enjoying all abundance    Him, in truth,  
The suitors watch close ambush'd on the Deep,  
Intent to slay him ere he reach his home,    515  
But shall not as I judge, till of themselves  
The earth hide some who make thee, now, a prey

    So saying, the Goddess touch'd him with a wand  
At once o'er all his agile limbs she parch'd  
The polish'd skin, she wither'd to the root    520  
His wavy locks, and clothed him with the hide  
Deform'd of wrinkled age, she charged with rheums  
His eyes before so vivid, and a cloak  
And kirtle gave him, tatter'd both, and foul,  
And smutch'd with smoke, then casting over all    525  
An huge old deer-skin bald, with a long staff  
She furnish'd him, and with a wallet patch'd  
On all sides, dangling by a twisted thong

    Thus all their plan adjusted, different ways  
They took, and she, seeking Ulysses' son,    530  
To Lacedæmon's spacious realm repair'd

## BOOK XIV.

## A R G U M E N T.

Ulysses arriving at the house of Eumæus, is hospitably entertained, and spends the night there.

LEAVING the haven-side, he turn'd his steps  
 Into a rugged path, which over hills  
 Mantled with trees led him to the abode  
 By Pallas mention'd of his noble<sup>1</sup> friend  
 The swine-herd, who of all Ulysses' train 5  
 Watch'd with most diligence his rural stores.  
 Him sitting in the vestibule he found  
 Of his own airy lodge commodious, built  
 Amidst a level lawn That structure neat  
 Eumæus, in the absence of his Lord, 10  
 Had raised, himself, with stones from quarries hewn,  
 Unaided by Laertes or the Queen  
 With tangled thorns he fenced it safe around,  
 And with contiguous stakes riven from the trunks  
 Of solid oak black-grain'd hemm'd it without 15  
 Twelve pens he made within, all side by side,  
 Lanes for his swine, and fast-immured in each  
 Lay fifty pregnant females on the floor  
 The males all slept without, less numerous far,  
 Thinn'd by the princely wooers at their feasts 20  
 Continual, for to them he ever sent  
 The fattest of his saginated charge  
 Three hundred, still, and sixty brawns remained.  
 Four mastiffs in adjoining kennels lay,  
 Resembling wild beasts, nourish'd at the board 25  
 Of the illustrious steward of the styes

<sup>1</sup> Δῖος ὑφ' ὀρέβορος — The swine herd's was therefore in those days, and in that country, an occupation honourable as well as useful Baines deems the epithet Δῖος significant of his noble birth Vide Clarke in loco

Himself sat fitting sandals to his feet,  
 Carved from a stain'd ox-hide    Four hinds he kept,  
 Now busied here and there, three in the pens  
 Were occupied, meantime, the fourth had sought    30  
 The city, whither, for the suitors' use,  
 With no good-will, but by constraint, he drove  
 A boar, that sacrificing to the Gods,  
 The imperious guests might on his flesh regale  
     Soon as those clamorous watch-dogs the approach    35  
 Saw of Ulysses, baying loud, they ran  
 Toward him, he, as ever, well-advised,  
 Squatted, and let his staff fall from his hand.  
 Yet foul indignity he had endured  
 Even there, at his own farm, but that the swain,    40  
 Following his dogs in haste, sprang through the porch  
 To his assistance, letting fall the hide.  
 With chiding voice and vollied stones he soon  
 Drove them apart, and thus his Lord bespake  
     Old man ! one moment more, and these my dogs    45  
 Had, past doubt, worried thee, who should'st have proved,  
 So slain, a source of obloquy to me  
 But other pangs the Gods, and other woes  
 To me have given, who here lamenting sit  
 My godlike master, and his fatted swine    50  
 Nourish for others' use, while he, perchance,  
 A wanderer in some foreign city seeks  
 Fit sustenance, and none obtains, if still  
 Indeed he live, and view the light of day.  
 But, old friend ! follow me into the house,    55  
 That thou, at least, with plenteous food refresh'd,  
 And cheer'd with wine sufficient, may'st disclose  
 Both who thou art, and all that thou hast borne  
     So saying, the generous swine-herd introduced  
 Ulysses, and thick bundles spread of twigs    60  
 Beneath him, cover'd with the shaggy skin  
 Of a wild goat, of which he made his couch  
 Easy and large, the Hero, so received,  
 Rejoiced, and thus his gratitude express'd  
     Jove grant thee and the Gods above, my host,    65  
 For such beneficence thy chief desire !  
     To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.

My guest ! I should offend, treating with scorn  
 The stranger, though a poorer should arrive  
 Than even thyself , for all the poor that are, 70  
 And all the strangers are the care of Jove  
 Little, and with good will, is all that lies  
 Within my scope , no man can much expect  
 From servants living in continual fear  
 Under young masters , for the Gods, no doubt, 75  
 Have intercepted my own Lord's return,  
 From whom great kindness I had, else, received,  
 With such a recompense as servants gain  
 From generous masters, house and competence,  
 And lovely wife from many a wooer won, 80  
 Whose industry should have requited well  
 His goodness, with such blessing from the Gods  
 As now attends me in my present charge  
 Much had I, therefore, prosper'd, had my Lord  
 Grown old at home , but he hath died.—I would 85  
 That the whole house of Helen, one and all,  
 Might perish too, for she hath many slain  
 Who, like my master, went glory to win  
 For Agamemnon in the fields of Troy  
 So saying, he girdled, quick, his tunic close, 90  
 And issuing, sought the styes , thence bringing two  
 Of the imprison'd herd, he slaughter'd both,  
 Singed them, and slash'd and spitted them, and placed  
 The whole well-roasted banquet, spits and all,  
 Reeking before Ulysses , last with flour 95  
 He sprinkled them, and filling with rich wine  
 His ivy goblet, to his master sat  
 Opposite, whom inviting thus he said  
 Now, eat my guest ! such as a servant may  
 I set before thee, neither large of growth 100  
 Nor fat , the fatted—those the suitors eat,  
 Fearless of heaven, and pitiless of man  
 Yet deeds unjust as theirs the blessed Gods  
 Love not , they honour equity and right  
 Even an hostile band when they invade 105  
 A foreign shore, which by consent of Jove  
 They plunder, and with laden ships depart,  
 Even they with terrors quake of wrath divine

But these are wiser, these must sure have learn'd  
 From some true oracle my master's death, 110  
 Who neither deign with decency to woo,  
 Nor yet to seek their homes, but boldly waste  
 His substance, shameless now, and sparing nought  
 Jove ne'er hath given us yet the night or day  
 When with a single victim, or with two 115  
 They would content them, and his empty jars  
 Witness how fast the squanderers use his wine  
 Time was when he was rich indeed, such wealth  
 No Hero own'd on yonder continent,  
 Nor yet in Ithaca, no twenty Chiefs 120  
 Could match with all their treasures his alone,  
 I tell thee their amount Twelve herds of his  
 The mainland<sup>2</sup> graze, as many flocks of sheep,  
 As many droves of swine, and hirelings there  
 And servants of his own feed for his use, 125  
 As many numerous flocks of goats, his goats  
 (Not fewer than eleven numerous flocks)  
 Here also graze the margin of his fields  
 Under the eye of servants well-approved,  
 And every servant, every day, brings home 130  
 The goat of all his flock largest and best  
 But as for me, I have these swine in charge,  
 Of which, selected with exactest care  
 From all the herd, I send the prime to them  
 He ceased meantime Ulysses ate and drank 135  
 Voracious, meditating, mute, the death  
 Of those proud suitors His repast, at length,  
 Concluded, and his appetite sufficed,  
 Eumæus gave him, charged with wine, the cup  
 From which he drank himself, he, glad, received 140  
 The boon, and in wing'd accents thus began  
 My friend, and who was he, wealthy and brave  
 As thou describest the Chief, who purchased thee?  
 Thou say'st he perish'd for the glory-sake  
 Of Agamemnon Name him, I, perchance, 145  
 May have beheld the Hero None can say

<sup>2</sup> It may be proper to suggest that Ulysses was lord of part of the continent opposite to Ithaca, viz, of the peninsula Nericus or Leuca, which afterward became an island, and is now called Santa Maura F

But Jove and the inhabitants of heaven  
 That I ne'er saw him, and may not impart  
 News of him, I have roam'd through many a clime  
 To whom the noble swineherd thus replied 150  
 Alas, old man! no traveller's tale of him  
 Will gain his consort's credence, or his son's,  
 For wanderers, wanting entertainment, forge  
 Falsehoods for bread, and wilfully deceive  
 No wanderer lands in Ithaca, but he seeks 155  
 With feign'd intelligence my mistress' ear,  
 She welcomes all, and while she questions each  
 Minutely, from her lids lets fall the tear  
 Affectionate, as well beseems a wife  
 Whose mate hath perished in a distant land 160  
 Thou could'st thyself, no doubt, my hoary friend!  
 (Would any furnish thee with decent vest  
 And mantle) fabricate a tale with ease,  
 Yet sure it is that dogs and fowls, long since,  
 His skin have stript, or fishes of the Deep 165  
 Have eaten him, and on some distant shore  
 Whelm'd in deep sands his mouldering bones are laid  
 So hath he perish'd, whence to all his friends,  
 But chiefly to myself, sorrow of heart,  
 For such another Lord, gentle as he, 170  
 Wherever sought, I have no hope to find,  
 Though I should wander even to the house  
 Of my own father—Neither yearns my heart  
 So feelingly (though that desiring too)  
 To see once more my parents and my home, 175  
 As to behold Ulysses yet again  
 Ah stranger! absent as he is, his name  
 Fills me with reverence, for he loved me much,  
 Cared for me much, and though we meet no more,  
 Holds still an elder brother's part in me 180  
 Him answer'd then, the Hero toil-inured  
 My friend! since his return, in thy account,  
 Is an event impossible, and thy mind  
 Always incredulous that hope rejects,  
 I shall not slightly speak, but with an oath.— 185  
 Ulysses comes again, and I demand  
 No more, than that the boon such news deserves,

Be given me soon as he shall reach his home  
Then give me vest and mantle fit for wear,  
Which, ere that hour, much as I need them both, 190  
I neither ask, nor will accept from thee  
For him whom poverty can force aside  
From truth—I hate him as the gates of hell  
Be Jove, of all in heaven, my witness first,  
Then, this thy hospitable board, and last, 195  
The household Gods of the illustrious Chief  
Himself, Ulysses, to whose gates I go,  
That all my words shall surely be fulfill'd  
In this same year Ulysses shall arrive,  
Ere, this month closed, another month succeed, 200  
He shall return, and punish all who dare  
Insult his consort and his noble son

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply  
Old friend! that boon thou ne'er wilt earn from me,  
Ulysses comes no more But thou thy wine 205  
Drink quietly, and let us find, at length,  
Some other theme, recall not this again  
To my remembrance, for my soul is grieved  
Oft as reminded of my honour'd Lord  
Let the oath rest, and let Ulysses come 210  
Even as myself, and as Penelope,  
And as his ancient father, and his son  
Godlike Telemachus, all wish he may  
Ay—there I feel again—nor cease to mourn  
His son Telemachus, who, when the Gods 215  
Had given him growth like a young plant, and I  
Well hoped that nought inferior he should prove  
In person or in mind to his own sire,  
Hath lost, through influence human or divine,  
I know not how, his sober intellect, 220  
And after tidings of his sire is gone  
To far-famed Pylus, his return, meantime,  
In ambush hidden the proud suitors wait,  
That the whole house may perish of renown'd  
Arcesias, named in Ithaca no more 225  
But whether he have fallen or 'scaped, let him  
Rest also, whom Saturnian Jove protect!  
But come, my ancient guest! now let me learn



Thy own afflictions , answer me in truth  
 Who, and whence art thou ? in what city born ? 270  
 Where dwell thy parents ? in what kind of ship  
 Camest thou ? the mariners, why brought they thee  
 To Ithaca ? and of what land are they ?  
 For that on foot thou found'st us not, is sure  
 Him answer'd then Ulysses ever-wise 275  
 I will with truth resolve thee , and if here  
 Within thy cottage sitting, we had wine  
 And food for many a day, and business none  
 But to regale at ease while others toil'd,  
 I could exhaust the year complete, my woes 280  
 Rehearsing, nor at last, rehearse entire  
 My sorrows by the will of heaven sustain'd  
 I boast me sprung from ancestry renown'd  
 In spacious Crete , son of a wealthy sire,  
 Who other sons train'd numerous in his house, 285  
 Born of his wedded wife but he begat  
 Me on his purchased concubine, whom yet  
 Dear as his other sons in wedlock born  
 Castor Hylacides esteem'd and loved,  
 For him I boast my father Him in Crete, 290  
 While yet he lived, all revered as a God,  
 So rich, so prosperous, and so blest was he  
 With sons of highest praise But death, the doom  
 Of all, him bore to Pluto's drear abode,  
 And his illustrious sons among themselves 295  
 Portion'd his goods by lot , to me, indeed,  
 They gave a dwelling, and but little more ,  
 Yet, for my virtuous qualities, I won  
 A wealthy bride, for I was neither vain  
 Nor base, foilorn as thou perceivest me now 300  
 But thou canst guess, I judge, viewing the straw  
 What once was in the ear Ah ! I have borne  
 Much tribulation , heap'd and heavy woes  
 Courage and phalanx-breaking might had I  
 From Mars and Pallas , at what time I diew 305  
 (Planning some dread exploit) an ambush forth  
 Of our most valiant Chiefs, no boding fears  
 Of death seized *me*, but foremost far of all  
 I sprang to fight, and pierced the flying foe

Such was I once in arms But household toils 270  
 Sustain'd for children's sake, and carking cares  
 To enrich a family, were not for me  
 My pleasures were the gallant bark, the din  
 Of battle, the smooth spear and glittering shaft,  
 Objects of dread to others, but which me 275  
 The Gods disposed to love and to enjoy  
 Thus different minds are differently amused,  
 For ere Achaia's fleet had sail'd to Troy,  
 Nine times was I commander of an host  
 Embark'd against a foreign foe, and found 280  
 In all those enterprises great success  
 From the whole booty, first, what pleased me most  
 Choosing, and sharing also much by lot  
 I rapidly grew rich, and had thenceforth  
 Among the Cretans reverence and respect 285  
 But when loud-thundering Jove that voyage dire  
 Ordain'd, which loosed the knees of many a Greek,  
 Then to Idomeneus and me they gave  
 The charge of all their fleet, which how to avoid  
 We found not, so importunate the cry 290  
 Of the whole host impell'd us to the task  
 There fought we nine long years, and in the tenth  
 (Priam's proud city pillaged) steer'd again  
 Our galleys homeward, which the Gods dispersed  
 Then was it that deep-planning Jove devised 295  
 For me much evil One short month, no more,  
 I gave to joys domestic, in my wife  
 Happy, and in my babes, and in my wealth,  
 When the desire seized me with several ships  
 Well-rigg'd, and furnish'd all with gallant crews, 300  
 To sail for Egypt, nine I fitted forth,  
 To which stout mariners assembled fast  
 Six days the chosen partners of my voyage  
 Feasted, to whom I numerous victims gave  
 For sacrifice, and for their own regale 305  
 Embarking on the seventh from spacious Crete,  
 Before a clear breeze prosperous from the North  
 We glided easily along, as down  
 A river's stream, nor one of all my ships  
 Damage incurr'd, but healthy and at ease 310

We sat, while gales well-managed urged us on  
 The fifth day thence, smooth-flowing Nile we reach'd,  
 And safe I moor'd in the Egyptian stream  
 Then, charging all my mariners to keep  
 Strict watch for preservation of the ships, 315  
 I order'd spies into the hill-tops, but they  
 Under the impulse of a spuit rash  
 And hot for quarrel, the well-cultured fields  
 Pillaged of the Egyptians, captive led  
 Their wives and little ones, and slew the men 320  
 Soon was the city alarm'd, and at the cry  
 Down came the citizens, by dawn of day,  
 With horse and foot, and with the gleam of arms  
 Filling the plain Then Jove with panic dread  
 Struck all my people, none found courage more 325  
 To stand, for mischief swarm'd on every side  
 There, numerous by the glittering spear we fell  
 Slaughter'd, while others they conducted thence  
 Alive to servitude But Jove himself  
 My bosom with this thought inspired, (I would 330  
 That, dying, I had first fulfill'd my fate  
 In Egypt, for new woes were yet to come)  
 Loosing my brazen casque, and slipping off  
 My buckler, there I left them on the field,  
 Then cast my spear away, and seeking, next, 335  
 The chariot of the sovereign, clasp'd his knees,  
 And kiss'd them He, by my submission moved,  
 Deliver'd me, and to his chariot-seat  
 Raising, convey'd me weeping to his home  
 With many an ashen spear his warriors sought 340  
 To slay me, (for they now grew fiery-wroth)  
 But he through fear of hospitable Jove,  
 Chief punisher of wrong, saved me alive  
 Seven years I there abode, and much amass'd  
 Among the Egyptians, gifted by them all, 345  
 But, in the eighth revolving year, arrived  
 A shrewd Phœnician, in all fraud adept,  
 Hungry, and who had numerous harm'd before,  
 By whom I also was cajoled, and lured  
 To attend him to Phœnicia, where his house 350  
 And his possessions lay, there I abode

A year complete his inmate , but (the days  
And months accomplish'd of the rolling year,  
And the new seasons entering on their course)  
To Libya then, on board his bark, by wiles 355  
He won me with him, partner of the freight  
Profess'd, but destined secretly to sale,  
That he might profit largely by my price.  
Not unsuspicious, yet constrain'd to go,  
With this man I embark'd A cloudless gale 360  
Propitious blowing from the North, our ship  
Ran right before it through the middle sea,  
In the offing over Crete , but adverse Jove  
Destruction plann'd for them and death the while  
For, Crete now left afar, and other land 365  
Appearing none, but sky alone and sea,  
Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove  
A cloud cœrulean hung, darkening the Deep  
Then thundering oft, he hurl'd into the bark  
His bolts , she smitten by the fires of Jove, 370  
Quaked all her length , with sulphur fill'd she reek'd,  
And o'er her sides precipitated, plunged  
Like gulls the crew, forbidden by that stroke  
Of wrath divine to hope their country more  
But Jove himself, when I had cast away 375  
All hope of life, conducted to my aims  
The strong tall mast, that I might yet escape  
Around that beam I clung, driving before  
The stormy blast Nine days complete I drove,  
And on the tenth dark night, the rolling flood 380  
Immense convey'd me to Thesprotia's shore  
There met me the Hero Phidon, generous King  
Of the Thesprotians, freely entertain'd ,  
For his own son discovering me with toil  
Exhausted and with cold, raised me, and thence 385  
Led me humanely to his father's house,  
Who cherish'd me, and gave me fresh attire.  
There heard I of Ulysses, whom himself  
Had entertain'd, he said, on his return  
To his own land , he shew'd me also gold, 390  
Brass, and bright steel elaborate, whatsoe er  
Ulysses had amass'd, a store to feed

A less illustrious family than his  
 To the tenth generation, so immense  
 His treasures in the royal palace lay 395  
 Himself, he said, was to Dodona gone,  
 There, from the towering oaks of Jove to ask  
 Counsel divine, if openly to land  
 (After long absence) in his opulent realm  
 Of Ithaca, be best, or in disguise 400  
 To me the monarch swore, in his own hall  
 Pouring libation that the ship was launch'd,  
 And the crew ready for his conduct home  
 But me he first dismiss'd, for, as it chanced,  
 A ship lay there of the Thesprotians, bound 405  
 To green Dulchium's isle He bade the crew  
 Bear me to King Acastus with all speed,  
 But them far other thoughts pleased more, and thoughts  
 Of harm to me, that I might yet be plunged  
 In deeper gulfs of woe than I had known 410  
 For when the billow-cleaving bark had left  
 The land remote framing combined a plot  
 Against my liberty, they stipp'd my vest  
 And mantle, and this tatter'd raiment foul  
 Gave me instead, which thy own eyes behold 415  
 At even-tide reaching the cultured coast  
 Of Ithaca, they left me bound on board  
 With tackle of the bark, and quitting ship  
 Themselves, made hasty supper on the shore  
 But me, meantime, the Gods easily loosed 420  
 By their own power, when with this wrapper vile  
 Around my brows, sliding into the sea  
 At the ship's stern, I laid me on the flood  
 With both hands oaring thence my course, I swam  
 Till past all ken of theirs, then landing where 425  
 Thick covert of luxuriant trees I mark'd,  
 Close couchant down I lay, they muttering loud,  
 Paced to and fro, but deeming farther search  
 Unprofitable, soon embark'd again  
 Thus baffling all their search with ease, the Gods 430  
 Conceal'd and led me thence to the abode  
 Of a wise man, dooming me still to live  
 To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply

Alas ! my most compassionate guest !  
Thou hast much moved me by this tale minute 435  
Of thy sad wanderings and thy numerous woes  
But speaking of Ulysses, thou hast pass'd  
All credence , I at least can give thee none  
Why, noble as thou art, should'st thou invent  
Palpable falsehoods ? as for the return 440  
Of my regretted Lord, myself I know  
That had he not been hated by the Gods  
Unanimous, he had in battle died  
At Troy, or (that long doubtful war, at last,  
Concluded) in his people's arms at home 445  
Then universal Greece had raised his tomb,  
And he had even for his son achieved  
Immortal glory , but alas ! by beaks  
Of harpies torn, unseemly sight, he lies  
Here is my home the while , I never seek 450  
The city, unless summon'd by discreet  
Penelope to listen to the news  
Brought by some stranger, whencesoe'er arrived  
Then, all, alike inquisitive, attend,  
Both who regret the absence of our King, 455  
And who rejoice gratuitous to gorge  
His property , but as for me, no joy  
Find I in listening after such reports,  
Since an Ætolian cozen'd me, who found  
(After long wandering over various lands 460  
A fugitive for blood,) my lone retreat  
Him warm I welcom'd and with open arms  
Received, who bold affirm'd that he had seen  
My master with Idomeneus in Ciete  
His ships refitting shatter'd by a storm, 465  
And that in summer with his godlike band  
He would return, bringing great riches home,  
Or else in autumn And thou ancient guest  
Forlorn ! since thee the Gods have hither led,  
Seek not to gratify me with untruths 470  
And to deceive me, since for no such cause  
I shall respect or love thee, but alone  
By pity influenced, and the fear of Jove.

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied

Thou hast, in truth, a most incredulous mind 475  
Whom even with an oath I have not moved,  
Or aught persuaded Come then—let us make  
In terms express a covenant, and the Gods  
Who hold Olympus, witness to us both !  
If thy own Lord at this thy house arrive, 480  
Thou shalt dismiss me decently attired  
In vest and mantle, that I may repair  
Hence to Dulichium, whither I would go  
But if thy Lord come not, then, gathering all  
Thy servants, headlong hurl me from a rock, 485  
That other mendicants may fear to lie  
To whom the generous swine-herd in return  
Yes, stranger ! doubtless I should high renown  
Obtain for virtue among men, both now  
And in all future times, if, having first 490  
Invited thee, and at my board regaled,  
I next should slay thee, then my prayers would mount,  
Past question, swiftly to Saturnian Jove  
But the hour calls to supper, and, ere long,  
The partners of my toils will come prepared 495  
To spread the board with no unsavoury cheer  
Thus they conferr'd And now the swains arrived,  
Driving their charge, which fast they soon enclosed  
Within their customary pens, and loud  
The hubbub was of swine prison'd within 500  
Then call'd the master to his rustic train  
Bring ye the best, that we may set him forth  
Before my friend from foreign climes arrived,  
With whom ourselves will also feast, who find  
The bright tusk'd multitude a painful charge, 505  
While others, at no cost of theirs, consume,  
Day after day, the profit of our toils  
So saying, his wood for fuel he prepared,  
And, dragging thither a well-fatted brawn  
Of the fifth year, his servants held him fast 510  
At the hearth-side Nor fail'd the master swain  
To adore the Gods, (for wise and good was he,)  
But consecration of the victim, first,  
Himself performing, cast into the fire  
The forehead bristles of the tusky boar, 515

Then pray'd to all above, that safe at length,  
 Ulysses might regain his native home  
 Then lifting an huge shive that lay beside  
 The fire, he smote the boar, and dead he fell  
 Next, piercing him, and scorching close his hair, 520  
 They carved him quickly, and Eumæus spread  
 Thin slices crude taken from every limb  
 O'er all his fat, then other slices cast,  
 Sprinkling them first with meal, into the fire  
 The rest they slash'd and scored, and roasted well, 525  
 And placed it, heap'd together, on the board  
 Then rose the good Eumæus to his task  
 Of distribution, for he understood  
 The hospitable entertainer's part  
 Seven-fold partition of the banquet made, 530  
 He gave, with previous prayer, to Maia's<sup>3</sup> son  
 And to the nymphs one portion of the whole,  
 Then served his present guests, honouring first  
 Ulysses with the boar's perpetual chine,  
 By that distinction just his master's heart 535  
 He gratified, and thus the Hero spake  
 Eumæus ' be thou as beloved of Jove  
 As thou art dear to me, whom, though attured  
 So coarsely, thou hast served with such respect '  
 To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply 540  
 Eat, noble stranger ' and refreshment take  
 Such as thou may'st, God<sup>4</sup> gives, and God denies  
 At His own will, for He is Lord of all  
 He said, and to the everlasting Gods  
 The firstlings sacrificed of all, then made 545  
 Libation, and the cup placed in the hands  
 Of city-spoiler Laertiades  
 Sitting beside his own allotted share

<sup>3</sup> Mercury

<sup>4</sup> Θεός—without a relative, and consequently signifying God in the abstract, is not unfrequently found in Homer, though, fearing to give offence to serious minds unacquainted with the original, I have not always given it that force in the translation. But here the sentiment is such as fixes the sense intended by the author with a precision that leaves me no option. It is observable too, that *δυνάται γὰρ πάντα* is an inscription of power such as the poet never makes to his Jupiter



Meantime, Mesaulus bread dispensed to all,  
 Whom in the absence of his Loid, himself 550  
 Eumæus had from Taphian traders bought  
 With his own proper goods, at no expense  
 Either to old Laertes or the Queen  
 And now, all stretch'd their hands toward the feast  
 Reeking before them, and when hunger none 555  
 Felt more or thirst, Mesaulius clear'd the board  
 Then, fed to full satiety, in haste  
 Each sought his couch    Black came a moonless night,  
 And Jove all night descended fast in showers,  
 With howlings of the ever-watery West 560  
 Ulysses, at that sound, for trial's sake  
 Of his good host, if putting off his cloak  
 He would accommodate him, or requite  
 That service for him at some other hand,  
 Addressing thus the family began 565  
     Hear now, Eumæus, and ye other swains  
 His fellow-labourers ! I shall somewhat boast,  
 By wine befool'd, which forces even the wise  
 To carol loud, to titter and to dance,  
 And words to utter, oft better suppress'd 570  
 But since I have begun, I shall proceed,  
 Prating my fill    Ah, might those days return  
 With all the youth and strength that I enjoy'd,  
 When in close ambush, once, at Troy we lay !  
 Ulysses, Menelaus, and myself 575  
 Then chosen coadjutor, led the band.  
 Approaching to the city's lofty wall  
 Through the thick bushes and the reeds that gird  
 The bulwarks, down we lay flat in the marsh,  
 Under our arms    Then, Boreas blowing loud, 580  
 A rueful night came on, frosty and charged  
 With snow that blanched us thick as morning rime,  
 And every shield with ice was crystall'd o'er  
 The rest with cloaks and vests well cover'd, slept  
 Beneath their bucklers, I alone my cloak, 585  
 Improvident, had left behind, no thought  
 Conceiving of a season so severe,  
 Shield and belt, therefore, and nought else had I

Declining in their course, with elbow thrust  
Against Ulysses' side I roused the Chief,  
And thus address'd him ever prompt to hear.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd '  
I freeze to death Help me, or I am lost  
No cloak have I, some evil demon, sure,  
Beguil'd me of all prudence, that I came  
Thus sparsely clad, I shall, I must expire.

So I, he, ready as he was in arms  
And counsel both, the remedy at once  
Devised, and thus, low-whispering, answered me

Hush ! lest perchance some other hear—He said,  
And leaning on his elbow, spake aloud

My friends ! all hear—a monitory dream  
Hath reached me, for we lie far from the ships.  
Haste, therefore, one of you, with my request  
To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, our Chief,  
That he would reinforce us from the camp

He spake, and at the word, Andraemon's son  
Thoas arose, who, casting off his cloak,  
Ran thence toward the ships, and folded warm  
Within it, there lay I till dawn appear'd  
Oh for the vigour of such youth again !

Then, some good peasant here, either for love  
Or for respect, would cloak a man like me,  
Whom, now, thus sordid in attire ye scorn

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply  
My ancient guest ! I cannot but approve  
Thy narrative, nor hast thou uttered aught  
Unseemly, or that needs excuse No want  
Of raiment, therefore, or of aught beside

Needful to solace penury like thine,  
Shall harm thee here, yet at the peep of dawn  
Gird thy own tatters to thy loins again,  
For *we* have no great store of cloaks to boast,  
Or change of vests, but, singly, one for each  
But when Ulysses' son shall once arrive,  
He will himself with vest and mantle both

Clothe thee, and send thee whither most thou would'st.

So saying, he rose, and nearer made his couch  
To the hearth-side, spreading it thick with skins

Of sheep and goats , then lay the Hero down,  
O'er whom a shaggy mantle large he threw,  
Which oft-times served him with a change, when rough  
The winter's blast and terrible arose  
So was Ulysses bedded, and the youths 635  
Slept all beside him , but the master-swain  
Chose not his place of rest so far remote  
From his rude charge, but to the outer court  
With his nocturnal furniture repair'd,  
Gladdening Ulysses' heart that one so true 640  
In his own absence kept his rural stores  
Athwart his sturdy shoulders first he slung  
His faulchion keen, then wrapp'd him in a cloak  
Thick woven, winter proof , he lifted, next,  
The skin of a well-thriven goat, in bulk 645  
Surpassing others, and his javelin took  
Sharp-pointed, with which dogs he drove and men  
Thus arm'd, he sought his wonted couch beneath  
A hollow rock where the herd slept, secure  
From the sharp current of the Northern blast 650

## BOOK XV

## ARGUMENT

Telemachus, admonished by Minerva, takes leave of Menelaus, but ere he sails, is accosted by Theoclymenus, a prophet of Argos, whom at his earnest request he takes on board. In the meantime Eumæus relates to Ulysses the means by which he came to Ithaca. Telemachus arriving there, gives orders for the return of his bark to the city, and repairs himself to Eumæus.

MEANTIME to Lacedæmon's spacious vale  
 Minerva went, that she might summon thence  
 Ulysses' glorious son to his own home  
 Arrived, she found Telemachus reposed  
 And Nestor's son beneath the vestibule 5  
 Of Menelaus, mighty Chief, she saw  
 Pisistratus in bands of gentle sleep  
 Fast bound, but not Telemachus, his mind  
 No rest enjoy'd, by filial cares disturb'd  
 Amid the silent night, when drawing near 10  
 To his couch side, the Goddess thus began  
 Thou canst no longer prudently remain  
 A wanderer here, Telemachus! thy home  
 Abandon'd, and those haughty suitors left  
 Within thy walls; fear lest, partition made 15  
 Of thy possessions, they devour the whole,  
 And in the end thy voyage bootless prove  
 Delay not, from brave Menelaus ask  
 Dismission hence, that thou may'st find at home  
 Thy spotless mother, whom her brethren urge 20  
 And her own father even now to wed  
 Eurymachus, in gifts and in amount  
 Of proffer'd dower superior to them all  
 Some treasure, else, shall haply from thy house  
 Be taken, such as thou wilt grudge to spare 25  
 For well thou know'st how woman is disposed,

Her whole anxiety is to increase  
 His substance whom she weds, no care hath she  
 Of her first children, or remembers more  
 The buried husband of her virgin choice. 30  
 Returning, then, to her of all thy train  
 Whom thou shalt most approve, the charge commit  
 Of thy concerns domestic, till the Gods  
 Themselves shall guide thee to a noble wife.  
 Hear also this, and mark it In the frith 35  
 Samos the rude, and Ithaca between,  
 The chief of all her suitors thy return  
 In vigilant ambush wait, with strong desire  
 To slay thee, ere thou reach thy native shore,  
 But shall not, as I judge, till the earth hide 40  
 Many a lewd reveller at thy expense  
 Yet steer thy galley from those isles afar,  
 And voyage make by night, some guardian God  
 Shall save thee, and shall send thee prosperous gales  
 Then, soon as thou attain'st the nearest shore 45  
 Of Ithaca, dispatching to the town  
 Thy bark with all thy people, seek at once  
 The swine-herd, for Eumæus is thy friend  
 There sleep, and send him forth into the town  
 With tidings to Penelope, that safe 50  
 Thou art restored from Pylus home again  
 She said, and sought the Olympian heights sublime  
 Then, with his heel shaking him, he awoke  
 The son of Nestor, whom he thus address'd.  
 Rise, Nestor's son, Pisistiatu<sup>s</sup> ! lead forth 55  
 The steeds, and yoke them We must now depart  
 To whom the son of Nestor thus replied.  
 Telemachus ! what haste soe'er we feel,  
 We can by no means prudently attempt  
 To drive by night, and soon it will be dawn. 6  
 Stay, therefore, till the Hero, Atreus' son,  
 Spear-practised Menelaus shall his gifts  
 Place in the chariot, and with kind farewell  
 Dismiss thee, for the guest in memory holds  
 Through life, the host who treats him as a friend 60  
 Scarce had he spoken, when the golden dawn

Of beauteous Helen risen, their bed approach'd,  
 Whose coming when Telemachus perceived,  
 Clothing himself hastily in his vest 70  
 Magnificent, and o'er his shoulders broad  
 Casting his graceful mantle, at the door  
 He met the Hero, whom he thus address'd.

Atrides Menelaus, Chief renown'd !  
 Dismiss me hence to Ithaca again, 75  
 My native isle, for I desire to go

Him answer'd Menelaus famed in arms.  
 Telemachus ! I will not long delay  
 Thy wish'd return I disapprove alike  
 The host whose assiduity extreme 80  
 Distresses, and whose negligence offends ,  
 The middle course is best , alike we err,  
 Him thrusting forth whose wish is to remain,  
 And hindering the impatient to depart  
 Thus only is true kindness—To regale 85

The present guest and speed him when he would.  
 Yet stay, till thou shalt see my splendid gifts  
 Placed in thy chariot, and till I command  
 My women from our present stores to spread  
 The table with a plentiful repast 90  
 For both the honour of the guest demands,  
 And his convenience also, that he eat  
 Sufficient, entering on a length of road  
 But if through Hellas thou wilt take thy way  
 And traverse Argos, I will then myself 95  
 Attend thee , thou shalt journey with my steeds  
 Beneath thy yoke, and I will be thy guide  
 To many a city, whence we shall not go  
 Ungratified, but shall in each receive  
 Some gift at least, tripod, or charger bright, 100  
 Or golden chalice, or a pair of mules

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied  
 Atrides Menelaus, Chief renown'd !  
 I would at once depart, (for guardian none  
 Of my possessions have I left behind,) 105  
 Lest, while I seek my father, I be lost  
 Myself, or lose what I should grudge to spare.

Which when the valiant Menelaus heard,

He bade his spouse and maidens spread the board  
 At once with remnants of the last regale 110  
 Then Eteoneus came, Boethus' son  
 Newly arisen, for nigh at hand he dwelt,  
 Whom Menelaus bade kindle the fire  
 By which to dress their food, and he obey'd  
 He, next, himself his fragrant chamber sought, 115  
 Not sole, but by his spouse and by his son  
 Attended, Megapenthes There arrived  
 Where all his treasures lay, Atides, first,  
 Took forth, himself, a goblet, then consign'd  
 To his son's hand an argent beaker bright 120  
 Meantime, beside her coffers Helen stood  
 Where lay her variegated robes, fair works  
 Of her own hand Producing one, in size  
 And in magnificence the chief, a star  
 For splendour, and the lowest place of all, 125  
 Loveliest of her sex, she bore it thence  
 Then, all proceeding through the house, they sought  
 Telemachus again, whom reaching, thus  
 The Hero of the golden locks began  
 May Jove the Thunderer, dread Juno's mate, 130  
 Grant thee, Telemachus, such voyage home  
 As thy own heart desires ' accept from all  
 My stores selected as the richest far  
 And noblest gift for finish'd beauty—This  
 I give thee wrought elaborate a cup, 135  
 Itself all silver, bound with lip of gold.  
 It is the work of Vulcan, which to me  
 The Hero Phædimus imparted, King  
 Of the Sidonians, when on my return,  
 Beneath his roof I lodged. I make it thine 140  
 So saying, the Hero, Atreus' son, the cup  
 Placed in his hands, and Megapenthes set  
 Before him, next, the argent beaker bright,  
 But lovely Helen drawing nigh, the robe  
 Presented to him, whom she thus address'd 145  
 I also give thee, oh my son, a gift,  
 Which seeing, thou shalt think on her whose hands  
 Wrought it, a present on thy nuptial day

In thy own mother's keeping    Now, farewell !  
 Prosperous and happy be thy voyage home !  
 She ceased, and gave it to him, who the gift  
 Accepted glad, and in the chariot-chest  
 Pisisstratus the Hero all disposed,  
 Admiring them the while. They, following, next,  
 The Hero Menelaus to his hall  
 Each on his couch or on his throne reposed  
 A maiden, then, with golden ewer chaiged  
 And silver bowl, pour'd water on their hands,  
 And spread the polish'd table, which with food  
 Various, selected from her present stores,  
 The mistress of the household charge suppld  
 Boetheus' son stood carvei, and to each  
 His portion gave, while Megapenthes, son  
 Of glorious Menelaus, served the cup  
 Then, all with outstretch'd hands the feast assal'd,  
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst of wine  
 They felt, Telemachus and Nestor's son  
 Yoked the swift steeds, and, taking each his seat  
 In the resplendent chariot, drove at once  
 Right through the sounding portico abroad  
 But Menelaus, Hero amber-har'd,  
 A golden cup bearing with richest wine  
 Replete in his right hand, follow'd them forth,  
 That not without libation first perform'd  
 They might depart, he stood before the steeds,  
 And drinking first, thus, couiteous, them bespake  
 Health to you both, young friends ! and from my lips  
 Like greeting bear to Nestor, royal Chief,  
 For he was ever as a father kind  
 To me, while the Achaians warr'd at Troy  
 To whom Telemachus discreet replied  
 And doubtless, so we will, at our return  
 We will report to him, illustrious Prince !  
 Thy every word    And oh, I would to heaven  
 That reaching Ithaca, I might at home  
 Ulysses hail as sure, as I shall hence  
 Depart, with all benevolence by thee  
 Treated, and rich in many a noble gift  
 While thus he spake, on his right hand appear'd



An eagle, in his talons pounced he bore  
 A white-plumed goose domestic, newly taken  
 From the house court Ran females all and males  
 Clamorous after him, but he the steeds  
 Approaching on the right, sprang into air 195  
 That sight rejoicing and with hearts revived  
 They view'd, and thus Pisistratus his speech  
 Amid them all to Menelaus turn'd

Now, Menelaus, think, illustrious Chief!  
 If us, this omen, or thyself regard. 200

While warlike Menelaus musing stood  
 What answer fit to frame, Helen meantime,  
 His spouse long-stoed preventing him, began.

Hear me, for I will answer as the Gods  
 Teach me, and as I think shall come to pass 205  
 As he, descending from his place of birth  
 The mountains, caught our pamper'd goose away,  
 So shall Ulysses, after many woes

And wanderings, to his home restored, avenge  
 His wrongs, or even now is at his home 210  
 For all those suitors sowing seeds of woe

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied  
 Oh grant it Jove, Juno's high-thundering mate!  
 So will I, there arrived, with vow and prayer  
 Thee worship, as thou wert thyself divine 215

He said, and lash'd the couriers, fiery they  
 And fleet, sprang through the city to the plain  
 All day the yoke on either side they shook,  
 Journeying swift, and now the setting sun  
 To gloomy evening had resign'd the roads, 220  
 When they to Pheræ came, and in the house  
 Of good Diocles slept, their liberal host,

Whose sire Orsilocheus from Alpheus sprang  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,  
 Look'd rosy from the East, yoking their steeds, 225  
 They in the sumptuous chariot sat again

Forth through the vestibule they drove, and through  
 The sounding portico, when Nestor's son  
 Plod brisk the scourge, and willing flew the steeds  
 Thus whirl'd along, soon they approach'd the gate 230

Turning to his companion, thus began

How, son of Nestor ! shall I win from thee

Not promise only, but performance kind

Of my request ? we are not bound alone 235

To friendship by the friendship of our sires,

But by equality of years, and this

Our journey shall unite us still the more

Bear me not, I entreat thee, noble friend !

Beyond the ship, but drop me at her side, 240

Lest ancient Nestor, though against my will,

Detain me in his palace through desire

To feast me, for I dread the least delay

He spake, then mused Pisistratus how best

He might effect the wishes of his friend, 245

And thus at length resolved, turning his steeds

With sudden deviation to the shore,

He sought the bark, and placing in the stern

Both gold and raiment, the illustrious gifts

Of Menelaus, thus, in accents wing'd 250

With ardour, urged Telemachus away

Dispatch, embark, summon thy crew on board,

Ere my arrival notice give of thine

To the old King, for vehement I know

His temper, neither will he let thee hence, 255

But, hasting hither, will himself enforce

Thy longer stay, that thou may'st not depart

Ungifted, nought will fire his anger more

So saying, he to the Pylan city urged

His steeds bright-maned, and at the palace-gate 260

Arrived of Nestor speedily, meantime

Telemachus exhorted thus his crew

My gallant friends ! set all your tackle, climb

The sable bark, for I would now return

He spake, they heard him gladly, and at once 265

All fill'd the benches While his voyage he

Thus expedited, and beside the stern

To Pallas sacrifice perform'd and pray'd,

A stranger, born remote, who had escaped

From Argos' fugitive for blood, a seer, 270

And of Melampus' progeny approach'd.

Melampus, in old time, in Pylus dwelt,

Mother of flocks, alike for wealth renown'd  
 And the magnificence of his abode.  
 He, flying from the far-famed Pylian King, 275  
 The mighty Neleus, migrated at length  
 Into another land, whose wealth, the while,  
 Neleus by force possess'd a year complete  
 Meantime, Melampus in the house endured  
 Of Phylacus' imprisonment and woe, 280  
 And burn'd with wrath for Neleus' daughter's sake  
 By fell Erynnis kindled in his heart  
 But 'scaping death, he drove the lowing beeves  
 From Phylace to Pylus, well avenged  
 His numerous injuries at Neleus' hands 285  
 Sustain'd, and gave into his brother's arms  
 King Neleus' daughter fair, the promised bride  
 To Argos steed-renown'd he journey'd next,  
 There destined to inhabit and to rule  
 Multitudes of Achæians In that land 290  
 He married, built a palace, and became  
 Father of two brave sons, Antiphates  
 And Mantius, to Antiphates was born  
 The brave Oicleus, from Oicleus sprang  
 Amphiaræus, demagogue renown'd, 295  
 Whom with all tenderness, and as a friend,  
 Alike the Thunderer and Apollo prized,  
 Yet reach'd he not the bounds of hoary age,  
 But by his mercenary consort's arts  
 Persuaded,<sup>2</sup> met his destiny at Thebes 300  
 He 'gat Alcmaëon and Amphiloehus  
 Mantius was also father of two sons,  
 Clytus and Polyphides. Clytus pass'd  
 From earth to heaven, and dwells among the Gods,

<sup>1</sup> Iphycus, the son of Phylacus, had seized and detained cattle belonging to Neleus, Neleus ordered his nephew Melampus to recover them, and as security for his obedience seized on a considerable part of his possessions. Melampus attempted the service, failed, and was cast into prison, but at length escaping, accomplished his errand, vanquished Neleus in battle, and carried off his daughter Pero, whom Neleus had promised to the brother of Melampus, but had afterward refused her.

<sup>2</sup> His wife Eryphyle, bribed by Polyphides, persuaded him, though aware that death awaited him in that city, to go to Thebes, where he fell accordingly.

Stolen by Aurora for his beauty's sake 305  
 But (brave Amphiaras once deceased)  
 Phœbus exalted Polyphides far  
 Above all others in the prophet's part.  
 He, anger'd by his father, roam'd away  
 To Hyperesia, where he dwelt renown'd 310  
 Throughout all lands the oracle of all

His son, named Theoclymenus, was he  
 Who now approach'd, he found Telemachus  
 Libation offering in his bark, and prayer,  
 And in wing'd accents ardent him address'd 315

Ah, friend! since sacrificing in this place  
 I find thee, by these sacred rites and those  
 Whom thou ador'st, and by thy own dear life,  
 And by the lives of these thy mariners  
 I beg true answer, hide not what I ask. 320  
 Who art thou? whence? where born? and sprung from whom?

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied  
 I will inform thee, stranger! and will solve  
 Thy questions with much truth. I am by birth  
 Ithacan, and Ulysses was my sire 325

But he hath perish'd by a woful death,  
 And I, believing it, with these have plough'd  
 The Ocean hither, interested to learn  
 A father's fate long absent from his home

Then answer'd godlike Theoclymenus 330

I also am a wanderer, having slain  
 A man of my own tribe, brethren and friends  
 Numerous had he in Argos steed-renown'd,  
 And powerful are the Achæans dwelling there  
 From them, through terror of impending death, 335  
 I fly, a banish'd man henceforth for ever  
 Ah, save a suppliant fugitive! lest death  
 Overtake me, for I doubt not then pursuit

Whom thus Telemachus answer'd discreet.  
 I shall not, be assured, since thou desirest 340  
 To join me, chase thee from my bark away  
 Follow me, therefore, and with us partake,  
 In Ithaca, what best the land affords

So saying, he at the stranger's hand received  
 His spear, which on the deck he laid, then climb'd 345

Himself the bark, and seated in the stern,  
 At his own side placed Theoclymenas  
 They cast the hawsers loose, then with loud voice  
 Telemachus exhorted all to hand  
 The tackle, whom his sailors prompt obey'd 350  
 The tall mast heaving, in its socket deep  
 They lodged it, and its cordage braced secure,  
 Then, straining at the halyards, hoisted the sail  
 Fair wind, and blowing fresh through æther pure  
 Minerva sent them, that the bark might run 355  
 Her nimblest course through all the briny way  
 Now sank the sun, and dusky evening dimm'd  
 The waves, when, driven by propitious Jove,  
 His bark stood right for Phœæ, thence she stretch'd  
 To sacred Elis, where the Epeans rule, 360  
 And through the sharp Echinades he next  
 Steer'd her uncertain whether fate ordain'd  
 His life or death, surprisal or escape  
 Meantime Ulysses and the swineherd ate  
 Their cottage-mess, and the assistant swains 365  
 Theirs also, and when hunger now and thirst  
 Had ceas'd in all, Ulysses thus began,  
 Proving the swineherd, whether friendly still,  
 And anxious for his good, he would entreat  
 His stay, or thence hasten him to the town 370  
 Eumæus, and all ye his servants, hear!  
 It is my purpose, lest I wear thee out,  
 Thee and thy friends, to seek at early dawn  
 The city, there to beg —but give me first  
 Needful instructions, and a trusty guide 375  
 Who may conduct me thither, there my task  
 Must be to roam the streets, some hand humane  
 Perchance shall give me a small pittance there,  
 A little bread, and a few drops to drink.  
 Ulysses' palace I shall also seek, 380  
 And to discreet Penelope report  
 My tidings, neither shall I fail to mix  
 With those imperious suitors, who, themselves  
 Full-fed, may spare perhaps some boon to me.  
 Me shall they find, in whatsoe'er they wish 385  
 Their ready servitor, for (understand

And mark me well,) the herald of the skies,  
 Hermes, from whom all actions of mankind  
 Their grace receive and polish, is my friend ,  
 So that in menial offices I fear 390  
 No rival, whether I be call'd to heap  
 The hearth with fuel, or dry wood to cleave,  
 To roast, to carve, or to distribute wine,  
 As oft the poor are wont who serve the great  
 To whom, Eumæus ! at those words displeased, 395  
 Thou didst reply Gods ! how could such a thought  
 Possess thee, stranger ? surely thy resolve  
 Is altogether fix'd to perish there,  
 If thou indeed hast purposed with that throng  
 To mix, whose riot and outrageous acts 400  
 Of violence echo through the vault of heaven  
 None, such as thou, seive *them* , their servitors  
 Are youths well-cloak'd, well-vested , sleek their heads,  
 And smug their countenances , such alone  
 Are their attendants, and the polish'd boards 405  
 Groan overcharged with bread, with flesh, with wine.  
 Rest here content , for neither me nor these  
 Thou wearest aught, and when Ulysses' son  
 Shall come, he will with vest and mantle fair  
 Clothe thee, and send thee whither most thou would st 410  
 To whom, Ulysses, Hero toil-inured  
 I wish thee, O Eumæus ! dear to Jove  
 As thou art dear to me, for this reprieve  
 Vouchsafed me kind, from wandering and from woe !  
 No worse condition is of mortal man 415  
 Than his who wanders , for the poor man, driven  
 By woe and by misfortune homeless forth,  
 A thousand miseries, day by day, endures  
 Since thou detain'st me then, and bidd'st me wait  
 His coming, tell me if the father still 420  
 Of famed Ulysses live, whom, going hence,  
 He left so nearly on the verge of life ?  
 And lives his mother ? or have both deceased  
 Already, and descended to the shades ?  
 To whom the master swineherd thus replied. 425  
 I will inform thee, and with strictest truth,  
 Of all that thou hast ask'd. Laertes lives,

But supplication offering to the Gods  
 Ceaseless, to free him from a weary life,  
 So deeply his long-absent son he mourns, 430  
 And the dear consort of his early youth,  
 Whose death is his chief sorrow, and hath brought  
 Old age on him, or ere its date arrived  
 She died of sorrow for her glorious son,  
 And died deplorably<sup>3</sup>, may never friend 435  
 Of mine, or benefactor die as she !  
 While yet she lived, dejected as she was,  
 I found it yet some solace to converse  
 With her, who rear'd me in my childish days,  
 Together with her lovely youngest-born 440  
 The Princess Ctmena, for side by side  
 We grew, and I scarce honour'd less than she.  
 But soon as our delightful prime we both  
 Attam'd, to Samos her they sent, a bride,  
 And were requited with rich dower, but me 445  
 Clothed handsomely with tunic and with vest,  
 And with fair sandals furnish'd, to the field  
 She ordered forth, yet loved me still the more  
 I miss her kindness now, but gracious heaven  
 Prospers the work on which I here attend, 450  
 Hence have I food, and hence I drink, and hence  
 Refresh sometimes a worthy guest like thee  
 But kindness none experience I, or can,  
 From fair Penelope (my mistress now)  
 In word or action, so is the house cursed 455  
 With that lewd throng Glad would the servants be  
 Might they approach their mistress, and receive  
 Advice from her, glad too to eat and drink,  
 And somewhat bear each to his rural home,  
 For perquisites are every servant's joy 460  
 Then answer thus, Ulysses wise return'd  
 Alas ! good swain, Eumæus, how remote  
 From friends and country wast thou forced to roam  
 Even in thy infancy ! But tell me true  
 The city where thy parents dwelt, did foes 465  
 Pillage it ? or did else some hostile band  
 Surprising thee alone, on herd or flock

<sup>3</sup> She is said to have hanged herself

Attendant, bear thee with them o'er the Deep,  
 And sell thee at this Hero's house, who paid  
 Doubtless for *thee* no sordid price or small? 470

To whom the master swineherd in reply.  
 Stranger! since thou art curious to be told  
 My story, silent listen, and thy wine  
 At leisure quaff. The nights are longest now,  
 And such as time for sleep afford, and time 475  
 For pleasant conference; neither were it good  
 That thou should'st to thy couch before thy hour,  
 Since even sleep is hurtful, in excess.

Whoever here is weary, and desires  
 Early repose, let him depart to rest, 480  
 And at the peep of day, when he hath fed  
 Sufficiently, drive forth my master's herd;  
 But we with wine and a well-furnish'd board  
 Supplied; will solace mutually derive  
 From recollection of our sufferings past; 485  
 For who hath much endured, and wander'd far,  
 Finds the recital even of sorrow sweet.

Now hear thy question satisfied; attend!  
 There is an island (thou hast heard, perchance,  
 Of such an isle,) named Syria<sup>4</sup>; it is placed 490  
 Above Ortygia, and a dial owns

True to the tropic changes of the year.<sup>5</sup>  
 No great extent she boasts, yet is she rich  
 In cattle and in flocks, in wheat and wine.  
 No famine knows that people, or disease 495  
 Noisome of all that elsewhere seize the race  
 Of miserable man; but when old age  
 Steals on the citizens, Apollo, arm'd  
 With silver bow and bright Diana come,  
 Whose gentle shafts dismiss them soon to rest. 500  
 Two cities share between them all the isle,

<sup>4</sup> Not improbably the isthmus of Syracuse, an island, perhaps, or peninsula at that period, or at least imagined to be such by Homer. The birth of Diana gave fame to Ortygia. F.

<sup>5</sup> *Ὁ ὅτι τροπαὶ ἡελίου.*—The Translator has rendered the passage according to that interpretation of it to which several of the best expositors incline. Nothing can be so absurd as to suppose that Homer, so correct in his geography, could mean to place a Mediterranean island under the Tropic.



And both were subject to my father's sway,  
 Ctesias Ormenides, a godlike Chief  
 It chanced that from Phœnicia, famed for skill  
 In arts marine, a vessel thither came 505  
 By shapers mann'd, and laden deep with toys  
 Now, in my father's family abode  
 A fair Phœnician, tall, full-sized, and skill'd  
 In works of elegance, whom they beguiled  
 While she wash'd linen on the beach, beside 510  
 The ship, a certain manner of those  
 Seduced her, for all women, even the wise  
 And sober, feeble prove by love assail'd  
 Who was she, he enquired, and whence? nor she  
 Scrupled to tell at once her father's home 515  
 I am of Sidon,<sup>6</sup> famous for her works  
 In brass and steel, daughter of Arybas,  
 Who rolls in affluence, Taphian pirates thence  
 Stole me returning from the field, from whom  
 This Chief procured me at no little cost 520  
 Then answer thus her paramour return'd  
 Wilt thou not hence to Sidon in our ship,  
 That thou may'st once more visit the abode  
 Of thy own wealthy parents, and themselves?  
 For still they live, and still are wealthy deem'd. 525  
 To whom the woman Even that might be,  
 Would ye, ye seamen, by a solemn oath  
 Assure me of a safe conveyance home  
 Then swear the mainers as she required,  
 And, when their oath was ended, thus again 530  
 The woman of Phœnicia them bespake  
 Now, silence! no man henceforth of you all  
 Accost me, though he meet me on the road,  
 Or at yon fountain, lest some tattler run  
 With tidings home to my old master's ear, 535  
 Who, with suspicion touch'd, may *me* confine  
 In cruel bonds, and death contrive for *you*  
 But be ye close, purchase you stoies in haste,  
 And when your vessel shall be freighted full,  
 Quick send me notice, for I mean to bring 540  
 What gold soever opportune I find,

<sup>6</sup> A principal city of Phœnicia

And will my passage cheerfully defray  
With still another moveable. I nurse  
The good man's son, an urchin shrewd, of age  
To scamper at my side; him will I bring, 545  
Whom at some foreign market ye shall prove  
Saleable at what price soe'er ye will.

So saying, she to my father's house return'd.  
They, there abiding the whole year, their ship  
With purchased goods freighted of every kind, 550  
And when her lading now complete, she lay  
For sea prepared, their messenger arrived  
To summon down the woman to the shore.

A mariner of theirs, subtle and shrewd,  
Then, entering at my father's gate, produced 555  
A splendid collar, gold with amber strung.

My mother (then at home) with all her maids  
Handling and gazing on it with delight,  
Proposed to purchase it, and he the nod  
Significant, gave unobserved, the while, 560  
To the Phœnician woman, and return'd.

She, thus inform'd, leading me by the hand  
Went forth, and finding in the vestibule  
The cups and tables which my father's guests  
Had used, (but they were to the forum gone 565  
For converse with their friends assembled there,)

Convey'd three cups into her bosom-folds,  
And bore them off, whom I a thoughtless child  
Accompanied, at the decline of day,  
When dusky evening had embrown'd the shore. 570

We, stepping nimbly on, soon reach'd the port  
Renown'd, where that Phœnician vessel lay.  
They shipp'd us both, and all embarking cleaved  
Their liquid road by favourable gales,  
Jove's gift, impell'd. Six days we day and night 575  
Continual sail'd, but when Saturnian Jove

Now bade the seventh bright morn illumine the skies,  
Then shaft-arm'd Dian struck the woman dead.  
At once she pitch'd headlong into the bilge  
Like a sea-coot, whence heaving her again, 580  
The seamen gave her to be fishes' food,  
And I survived to mourn her. But the winds

And rolling billows them bore to the coast  
 Of Ithaca, where with his proper goods  
 Laertes bought me By such means it chanced 585  
 That e'er I saw the isle in which I dwell

To whom Ulysses, glorious Chief replied  
 Eumæus ! thou hast moved me much, thy woes  
 Enumerating thus at large But Jove 590  
 Hath neighbour'd all thy evil with this good,  
 That after numerous sorrows thou hast reach'd  
 The house of a kind master, at whose hands  
 Thy sustenance is sure, and here thou lead'st  
 A tranquil life, but I have late arrived,  
 City after city of the world explored 595

Thus mutual they confer'd, nor leisure found  
 Save for short sleep, by mornning soon surprised  
 Meantime the comrades of Telemachus  
 Approaching land, cast loose the sail, and lower'd 600  
 Alect the mast, then oar'd the vessel in  
 The anchors heaved aground,<sup>7</sup> and hawsers tied  
 Secure, themselves, forth-issuing on the shore,  
 Breakfast prepared, and charged their cups with wine  
 When neither hunger now, nor thirst remain'd  
 Unsatisfied, Telemachus began 605

Push ye the sable bark without delay  
 Home to the city I will to the field  
 Among my shepherds, and (my rural works  
 Survey'd) at eve will to the town return  
 To-morrow will I set before you wine 610  
 And plenteous viands, wages of your toil

To whom the godlike Theoclymenus  
 Whither must I, my son ? who, of the Chiefs  
 Of rugged Ithaca, shall harbour me ?  
 Shall I to thine and to thy mother's house ? 615

Then thus Telemachus, discreet, replied.  
 I would invite thee to proceed at once  
 To our abode, since nought should fail thee there  
 Of kind reception, but it were a course  
 Now not advisable, for I must myself 620  
 Be absent, neither would my mother's eyes  
 Behold thee, so unfrequent she appears

<sup>7</sup> The anchors were lodged on the shore, not plunged as ours

Before the suitors, shunning whom, she sits  
Weaving continual at the palace-top  
But I will name to thee another Chief 625  
Whom thou may'st seek, Eurymachus, the son  
Renown'd of prudent Polybus, whom all  
The people here reverence as a God  
Far noblest of them all is he, and seeks  
More ardent than his rivals far, to wed 630  
My mother, and to fill my father's throne  
But He who dwells above, Jove only knows  
If some disastrous day be not ordain'd  
For them, or ere those nuptials shall arrive

While thus he spake, at his right hand appear'd, 635  
Messenger of Apollo, on full wing,  
A falcon, in his pounces clench'd he bore  
A dove, which tending, down he pour'd her plumes  
Between the galley and Telemachus  
Then calling him apart the prophet lock'd 640  
His hand in his, and thus explain'd the sign

Not undirected by the Gods his flight  
On our right hand, Telemachus! this hawk  
Hath wing'd propitious, soon as I perceived  
I knew him ominous — In all the isle 645  
No family of a more royal note  
Than yours is found, and yours shall still prevail

Whom thus Telemachus answer'd discreet  
Grant heaven, my guest! that this good word of thine  
Fail not, and soon thou shalt such bounty share 650  
And friendship at my hands, that at first sight,  
Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pronounce thee blest

Then, to Piræus thus, his friend approved.  
Piræus, son of Clytus! (for of all  
My followers to the shore of Pylus, none 655  
More prompt than thou hath my desires perform'd,)  
Now also to thy own abode conduct  
This stranger, whom with hospitable care  
Cherish and honour till myself arrive

To whom Piræus answer'd, spear-renown'd 660  
Telemachus! however long thy stay,  
Punctual I will attend him, and no want  
Of hospitality shall he find with me.

So saying, he climbed the ship, then bade the crew  
Embarking also, cast the hawsers loose, 665  
And each obedient to his bench repaired  
Meantime Telemachus his sandals bound,  
And lifted from the deck his glittering spear  
Then as Telemachus had bidden them,  
Son of divine Ulysses, casting loose 670  
The hawsers, forth they push'd into the Deep  
And sought the city, while with nimble pace  
Proceeding thence, Telemachus attain'd  
The cottage soon where good Eumæus slept,  
The swine herd, faithful to his numerous charge. 675

## BOOK XVI

## A R G U M E N T

Telemachus dispatches Eumæus to the city to inform Penelope of his safe return from Pylus, during his absence, Ulysses makes himself known to his son. The suitors, having watched for Telemachus in vain, arrive again at Ithaca.

It was the hour of dawn, when in the cot  
 Kindling fresh fire, Ulysses and his friend  
 Noble Eumæus dress'd their morning fare,  
 And sent the herdsmen with the swine abroad  
 Seeing Telemachus, the watchful dogs 5  
 Bark'd not, but fawn'd around him. At that sight,  
 And at the sound of feet which now approach'd,  
 Ulysses in wing'd accents thus remark'd  
 Eumæus! certain, either friend of thine  
 Is nigh at hand, or one whom well thou know'st, 10  
 Thy dogs bark not, but fawn on his approach  
 Obsequious, and the sound of feet I hear  
 Scarce had he ceased, when his own son himself  
 Stood in the vestibule. Upsprang at once  
 Eumæus wonder-struck, and from his hand 15  
 Let fall the cups with which he was employ'd  
 Mingling rich wine, to his young Lord he ran,  
 His forehead kiss'd, kiss'd his bright-beaming eyes  
 And both his hands, weeping profuse the while  
 As when a father holds in his embrace, 20  
 Arrived from foreign lands in the tenth year,  
 His darling son, the offspring of his age,  
 His only one, for whom he long hath mourn'd,  
 So kiss'd the noble peasant o'er and o'er  
 Godlike Telemachus, as from death escaped, 25  
 And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began  
 Light of my eyes, thou comest, it is thyself,

Sweetest Telemachus ! I had no hope  
 To see thee more, once told that o'er the Deep  
 Thou hadst departed for the Pylian coast 30  
 Enter, my precious son , that I may soothe  
 My soul with sight of thee from far arrived,  
 For seldom thou thy feeders and thy farm  
 Visitest, in the city custom'd much  
 To make abode, that thou may'st witness there 35  
 The manners of those hungry suitors proud  
 To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied  
 It will be so There is great need, my friend !  
 But here, for thy sake, have I now arrived,  
 That I may look on thee, and from thy lips 40  
 Learn if my mother still reside at home,  
 Or have become spouse of some other Chief,  
 Leaving untenanted Ulysses' bed  
 To be by noisome spiders webb'd around  
 To whom the master-swineherd in return 45  
 Not so, she, patient still as ever, dwells  
 Beneath thy roof, but all her cheerless days  
 Despairing wastes, and all her nights in tears  
 So saying, Eumæus at his hand received  
 His brazen lance, and o'er the step of stone 50  
 Enter'd Telemachus, to whom his sire  
 Relinquish'd, soon as he appear'd, his seat,  
 But him Telemachus forbidding, said—  
 Guest, keep thy seat , our cottage will afford  
 Some other, which Eumæus will provide 55  
 He ceased, and he, returning at the word,  
 Reposed again , then good Eumæus spread  
 Green twigs beneath, which, cover'd with a fleece,  
 Supplied Ulysses' offspring with a seat  
 He next disposed his dishes on the board 60  
 With relics charged of yesterday , with bread  
 Alert, he heap'd the baskets , with rich wine  
 His ivy-cup replenish'd , and a seat  
 Took opposite to his illustrious Lord  
 Ulysses They toward the plenteous feast 65  
 Stretch'd forth their hands, (and hunger now and thirst  
 Both satisfied,) Telemachus, his speech  
 Addressing to their generous host, began.

Whence is this guest, my father ? How convey'd  
Came he to Ithaca ? What country boast  
The mariners with whom he here arrived ?  
For that on foot he found us not, is sure.

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.  
I will with truth answer thee, O my son !  
He boasts him sprung from ancestry renown'd  
In spacious Crete, and hath the cities seen  
Of various lands, by fate ordain'd to roam.  
Even now, from a Thesprotian ship escaped,  
He reach'd my cottage—but he is thy own ;  
I yield him to thee ; treat him as thou wilt ;  
He is thy suppliant, and depends on thee.

Then thus, Telemachus, discreet, replied.  
Thy words, Eumæus, pain my very soul.  
For what security can I afford  
To any in my house ? myself am young,  
Nor yet of strength sufficient to repel  
An offer'd insult ; and my mother's mind  
In doubtful balance hangs, if still with me  
An inmate, she shall manage my concerns,  
Attentive only to her absent Lord  
And her own good report, or shall espouse  
The noblest of her wooers, and the best  
Entitled by the splendour of his gifts.  
But I will give him, since I find him lodged  
A guest beneath thy roof, tunic and cloak,  
Sword double-edged, and sandals to his feet,  
With convoy to the country of his choice.  
Still, if it please thee, keep him here thy guest,  
And I will send him raiment, with supplies  
Of all sorts, lest he burden thee and thine.  
But where the suitors come, there shall not he  
With my consent, nor stand exposed to pride  
And petulance like theirs, lest by some sneer  
They wound him, and through him wound also me ;  
For little is it that the boldest can  
Against so many ; numbers will prevail.

Him answer'd then Ulysses toil-inured.  
Oh amiable and good ! since even I  
Am free to answer thee, I will avow



My heart within me torn by what I hear 110  
 Of those injurious suitors, who the house  
 Infest of one noble as thou appear'st  
 But say—submittest thou to their control  
 Willingly, or because the people, sway'd  
 By some response oracular, incline 115  
 Against thee? Thou hast brothers, it may chance,  
 Slow to assist thee,—for a brother's aid  
 Is of importance in whatever cause  
 For oh that I had youth as I have will,  
 Or that renown'd Ulysses were my sue, 120  
 Or that myself might wander home again,  
 Whereof hope yet remains! then might I lose  
 My head, that moment, by an alien's hand,  
 If I would fail, entering Ulysses' gate,  
 To be the bane and mischief of them all 125  
 But if alone to multitudes opposed  
 I should perchance be foil'd, noble! it were  
 With my own people, under my own roof  
 To perish, than to witness evermore  
 Their unexampled deeds, guests shoved aside, 130  
 Maidens dragg'd forcibly from room to room,  
 Casks emptied of their rich contents, and them  
 Indulging gluttonous appetite day by day  
 Enormous, without measure, without end  
 To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied 135  
 Stranger! thy questions shall from me receive  
 True answer. Enmity or hatred none  
 Subsists the people and myself between,  
 Nor have I brothers to accuse, whose aid  
 Is of importance in whatever cause, 140  
 For Jove hath from of old with single heirs  
 Our house supplied, Arcesias none begat  
 Except Laertes, and Laertes none  
 Except Ulysses, and Ulysses me  
 Left here his only one, and unenjoy'd 145  
 Thence comes it that our palace swarms with foes,  
 For all the rulers of the neighbour-isles,  
 Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd  
 Zacynthus, others also rulers here  
 In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek 150

In mairiage, and my household stores consume  
 But neither she those nuptial rites abhorr'd  
 Refuses absolute, nor yet consents  
 To end them, they my patrimony waste  
 Meantime, and will destroy me also soon, 155  
 As I expect, but heaven disposes all

Eumæus ! haste, my father ! bear with speed  
 News to Penelope that I am safe,  
 And have arriv'd from Pylus, I will wait  
 Till thou return, and well beware that none 160  
 Hear thee beside, for I have many foes

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply  
 It is enough I understand Thou speak'st  
 To one intelligent But say beside,  
 Shall I not also, as I go, inform 165  
 Distress'd Laertes ? who while yet he mourn'd  
 Ulysses only, could o'ersee the works,  
 And dieted among his menials oft  
 As hunger prompted him, but now, they say,  
 Since thy departure to the Pylian shore, 170  
 He neither eats as he was wont, nor drinks,  
 Nor oversees his lands, but sighing sits  
 And weeping, wasted even to the bone

Him then Telemachus answer'd discreet,  
 Hard though it be, yet to his tears and sighs 175  
 Him leave we now We cannot what we would  
 For were the ordering of all events  
 Refer'd to our own choice, our first desire  
 Should be to see my father's glad return  
 But once thy tidings told, wander not thou  
 In quest of Him, but hither speed again  
 Rather request my mother that she send  
 Her household's governess without delay  
 Privately to him, she shall best inform  
 The ancient King that I have safe arriv'd 180

He said, and urg'd him forth, who binding on  
 His sandals, to the city bent his way  
 Nor went Eumæus from his home unmark'd  
 By Pallas, who in semblance of a fair  
 Damsel, accomplish'd in domestic arts, 185  
 Approaching to the cottage' entrance, stood

Opposite, by Ulysses plain discern'd,  
 But to his son invisible, for the Gods  
 Appear not manifest alike to all  
 The mastiffs saw her also, and with tone 195  
 Querulous hid themselves, yet bark'd they not  
 She beckon'd him abroad Ulysses saw  
 The sign, and issuing through the outer court,  
 Approach'd her, whom the Goddess thus bespake  
 Laertes' progeny, for wiles renown'd ! 200  
 Disclose thyself to thy own son, that death  
 Concerting and destruction to your foes,  
 Ye may the royal city seek, nor long  
 Shall ye my presence there desire in vain,  
 For I am aident to begin the fight 205  
 Minerva spake, and with her rod of gold  
 Touch'd him, his mantle, first, and vest she made  
 Pure as new-blanch'd, dilating, next, his form,  
 She gave dimensions ampler to his limbs,  
 Swarthy again his manly hue became, 210  
 Round his full face, and black his bushy chin  
 The change perform'd, Minerva disappear'd,  
 And the illustrious Hero turn'd again  
 Into the cottage, wonder at that sight  
 Seized on Telemachus, askance he look'd, 215  
 Awe-struck, not unsuspecting of a God,  
 And in wing'd accents eager thus began  
 Thou art no longer, whom I lately saw,  
 Nor are thy clothes, nor is thy port the same.  
 Thou art a God, I know, and dwell'st in heaven 220  
 Oh, smile on us, that we may yield thee rites  
 Acceptable, and present thee golden gifts  
 Elaborate, ah spare us, Power divine !  
 To whom Ulysses, Hero toil-inured  
 I am no God Why deem'st thou me divine ? 225  
 I am thy father, for whose sake thou lead'st  
 A life of woe, by violence oppress'd  
 So saying, he kiss'd his son, while from his cheeks  
 Tears trickled, tears till then perforce restrain'd  
 Telemachus, (for he believed him not 230  
 His father yet,) thus wondering spake again  
 My father, saidst thou ? no. Thou art not He,

But some Divinity beguiles my soul  
With mockeries, to afflict me still the more ;  
For never mortal man could so have wrought 235  
By his own power ; some interposing God  
Alone could render thee both young and old,  
For old thou wast of late, and foully clad,  
But wear'st the semblance now of those in heaven !

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied. 240  
Telemachus ! it is not well, my son !  
That thou should'st greet thy father with a face  
Of wild astonishment, and stand aghast.  
Ulysses, save myself, none comes, be sure.  
Such as thou seest, after ten thousand woes 245  
Which I have borne, I visit once again  
My native country in the twentieth year.  
This wonder Athenæan Pallas wrought,  
She clothed me even in what form she would,  
For so she can. Now poor I seem and old, 250  
Now young again, and clad in fresh attire.  
The Gods who dwell in yonder heaven, with ease  
Dignify or debase a mortal man.

So saying, he sat. Then threw Telemachus  
His arms around his father's neck, and wept. 255  
Desire intense of lamentation seized  
On both ; soft murmurs uttering, each indulged  
His grief, more frequent wailing than the bird,  
(Eagle, or hook-nail'd vulture) from whose nest  
Some swain hath stolen her yet unfeather'd young. 260  
So from their eyelids they big drops distill'd  
Of tenderest grief, nor had the setting sun  
Cessation of their weeping seen, had not  
Telemachus his father thus address'd.

What ship convey'd thee to thy native shore, 265  
My father ! and what country boast the crew ?  
For that on foot thou not arrivest, is sure.

Then thus divine Ulysses toil-inured.  
My son ! I will explicit all relate. 270  
Conducted by Phœacia's maritime sons  
I came, a race accustomed to convey  
Strangers who visit them across the Deep.  
Me o'er the billows in a rapid bark

Borne sleeping, on the shores of Ithaca  
 They laid, rich gifts they gave me also, brass, 275  
 Gold in full bags, and beautiful attire,  
 Which, wain'd from heaven, I have in caves conceal'd  
 By Pallas prompted, hither I repair'd  
 That we might plan the slaughter of our foes,  
 Whose numbers tell me now, that I may know 280  
 How powerful, certainly, and who they are,  
 And consultation with my dauntless heart  
 May hold, if we be able to contend  
 Ourselves with all, or must have aid beside  
 Then answer thus his son, discreet, return'd. 285  
 My father ! thy renown hath ever rung  
 In thy son's ears, and by report thy force  
 In arms, and wisdom I have oft been told  
 But terribly thou speak'st, amazement-fixt  
 I hear, can two a multitude oppose, 290  
 And valiant warriors all ? For neither ten  
 Are they, nor twenty, but more numerous far  
 Learn now their numbers Fifty youths and two  
 Came from Dulichium, they are chosen men,  
 And six attendants follow in their train, 295  
 From Samos twenty youths and four alive,  
 Zacynthus also of Achaia's sons  
 Sends twenty more, and our own island adds,  
 Herself, her twelve chief rulers, Medon, too,  
 Is there the herald, and the bard divine, 300  
 With other two, intendants of the board  
 Should we within the palace, we alone,  
 Assail them all, I fear lest thy revenge  
 Unpleasant to thyself and deadly prove,  
 Frustrating thy return But recollect— 305  
 Think, if thou canst, on whose confederate arm  
 Strenuous on our behalf we may rely  
 To him replied his patient father bold  
 I will inform thee Mark Weigh well my words  
 Will Pallas and the everlasting Sire 310  
 Alone suffice ? or need we other aids ?  
 Then answer thus Telemachus return'd  
 Good friends indeed are they whom thou hast nam'd,  
 Though throned above the clouds, for their control

Is universal both in earth and heaven 315  
 To whom Ulysses, toil-worn Chief renown'd  
 Not long will they from battle stand aloof,  
 When once within my palace, in the strength  
 Of Mars, to sharp decision we shall urge  
 The suitors But thyself at early dawn 320  
 Our mansion seek, that thou may'st mingle there  
 With that imperious throng, me in due time  
 Eumæus to the city shall conduct,  
 In form a miserable beggar old  
 But should they with dishonourable scorn 325  
 Insult me, thou unmoved my wrongs endure,  
 And should they even drag me by the feet  
 Abroad, or smite me with the spear, thy wrath  
 Refraining, gently counsel them to cease  
 From such extravagance, but well I know 330  
 That cease they will not, for their hour is come  
 And mark me well, treasure what now I say  
 Deep in thy soul When Pallas shall, herself,  
 Suggest the measure, then shaking my brows,  
 I will admonish thee, thou at the sign, 335  
 Remove what arms soever in the hall  
 Remain, and in the upper palace safe  
 Dispose them, should the suitors, missing them,  
 Perchance interrogate thee, then reply  
 Gently—I have removed them from the smoke, 340  
 For they appear no more the arms which erst  
 Ulysses, going hence to Ilium, left,  
 But smirch'd and sullied by the breath of fire  
 This weightier reason (thou shalt also say,)  
 Jove taught me, lest, intoxicate with wine, 345  
 Ye should assault each other in your blades,  
 Shaming both feast and courtship, for the view  
 Itself of arms incites to their abuse  
 Yet leave two faulchions for ourselves alone,  
 Two spears, two bucklers, which with sudden force 350  
 Impetuous we will seize, and Jove all-wise  
 Their valour shall, and Pallas, steal away  
 This word store also in remembrance deep—  
 If mine in truth thou art, and of my blood,  
 Then, of Ulysses to his home return'd 355

Let none hear news from thee, no, not my sire  
 Laertes, nor Eumæus, nor of all  
 The menials any, or even Penelope,  
 That thou and I, alone, may search the dust  
 Of our domestic women, and may prove 360  
 Our serving-men, who honours and reveres  
 And who contemns us both, but chiefly thee  
 So gracious, and so worthy to be loved

Him then thus answer'd his illustrious son  
 Trust me, my father ! thou shalt soon be taught 365  
 That I am not of drowsy mind obtuse.

But thus I think not likely to avail  
 Or thee or me , ponder it yet again ,  
 For tedious were the task, farm after farm  
 To visit of those servants, proving each, 370  
 And the proud suitors merciless devour  
 Meantime thy substance, nor abstain from aught  
 Learn, if thou wilt, (and I that course myself  
 Advise) who slights thee of the female train,  
 And who is guiltless , but I would not try 375  
 From house to house the men, far better proved  
 Hereafter, if in truth by signs from heaven  
 Inform'd, thou hast been taught the will of Jove

Thus they conferr'd The gallant bark, meantime,  
 Reach'd Ithaca, which from the Pylian shore 380  
 Had brought Telemachus with all his band  
 Within the many-fathom'd port arriv'd

His lusty followers haled her far aground,  
 Then carried thence their arms, but to the house  
 Of Clytus the illustrious gifts convey'd 385  
 Next to the royal mansion they dispatch'd

An herald, charged with tidings to the Queen,  
 That her Telemachus had reach'd the cot  
 Of good Eumæus, and the bark had sent  
 Home to the city , lest the matchless dame 390  
 Should still deplore the absence of her son

They then, the herald and the swine-herd, each  
 Bearing like message to his mistress, met,  
 And at the palace of the godlike Chief  
 Arriving, compass'd by the female throng 395  
 Inquisitive, the herald thus began.

Thy son, O Queen ' is safe , even now return'd  
Then, drawing nigh to her, Eumæus told  
His message also from her son received,  
And, his commission punctually discharged, 409  
Leaving the palace, sought his home again  
Grief seized and anguish, at those tidings, all  
The suitors , issuing forth, on the outside  
Of the high wall they sat, before the gate,  
When Polybus' son, Eurymachus began 405  
My friends ! his arduous task, this voyage, deem'd  
By us impossible, in our despite  
Telemachus hath achieved    Haste ! launch we forth  
A sable bark, our best, which let us man  
With mariners expert, who, rowing forth 410  
Swiftly, shall summon our companions home  
Scarcely had he said, when turning where he sat,  
Amphinomus beheld a bark arrived  
Just then in port , he saw them fuiling sail,  
And seated with their oars in hand , he laugh'd 415  
Through pleasure at that sight, and thus he spake  
Our message may be spared    Lo ! they arrive  
Either some God inform'd them, or they saw,  
Themselves, the vessel of Telemachus  
Too swiftly passing to be reach'd by theirs 420  
He spake , they, rising, hasted to the shore  
Alert they diew the sable bark aground,  
And by his servant each his arms dispatch'd  
To his own home    Then all to council close  
Assembling, neither elder of the land 425  
Nor youth allow'd to join them, and the rest  
Eupithes' son, Antinous, thus bespake  
Ah ! how the Gods have rescued him ! all day  
Perch'd on the any mountain-top, our spies  
Successive watch'd , and when the sun declined, 430  
We never slept on shore, but all night long,  
Till sacred dawn arose, plough'd the abyss,  
Hoping Telemachus, that we might seize  
And slay him, whom some Deity hath led,  
In our despite safe to his home again 435  
But frame we yet again means to destroy  
Telemachus , ah—let not Him escape !



For end of this our task, while he survives,  
 None shall be found, such prudence he displays  
 And wisdom, neither are the people now 440  
 Unanimous our friends as heretofore  
 Come, then—prevent him, ere he call the Greeks  
 To council, for he will not long delay,  
 But will be angry, doubtless, and will tell  
 Amid them all, how we in vain devised 445  
 His death, a deed which they will scarce applaud,  
 But will, perhaps, punish and drive us forth  
 From our own country to a distant land —  
 Prevent him, therefore, quickly, in the field  
 Slay him, or on the road, so shall his wealth 450  
 And his possessions on ourselves devolve,  
 Which we will share equally, but his house  
 Shall be the Queen's, and his whom she shall wed.  
 Yet, if not so inclined, ye rather choose  
 That he should live and occupy entire 455  
 His patrimony, then, no longer, here  
 Assembled, let us revel at his cost,  
 But let us all with spousal gifts produced  
 From our respective treasures, woo the Queen,  
 Leaving her in full freedom to espouse 460  
 Who proffers most, and whom the fates ordain  
 He ceased, the assembly silent sat and mute  
 Then rose Amphinomus amid them all,  
 Offspring renowned of Nisus, son himself  
 Of King Aretias He had thither led 465  
 The suitor train who from the pleasant isle  
 Corn-clad of green Dulchium had arrived,  
 And by his speech pleased far beyond them all  
 Penelope, for he was just and wise,  
 And thus, well-counselling the rest, began 470  
 Not I, my friends! far be the thought from me  
 To slay Telemachus! it were a deed  
 Momentous, terrible, to slay a prince  
 First, therefore, let us counsel ask of heaven,  
 And if Jove's oracle that course approve, 475  
 I will encourage you, and will myself  
 Be active in his death, but if the Gods  
 Forbid it, then, by my advice, forbear.

So spake Amphinomus, whom all approved  
 Arising then, into Ulysses' house 480  
 They went, where each his splendid seat resumed.

A novel purpose occupied, meantime,  
 Penelope, she purposed to appear  
 Before her suitors, whose design to slay  
 Telemachus she had from Medon learn'd, 485  
 The herald, for his ear had caught the sound  
 Toward the hall with her attendant train  
 She moved, and when, most graceful of her sex  
 Where sat the suitors she arrived, between  
 The columns standing of the stately dome, 490  
 And covering with her white veil's lucid folds  
 Her features, to Antinous thus she spake

Antinous, proud, contentious, evermore  
 To mischief prone! the people deem thee wise  
 Past thy compeers, and in all grace of speech 495  
 Preeminent, but such wast never thou.

Inhuman! why is it thy dark design  
 To slay Telemachus? and why with scorn  
 Rejectest thou the suppliant's prayer,<sup>1</sup> which Jove  
 Himself hath witness'd? Plots please not the Gods 500  
 Know'st not that thy own father refuge found  
 Here, when he fled before the people's wrath  
 Whom he had irritated by a wrong

Which, with a band of Taphian robbers join'd,  
 He offered to the Thespiots, our allies? 505  
 They would have torn his heart, and would have laid  
 All his delights and his possessions waste,  
 But my Ulysses slaked the furious heat  
 Of their revenge, whom thou requitest now

Wasting his goods, soliciting his wife, 510  
 Slaying his son, and filling me with woe  
 But cease, I charge thee, and bid cease the rest

To whom the son of Polybus replied,  
 Eurymachus — Icarus' daughter wise!  
 Take courage, fair Penelope, and chase 515  
 These fears unreasonable from thy mind!  
 The man lives not, nor shall, who while I live,

<sup>1</sup> Alluding probably to entreaties made to him at some former time by herself and Telemachus, that he would not harm them Clarke

And faculty of sight retain, shall harm  
 Telemachus, thy son    For thus I say,  
 And thus will I perform, his blood shall stream    520  
 A sable current from my lance's point

That moment, for the city-waster Chief  
 Ulysses, oft, me placing on his knees,  
 Hath fill'd my infant grasp with savoury food,  
 And given me ruddy wine    I, therefore, hold    525  
 Telemachus of all men most my friend,  
 Nor hath he death to fear from hand of ours.

Yet, if the Gods shall doom him, die he must  
 So he encouraged her, who yet, himself,  
 Plotted his death    She, re-ascending, sought    530  
 Her stately chamber, and, arriving there,  
 Deplored with tears her long-regretted Lord  
 Till Athenæan Pallas azure-eyed  
 Dews of soft slumber o'er her lids diffused.

And now, at even-tide, Eumæus reach'd    535  
 Ulysses and his son    A yearling swine  
 Just slain they skilfully for food prepared,  
 When Pallas, drawing nigh, smote with her wand  
 Ulysses, at the stroke rendering him old,  
 And his apparel sordid as before,    540  
 Lest, knowing him, the swain at once should seek  
 Penelope, and let the secret forth

Then foremost him Telemachus address'd.  
 Noble Eumæus ! thou art come, what news  
 Bring'st from the city ? Have the warrior band    545  
 Of suitors, hopeless of their ambush, reach'd  
 The port again, or wait they still for me ?

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply  
 No time for such enquiry, nor to range,  
 Curious, the streets had I, but anxious wish'd    550  
 To make my message known, and to return  
 But, as it chanced, a nimble herald sent  
 From thy companions, met me on the way,  
 Who reach'd thy mother first    Yet thus I know,  
 For thus I saw    Passing above the town    555  
 Where they have piled a way-side hill of stones  
 To Mercury, I beheld a gallant bark

Entering the port , a bark she was of ours,  
The crew were numerous, and I mark'd her deep-  
Laden with shields and spears of double edge  
Theirs I conjectured her, and could no more

560

He spake, and, by Eumæus unperceived,  
Telemachus his father eyed and smiled  
Their task accomplish'd, and the table spread,  
They ate, nor any his due portion miss'd,  
And hunger now and thirst both sated, all  
To rest repair'd, and took the gift of sleep

565

## BOOK XVII

## A R G U M E N T.

Telemachus returns to the city, and relates to his mother the principal passages of his voyage, Ulysses, conducted by Eumæus, arrives there also, and enters among the suitors, having been known only by his old dog Argus, who dies at his feet The curiosity of Penelope being excited by the account which Eumæus gives her of Ulysses, she orders him immediately into her presence, but Ulysses postpones the interview till evening, when the suitors having left the palace, there shall be no danger of interruption Eumæus returns to his cottage

Now look'd Aurora from the East abroad,  
 When the illustrious offspring of divine  
 Ulysses bound his sandals to his feet,  
 He seized his sturdy spear match'd to his gripe,  
 And to the city meditating quick 5  
 Departure now, the swine-herd thus bespake  
 Father! I seek the city to convince  
 My mother of my safe return, whose tears,  
 I judge, and lamentations shall not cease  
 Till her own eyes behold me But I lay 10  
 On thee this charge Into the city lead,  
 Thyself, this hapless guest, that he may beg  
 Provision there, a morsel and a drop  
 From such as may, perchance, vouchsafe the boon.  
 I cannot, vex'd and harass'd as I am, 15  
 Feed all, and should the stranger take offence,  
 The worse for him Plain truth is my delight.  
 To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.  
 Nor is it my desire to be detained  
 Better the mendicant in cities seeks 20  
 His dole, vouchsafe it whosoever may,  
 Than in the villages I am not young,  
 Nor longer of an age that well accords  
 With rural tasks, nor could I all perform

That it might please a master to command. 25  
Go then, and when I shall have warm'd my limbs  
Before the hearth, and when the risen sun  
Shall somewhat chase the cold, thy servant's task  
Shall be to guide me thither, as thou bidd'st  
For this is a vile garb, the frosty air 30  
Of morning will benumb me thus attired,  
And, as ye say, the city is remote

He ended, and Telemachus in haste  
Set forth, his thoughts all teeming as he went,  
With dire revenge Soon in the palace-courts 35  
Arriving, he reclin'd his spear against  
A column and proceeded to the hall  
Him Euryclea, first, his nurse perceived,  
While on the variegated seats she spread  
Their fleecy covering, swift with tearful eyes 40  
She flew to him, and the whole female train  
Of brave Ulysses swam'd around his son,  
Clasping him, and his forehead and his neck  
Kissing affectionate, then came herself,  
As golden Venus or Diana fair, 45  
Forth from her chamber to her son's embrace,  
The chaste Penelope, with tears she threw  
Her arms around him, his bright-beaming eyes  
And forehead kiss'd, and with a murmur'd plaint  
Maternal in wing'd accents thus began 50

Thou hast return'd, light of my eyes! my son!  
My loved Telemachus! I had no hope  
To see thee more when once thou hadst embark'd  
For Pylus, privily, and with no consent  
From me obtain'd, news seeking of thy sire 55  
But haste, unfold Declare what thou hast seen

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied  
Ah mother! let my sorrows rest, nor me  
From death so lately 'scaped afflict anew,  
But, bathed and habited in fresh attire, 60  
With all the maidens of thy train ascend  
To thy superior chamber, there to vow  
A perfect hecatomb to all the Gods,  
When Jove shall have avenged our numerous wrongs  
I seek the forum, there to introduce 65

A guest, my follower from the Pylan shore,  
 Whom sending forward with my noble band,  
 I bade Piræus to his own abode  
 Lead him, and with all kindness entertain  
 The stranger, till I should myself arrive 70

He spake, nor flew his words useless away  
 She, bathed and habited in fresh attire,  
 Vow'd a full hecatomb to all the Gods,  
 Would Jove but recompense her numerous wrongs  
 Then, spear in hand, went forth her son, two dogs 75  
 Fleet-footed following him O'er all his form  
 Pallas diffused a dignity divine,

And every eye gazed on him as he pass'd  
 The suitors throng'd him round, joy on their lips  
 And welcome, but deep mischief in their hearts 80  
 He, shunning all that crowd, chose to himself

A seat, where Mentor sat, and Antiphus,  
 And Halytherses, long his father's friends  
 Sincere, who of his voyage much enquired  
 Then drew Piræus nigh, leading his guest 85  
 Toward the forum, nor Telemachus

Stood long aloof, but greeted his approach,  
 And was accosted by Piræus thus  
 'Sir! send thy menial women to bring home  
 The precious charge committed to my care, 90  
 Thy gifts at Menelaus' hands received.

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied  
 Piræus! wait, for I not yet foresee  
 The upshot Should these haughty ones effect  
 My death, clandestine, under my own roof, 95  
 And parcel my inheritance by lot,  
 I rather wish those treasures thine, than theirs  
 But should I with success plan for them all  
 A bloody death, then, wing'd with joy, thyself  
 Bring home those presents to thy joyful friend 100

So saying, he led the anxious stranger thence  
 Into the royal mansion, where arrived,  
 Each cast his mantle on a couch or throne,  
 And plunged his feet into a polish'd bath  
 There wash'd and lubricated with smooth oils, 105  
 From the attendant maidens each received

Tunic and shaggy mantle Thus attued,  
Forth from the baths they stepp'd, and sat again  
A maiden, next, with golden ewer charged,  
And silver bowl, pour'd water on their hands, 110  
And spread the polish'd table, which with food  
Of all kinds, remnants of the last regale,  
The mistress of the household charge supplied,  
Meantime, beside a column of the dome  
His mother, on a couch reclining, twirl'd 115  
Her slender threads They to the furnish'd board  
Stretch'd forth their hands, and hunger now and thirst  
Both satisfied, Penelope began

Telemachus ! I will ascend again,  
And will repose me on my woful bed , 120  
For such it hath been, and with tears of mine  
Ceaseless bedew'd, e'er since Ulysses went  
With Atreus' sons to Troy For not a word  
Thou would'st vouchsafe me till our haughty guests  
Had occupied the house again, of all 125  
That thou hast heard (if aught indeed thou hast)  
Of thy long-absent father's wish'd return.

Her answer'd then Telemachus discreet.  
Mother ! at thy request I will with truth  
Relate the whole At Pylus' shore arrived ' 130  
We Nestor found, chief of the Pylian race  
Receiving me in his august abode,  
He entertain'd me with such welcome kind  
As a glad father shews to his own son  
Long-lost and newly found , so Nestor me, 135  
And his illustrious offspring, entertain'd,  
But yet assured me that he nought had heard  
From mortal lips of my magnanimous sire,  
Whether alive or dead , with his own steeds  
He sent me, and with splendid chariot thence 140  
To spear-famed Menelaus, Atreus' son  
There saw I Helen, by the Gods' decree  
Authoress of trouble both to Greece and Troy  
The Hero Menelaus then enquired  
What cause had urged me to the pleasant vale 145  
Of Lacedæmon , plainly I rehearsed  
The occasion, and the Hero thus replied.



Ye Gods ! they are ambitious of the bed  
 Of a brave man, however base themselves  
 But, as it chances when the hart hath laid 150  
 Her fawns new-yea'n'd and sucklings yet, to rest  
 In some resistless lion's den, she roams  
 Meantime the hills, and in the grassy vales  
 Feeds heedless, but the lion to his lair  
 Returning soon, both hei and hers destroys, 155  
 So shall thy father, brave Ulysses, them  
 Jove ! Pallas ! and Apollo ! oh that such  
 As erst in well-built Lesbos, where he strove  
 With Philomelides, whom wrestling, fiat  
 He threw, when all Achaia's sons rejoiced, 160  
 Ulysses now might mingle with his foes !  
 Short life and bitter nuptials should be thens  
 But thy inquiries neither indirect  
 Will I evade, nor give thee false reply,  
 But all that from the Ancient of the Deep<sup>1</sup> 165  
 I have received will utter, hiding nought  
 The God declared that he had seen thy sire  
 In a lone island, sorrowing, and detain'd  
 An inmate in the grotto of the nymph  
 Calypso, wanting also means by which 170  
 To reach the country of his birth again,  
 For neither gallant barks nor friends had he  
 To speed his passage o'er the boundless waves  
 So Menelaus spake, the spear-renown'd  
 My errand thus accomplish'd, I return'd— 175  
 And by the Gods with gales propitious blest,  
 Was wafted swiftly to my native shore  
 He spake, and tumult in his mother's heart  
 So speaking, raised Consolatory, next,  
 The godlike Theoclymenus began 180  
 Consort revered of Laertiades !  
 Little the Spartan knew, but list to me,  
 For I will plainly prophesy and sure  
 Be Jove of all in heaven my witness first,  
 Then, this thy hospitable board, and, last, 185  
 The household Gods of the illustrious Chief

<sup>1</sup> Proteus

Ulysses, at whose hearth<sup>2</sup> I have arrived,  
 That, even now, within his native isle  
 Ulysses somewhere sits, or creeps obscure,  
 Witness of these enormities, and seeds 190  
 Sowing of due destruction for his foes,  
 So sure an augury, while on the deck  
 Reclining of the gallant bark, I saw,  
 And with loud voice proclaim'd it to thy son

Him answer'd then Penelope discreet 195  
 Giant heaven, my guest, that this good word of thine  
 Fail not! then shalt thou soon such bounty share  
 And friendship at my hands, that at first sight  
 Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pronounce thee blest

Thus they confer'd Meantime the suitors hail'd 200  
 The quoit and lance on the smooth area spread  
 Before Ulysses' gate, the custom'd scene  
 Of their contentions, sports, and clamorous inde  
 But when the hour of supper now approach'd,  
 And from the pastures on all sides the sheep 205  
 Came with their wonted drivers, Medon then  
 (For he of all the heralds pleased them most,  
 And waited at the board) them thus address'd

Enough of play, young princes! entering now  
 The house, prepare we sedulous our feast, 210  
 Since in well-timed refreshment harm is none

He spake, whose admonition pleased At once  
 All rising sought the palace, there arrived,  
 Each cast his mantle off, which on his throne  
 Or couch he spread, then brisk to slaughter fell 215  
 Of many a victim, sheep and goats and swines  
 They slew, all fatted, and a pastured ox,  
 Hastening the banquet, not with less dispatch  
 Ulysses and Eumæus now prepared

To seek the town, when thus the swain began 220  
 My guest! since thy fix'd purpose is to seek  
 This day the city as my master bade,  
 Though I, in truth, much rather wish thee here  
 A keeper of our herds yet through respect  
 And reverence of his orders, whose reproof 225

<sup>2</sup> The hearth was the altar on which the lares or household gods were worshipped

I dread, for masters seldom gently chide,  
 I would be gone Arise, let us depart,  
 For day already is far-spent, and soon  
 The air of even-tide will chill thee more

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied 230

It is enough I understand Thou speak'st  
 To one intelligent Let us depart,  
 And lead, thyself, the way, but give me, first,  
 (If thou have one already hewn,) a staff  
 To lean on, for ye have described the road 235  
 Rugged, and oftentimes dangerous to the foot

So saying, his tatter'd wallet o'er his back  
 He cast, suspended by a leathern twist,  
 Eumæus gratified him with a staff,  
 And forth they went, leaving the cottage kept 240  
 By dogs and swains He city-ward his King

Led on, in form a squalid beggar old,  
 Halting, and in unseemly garb attired  
 But when, slow-travelling the craggy way,  
 They now approach'd the town, and had attain'd 245  
 The marble fountain deep, which with its streams  
 Pellucid all the citizens supplied,

(Ithacus had that fountain framed of old  
 With Neritus and Polyctor, over which  
 A grove of water nourish'd alders hung 250  
 Circular on all sides, while cold the rill

Ran from the rock, on whose tall summit stood  
 The altar of the nymphs, by all who pass'd  
 With sacrifice frequented, still, and prayer,)  
 Melanthius, son of Dolius, at that fount 255

Met them, the chosen goats of every flock,  
 With two assistants, from the field he drove,  
 The suitors' supper He, seeing them both,  
 In surly accent boorish, such as fired  
 Ulysses with resentment, thus began 260

Ay—this is well—the villain leads the vile,—  
 Thus evermore the Gods join like to like  
 Thou clumsy swine-herd, whither would'st conduct  
 This morsel-hunting mendicant obscene,  
 Defiler base of banquets? manv a post 265  
 Shall he rub smooth that props him while he begs

Lean alms, sole object of his low pursuit,  
 Who ne'er to sword or tripod yet aspired  
 Would'st thou afford him to me for a guard  
 Or sweeper of my stalls, or to supply 270  
 My kids with leaves, he should on bulkier thewes  
 Supported stand, though nourish'd but with vhey  
 But no such useful arts hath he acquired,  
 Nor likes he work, but rather much to extort  
 From others food for his unsated maw 275  
 But mark my prophecy, for it is true,  
 At famed Ulysses' house should he arrive,  
 His sides shall shatter many a footstool hurl'd  
 Against them by the offended princes there

He spake, and drawing nigh, with his raised foot, 280  
 Insolent as he was and brutish, smote  
 Ulysses' haunch, yet shook not from his path  
 The firm-set Chief, who doubtful mused awhile  
 Whether to rush on him, and with his staff  
 To slay him, or uplifting him on high, 285  
 Downward to dash him headlong, but his wrath  
 Restraining, calm he suffer'd the affront  
 Him then Eumæus with indignant look  
 Rebuking, raised his hands, and fervent pray'd

Nymphs of the fountains, progeny of Jove ! 290  
 If e'er Ulysses on your altar burn'd  
 The thighs of fatted lambs or kidlings, grant  
 This my request O let the Hero soon,  
 Conducted by some Deity, return !  
 So shall he quell that arrogance which safe 295  
 Thou now indulgest, roaming day by day  
 The city, while bad shepherds mar the flocks

To whom the goat-herd answer thus return'd  
 Melanthius Marvellous ! how rare a speech  
 The subtle cur hath framed ! whom I will send 300  
 Far hence at a convenient time on board  
 My bark, and sell him at no little gain  
 I would, that he who bears the silver bow  
 As sure might pierce Telemachus this day  
 In his own house, or that the suitors might, 305  
 As that same wanderer shall return no more !

He said, and then left pacing slow along,

But soon, himself, at his Lord's house arrived ,  
 There entering bold, he with the suitors sat  
 Opposite to Eurymachus, for him 310  
 He valued most The sewers his portion placed  
 Of meat before him, and the maiden, chief  
 Directress of the household, gave him bread  
 And now, Ulysses, with the swain his friend  
 Approach'd, when, hearing the harmonious lyre, 315  
 Both stood, for Phemius had begun his song  
 He grasp'd the swine herd's hand, and thus he said  
 This house, Eumæus ! of Ulysses seems  
 Passing magnificent, and to be known  
 With ease for his among a thousand more 320  
 One pile supports another, and a wall  
 Crested with battlements surrounds the court ,  
 Firm too the folding doors all force of man  
 Defy , but numerous guests, as I perceive,  
 Now feast within , witness the savoury steam 325  
 Fast fuming upward, and the sounding harp,  
 Divine associate of the festive board  
 To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply  
 Thou hast well guess'd , no wonder , thou art quick  
 On every theme , but let us well forecast 330  
 This business Wilt thou, entering first thyself  
 The splendid mansion, with the suitors mix,  
 Me leaving here ? or shall I lead the way  
 While thou remain'st behind ? yet linger not,  
 Lest seeing thee without, some servant strike 335  
 Or drive thee hence Consider which were best  
 Him answer'd then the patient Hero bold  
 It is enough I understand. Thou speakest  
 To one intelligent Lead thou the way,  
 Me leaving here, for neither stripes nor blows 340  
 To me are strange Much exercised with pain  
 In fight and on the Deep, I have long since  
 Learn'd patience Follow next what follow may '  
 But to suppress the appetite, I deem  
 Impossible , the stomach is a source 345  
 Of ills to man, an avaricious gulf  
 Destructive, which to satiate, ships are nigg'd  
 Seas traversed, and fierce battles waged remote.

Thus they discoursing stood, Argus the while,  
 Ulysses' dog, uplifted where he lay 360  
 His head and ears erect Ulysses him  
 Had bred long since himself, but rarely used,  
 Departing first to Ilium Him the youths  
 In other days led frequent to the chase  
 Of wild goat, hart, and hare, but now he lodged 365  
 A poor old cast-off, of his Lord forlorn,  
 Where mules and oxen had before the gate  
 Much ordure left, with which Ulysses' hinds  
 Should in due time manure his spacious fields  
 There lay, with dog-devouring vermin foul 370  
 All over, Argus, soon as he perceived  
 Long-lost Ulysses nigh, down fell his ears  
 Clapp'd close, and with his tail glad sign he gave  
 Of gratulation, impotent to rise  
 And to approach his master as of old 375  
 Ulysses, noting him, wiped off a tear  
 Unmark'd, and of Eumæus quick enquired  
 I can but wonder seeing such a dog  
 Thus lodged, Eumæus ' beautiful in form  
 He is, past doubt, but whether he hath been 380  
 As fleet as fair I know not, rather such  
 Perchance as masters sometimes keep to grace  
 Their tables, nourish'd more for show than use  
 To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply  
 He is the dog of one dead far remote 385  
 But had he now such feat-performing strength  
 As when Ulysses left him going hence  
 To Ilium, in one moment thou shouldst mark,  
 Astonish'd, his agility and force  
 He never in the sylvan deep recess 390  
 The wild beast saw that 'scaped him, and he track'd  
 Their steps infallible, but he hath now  
 No comfort, for (the master dead afar)  
 Their heedless servants care not for his dog  
 Domestics, missing once their Lord's control, 395  
 Grow wilful, and refuse their proper tasks,  
 For whom Jove dooms to servitude, he takes  
 At once the half of that man's worth away  
 He said, and, entering at the portal, join'd

The suitors      Then his destiny released 390  
 Old Argus, soon as he had lived to see  
 Ulysses in the twentieth year restored  
     Godlike Telemachus, long ere the rest,  
 Marking the swine-herd's entrance, with a nod  
 Summon'd him to approach      Eumæus cast 395  
 His eye around, and seeing vacant there  
 The seat which the dispenser of the feast  
 Was wont to occupy while he supplied  
 The numerous guests, planted it right before  
 Telemachus, and at his table sat, 400  
 On which the herald plac'd for him his share  
 Of meat, and from the baskets gave him bread  
 Soon after *him*, Ulysses enter'd slow  
 The palace, like a squalid beggar old,  
 Staff-propp'd, and in loose tatters foul attired. 405  
 Within the portal on the ashen sill  
 He sat, and seeming languid, lean'd against  
 A cypress pillar by the bulder's art  
 Polish'd long since, and planted at the door  
 Then took Telemachus a loaf entire 410  
 Forth from the elegant basket, and of flesh  
 A portion large as his two hands contain'd,  
 And beck'ning close the swine-herd, charged him thus  
     These to the stranger, whom advise to ask  
 Some dole from every suitor, bashful fear 415  
 Ill suits the mendicant by want oppress'd  
     He spake, Eumæus went, and where he sat  
 Arriving, in wing'd accents thus began  
     Telemachus, oh stranger, sends thee these,  
 And counsels thee to importune for more 420  
 The suitors, one by one, for bashful fear  
 Ill suits the mendicant by want oppress'd.  
     To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied  
 Jove, King of all, grant every good on earth  
 To kind Telemachus, and the complete 425  
 Accomplishment of all that he desires!  
     He said, and with both hands outspread, the mess  
 Receiving as he sat, on his worn bag  
 Disposed it at his feet      Long as the bard  
 Chaunted, he ate, and when he ceased to eat, 430

Then also ceased the bard divine to sing  
 And now ensued loud clamour in the hall  
 And tumult, when Minerva, drawing nigh  
 To Laertiades, impelled the Chief  
 Crusts to collect, or any pittance small 435  
 At every suitor's hand, for trial's sake  
 Of just and unjust, yet deliverance none  
 From evil she design'd for any there  
 From left to right<sup>3</sup> his progress he began  
 Petitioning, with outstretch'd hands, the throng, 440  
 As one familiar with the beggar's art  
 They pitying gave to him, but view'd him still  
 With wonder, and enquiries mutual made  
 Who, and whence was he? Then the goat-herd rose  
 Melanthius, and the assembly thus address'd 445  
 Hear me, ye suitors of the illustrious Queen!  
 This guest, of whom ye ask, I have beheld  
 Elsewhere, the swine-herd brought him, but himself  
 I know not, neither who nor whence he is  
 So he, then thus Antinous stern rebuked 450  
 The swine-herd Ah, notorious as thou art,  
 Why hast thou shewn this vagabond the way  
 Into the city? are we not enough  
 Infested with these troublers of our feasts?  
 Deem'st it a trifle that such numbers eat 455  
 At thy Lord's cost, and hast thou, therefore, led  
 This fellow hither, found we know not where?  
 To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply  
 Antinous! though of high degree, thou speak'st  
 Not wisely What man to another's house 460  
 Repairs to invite him to a feast, unless  
 He be of those who by profession serve  
 The public, prophet, healer of disease,  
 Ingenious artist, or some bard divine  
 Whose music may exhilarate the guests? 465  
 These, and such only, are in every land  
 Call'd to the banquet, none invites the poor,  
 Who much consume, and no requital yield  
 But thou of all the suitors roughly treat'st

<sup>3</sup> That he might begin auspiciously. Wine was served in the same direction.



Ulysses' servants most, and chiefly me , 470  
 Yet thee I heed not, while the virtuous Queen  
 Dwells in this palace, and her godlike son

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied  
 Peace ! answer not verbose a man like him  
 Antinous hath a tongue accusom'd much 475  
 To tauntings, and promotes them in the rest

Then, turning to Antinous, quick he said—  
 Antinous ! as a father for his son  
 Takes thought, so thou for me, who bidd'st me chase  
 The stranger harshly hence , but God<sup>4</sup> forbid ' 480  
 Impart to him I grudge not, but myself  
 Exhort thee to it , neither, in this cause,  
 Fear thou the Queen, or in the least regard  
 Whatever menial throughout all the house  
 Of famed Ulysses Ah ! within thy breast 485  
 Dwells no such thought ; thou lovest not to impart  
 To others, but to gratify thyself

To whom Antinous answer thus return'd  
 High-soaring and intemperate in thy speech,  
 How hast thou said, Telemachus ? Would all 490  
 As much bestow on him, he should not seek  
 Admittance here again three months to come

So saying, he seized the stool which, banquetting,  
 He press'd with his nice feet, and from beneath  
 The table forth advanced it into view 495  
 The rest all gave to him, with bread and flesh  
 Filling his wallet, and Ulysses, now,  
 Returning to his threshold, there to taste  
 The bounty of the Greeks, paused in his way  
 Beside Antinous, whom he thus address'd 500

Kind sir, vouchsafe to me ! for thou appear'st  
 Not least, but greatest of the Achæans here,  
 And hast a kingly look It might become  
 Thee therefore above others to bestow,  
 So should I praise thee wheresoe'er I roam 505  
 I also lived the happy owner once  
 Of such a stately mansion, and have given  
 To numerous wanderers (whencesoe'er they came)  
 All that they needed , I was also served

<sup>4</sup> Here again Θεός occurs in the abstract

By many, and enjoy'd all that denotes  
The envied owner opulent and blest. 510  
But Jove (for so it pleased him) hath reduced  
My all to nothing, prompting me, in league  
With rovers of the Deep, to sail afar  
To Egypt, for my sure destruction there. 515  
Within the Egyptian stream my barks well oar'd  
I station'd, and, enjoining strict my friends  
To watch them close-attendant at their side,  
Commanded spies into the hill-tops ; but they,  
Under the impulse of a spirit rash 520  
And hot for quarrel, the well-cultured fields  
Pillaged of the Egyptians, captive led  
Their wives and little-ones, and slew the men.  
Ere long, the loud alarm their city reach'd.  
Down came the citizens, by dawn of day, 525  
With horse and foot and with the gleam of arms  
Filling the plain. Then Jove with panic dread  
Struck all my people ; none found courage more  
To stand, for mischiefs swarm'd on every side.  
There, numerous by the glittering spear we fell 530  
Slaughter'd, while others they conducted thence  
Alive to servitude ; but me they gave  
To Dmetor, King in Cyprus, Jasus' son ;  
He entertain'd me liberally, and thence  
This land I reach'd, but poor and woe-begone. 535  
Then answer thus Antinoüs harsh return'd.  
What demon introduced this nuisance here,  
This troubler of our feast ? stand yonder, keep  
Due distance from my table, or expect  
To see an Egypt and a Cyprus worse 540  
Than those, bold mendicant, and void of shame !  
Thou hauntest each, and inconsiderate each  
Gives to thee, because gifts at others' cost  
Are cheap, and, plentifully served themselves,  
They squander, heedless, viands not their own. 545  
To whom Ulysses, while he slow retired.  
Gods ! how illiberal with that specious form !  
'Thou wouldst not grant the poor a grain of salt  
From thy own board, who at another's fed  
So nobly, canst not spare a crust to me. 550

He spake, then raged Antinous still the more,  
And in wing'd accents, louting, thus replied

Take such dismissal now as thou deservest,  
Opprobrious ! hast thou dared to scoff at me ?

So saying, he seized his stool, and on the joint 550

Of his right shoulder smote him, firm as rock

He stood, by no such force to be displaced,

But silent shook his brows, and dreadful deeds

Of vengeance ruminating, sought again

His seat the threshold, where his bag full-charged 560

He grounded, and the suitors thus address'd.

Hear now, ye suitors of the matchless Queen,

My bosom's dictates Trivial is the harm,

Scarce felt, if, fighting for his own, his sheep

Perchance, or beeves, a man receive a blow 565

But me Antinous struck, for that I ask'd

Food from him merely to appease the pangs

Of hunger, source of numerous ills to man

If then the poor man have a God to avenge

His wrongs, I pray to him that death may seize 570

Antinous, ere his nuptial hour arrive !

To whom Antinous answer thus return'd,

Son of Eupithes Either seated there

Or going hence, eat, stranger, and be still,

Lest for thy insolence, by hand or foot 575

We drag thee forth, and thou be flay'd alive.

He ceased, whom all indignant heard, and thus

Even his own proud companions censured him.

Antinous ! thou didst not well to smite

The wretched vagabond O thou art doom'd 580

For ever, if there be a God in heaven,

For in similitude of strangers oft,

The Gods, who can with ease all shapes assume,

Repair to populous cities, where they mark

The outrageous and the righteous deeds of men 585

° Εἰ δὲ παρὰ τὴν ἐπιφανίαν θεὸς ἐστὶ

Eustathius, and Clarke after him understand an *apostrophe* here, as if the speaker meant to say—what if there should be ? or—suppose there should be ? But the sentence seems to fall in better with what follows interpreted as above, and it is a sense of the passage not unwarranted by the opinion of other commentators—See Schaefelbergerus

So they, for whose reproof he little cared  
But in his heart Telemachus that blow  
Resented, anguish-torn, yet not a tear  
He shed, but silent shook his brows, and mused  
Terrible things Penelope, meantime, 590  
Told of the wanderer so abused beneath  
Her roof, among her maidens thus exclaim'd  
So may Apollo, glorious archer, smite  
Thee also ! Then Eurynome replied,  
Oh might our prayers prevail, none of them all 595  
Should see bright-charioted Aurora more  
Her answer'd then Penelope discreet  
Nurse ! they are odious all, for that alike  
All teem with mischief ! but Antinous' looks  
Remind me ever of the gloom of death 600  
A stranger hath arrived, who, begging, roams  
The house (for so his penury enjoins),  
The rest have given him, and have fill'd his bag  
With viands, but Antinous hath bruised  
His shoulder with a foot-stool hurl'd at him 605  
While thus the Queen conversing with her train  
In her own chamber sat, Ulysses made  
Plenteous repast Then calling to her side  
Eumæus, thus she signified her will  
Eumæus, noble friend ! bid now approach 610  
Yon stranger I would speak with him, and ask  
If he have seen Ulysses, or have heard  
Tidings, perchance, of the afflicted Chief,  
For much a wanderer by his garb he seems  
To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply 615  
Were those Achæans silent, thou should'st hear,  
O Queen ! a tale that would console thy heart  
Three nights I housed him, and within my cot  
Three days detain'd him, (for his ship he left  
A fugitive, and came direct to me,) 620  
But half untold his history still remains  
As when his eye one fixes on a bard  
From heaven instructed in such themes as charm  
The ear of mortals, ever as he sings  
The people press insatiable to hear, 625  
So, in my cottage, seated at my side,

That stranger with his tale enchanted me  
 Laertes, he affirms, hath been his guest  
 Eiewhile in Crete, where Minos' race resides  
 And thence he hath arrived, after great loss, 630  
 A suppliant to the very earth abased,  
 He adds, that in Thesprotia's neighbour realm  
 He of Ulysses heard, both that he lives,  
 And that he comes laden with riches home

To whom Penelope, discreet, replied 635  
 Haste, call him I would hear myself his tale  
 Meantime, let these, or in the palace gate  
 Sport jocular, or here, their hearts are light,  
 For their possessions are secure, *their* wine  
 None drinks, or eats *their* viands, save their own, 640  
 While my abode, day after day, themselves  
 Haunting, my beeves and sheep, and fatted goats  
 Slay for the banquet, and my casks exhaust  
 Extravagant, whence endless waste ensues,  
 For no such friend as was Ulysses once 645  
 Have I to expel the mischief But might he  
 Revisit once his native shores again,  
 Then aided by his son, he should avenge,  
 Incontinent, the wrongs which now I mourn

Then sneezed Telemachus with sudden force, 650  
 That all the palace rang, his mother laugh'd,  
 And in wing'd accents thus the swain bespake

Haste—bid him hither—heard'st thou not the sneeze  
 Propitious of my son? oh might it prove  
 A presage of inevitable death 655  
 To all these revellers! may none escape!  
 Now mark me well Should the event his tale  
 Confirm, at my own hands he shall receive  
 Mantle and tunic both for his reward

She spake, he went, and where Ulysses sat 660  
 Arriving, in wing'd accents thus began.

Penelope, my venerable friend!  
 Calls thee, the mother of Telemachus  
 Oppress'd by numerous troubles, she desires  
 To ask thee tidings of her absent Lord 665  
 And should the event verify thy report,  
 Thy meed shall be (a boon which much thou need'st)

Tunic and mantle , but she gives no more ,  
Thy sustenance<sup>6</sup> thou must, as now, obtain,  
Begging it at their hands who choose to give 670

Then thus Ulysses, Hero toil-inured  
Eumæus ' readily I can relate  
Truth, and truth only, to the prudent Queen  
Icarius' daughter , for of him I know  
Much, and have suffer'd sorrows like his own. 675

But dread I feel of this imperious throng  
Perverse, whose riot and outrageous acts  
Of violence echo through the vault of heaven  
And even now, when for no fault of mine  
Yon suitor struck me as I pass'd, and fill'd 680

My flesh with pain, neither Telemachus  
Nor any inteposed to stay his arm  
Now, therefore, let Penelope, although  
Impatient, till the sun descend postpone  
Her questions , then she may enquire secure 685

When comes her husband, and may nearer place  
My seat to the hearth-side, for thinly clad  
Thou know'st I am, whose aid I first implored

He ceased , at whose reply Eumæus sought  
Again the queen, but ere he yet had pass'd 690  
The threshold, thus she greeted his return

Comest thou alone, Eumæus ? why delays  
The invited wanderer ? dreads he other harm ?  
Or sees he aught that with a bashful awe  
Fills him ? the bashful poor are poor indeed 695

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply  
He hath well spoken , none who would decline  
The rudeness of this contumelious throng  
Could answer otherwise , thee he entreats  
To wait till sun-set, and that course, O Queen, 700  
Thou shalt thyself far more commodious find,  
To hold thy conference with the guest, alone

Then answer thus Penelope return'd  
The stranger, I perceive, is not unwise,  
Whoe'er he be, for on the earth are none 705  
Proud, insolent, and profligate as these

<sup>6</sup> This seems added by Eumæus to cut off from Ulysses the hope that might otherwise tempt him to use fiction

So spake the Queen    Then (all his message told)  
The good Eumæus to the sutois went  
Again, and with his head inclined toward  
Telemachus, lest others should his words  
Witness, in accents wing'd him thus address'd. 710

Friend and kind master ! I return to keep  
My herds, and to attend my rural charge,  
Whence we are both sustain'd    Keep thou, meantime,  
All here with vigilance, but chiefly watch 715  
For thy own good, and save *thyself* from harm ,  
For numerous here brood mischief, whom the Gods  
Exterminate, ere yet their plots prevail !

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied.  
So be it, father ! and (thy evening-mess  
Eaten) depart , to-morrow come again,  
Bringing fair victims hither , I will keep,  
I and the Gods, meantime, all here secure 720

He ended , then resumed once more the swain  
His polish'd seat, and both with wine and food 725  
Now satiate, to his charge return'd, the court  
Leaving and all the palace throng'd with guests ,  
They (for it now was evening) all alike  
Turn'd jovial to the song and to the dance.

## BOOK XVIII

## A R G U M E N T.

The beggar Irus arrives at the palace, a combat takes place between him and Ulysses, in which Irus is by one blow vanquished. Penelope appears to the suitors, and having reminded them of the presents which she had a right to expect from them, receives a gift from each. Eurymachus, provoked by a speech of Ulysses, flings a footstool at him, which knocks down the cup-bearer, a general tumult is the consequence, which continues until, by the advice of Telcinachus, seconded by Amphinomus, the suitors retire to their respective homes.

Now came a public mendicant, a man  
 Accustom'd, seeking alms, to roam the streets  
 Of Ithaca, one never sated yet  
 With food or drink, yet muscle had he none,  
 On strength of limb, though giant-built in show 5  
 Arnæus was the name which at his birth  
 His mother gave him, but the youthful band  
 Of suitors, whom as messenger he served,  
 All named him Irus. He, arriving, sought  
 To drive Ulysses forth from his own home, 10  
 And in rough accents rude him thus rebuked  
 Forth from the porch, old man! lest by the foot  
 I drag thee quickly forth. Seest not how all  
 Wink on me, and by signs give me command  
 To drag thee hence? nor is it aught but shame 15  
 That checks me. Yet arise, lest soon with fists  
 Thou force me to adjust our difference  
 To whom Ulysses, lowering dark, replied  
 Peace, fellow! neither word nor deed of mine  
 Wrongs thee, nor feel I envy at the boon, 20  
 However plentiful, which thou receivest  
 The sill may hold us both, thou dost not well  
 To envy others, thou appear'st like me  
 A vagrant, plenty is the gift of heaven



But urge me not to trial of our fists, 25  
 Lest thou provoke me, and I stain with blood  
 Thy bosom and thy lips, old as I am  
 So, my attendance should to-morrow prove  
 More tranquil here, for thou should'st leave, I judge,  
 Ulysses' mansion never to return 30

Then answer'd Irus, kindling with disdain  
 Gods! with what volubility of speech  
 The table-hunter prates, like an old hag  
 Collied with chimney-smutch! but ah beware!  
 For I intend thee mischief, and to dash 35  
 With both hands every grinder from thy gums,  
 As men untooth a pig pilfering the coin  
 Come—gird thee, that all here may view the strife—  
 But how wilt thou oppose one young as I?

Thus on the threshold of the lofty gate 40  
 They, wrangling, chafed each other, whose dispute  
 The high-born youth Antinous mark'd, he laugh'd  
 Delighted, and the suitors thus address'd

Oh friends! no pastime ever yet occur'd  
 Pleasant as this which, now, the Gods themselves 45  
 Afford us Irus and the stranger brawl  
 As they would box Haste—let us urge them no

He said, at once loud-laughing all arose,  
 The ill-clad disputants they round about  
 Encompass'd, and Antinous thus began 50

Attend, ye noble suitors, to my voice  
 Two paunches lie of goats here on the fire,  
 Which fill'd with fat and blood we set apart  
 For supper, he who conquers, and in force  
 Superior proves, shall freely take the paunch 55  
 Which he prefers, and shall with us thenceforth  
 Feast always, neither will we here admit  
 Poor man beside to beg at our repasts

He spake, whom all approved, next, artful Chief  
 Ulysses thus, dissembling, them address'd 60

Princes! unequal is the strife between  
 A young man and an old with misery worn,  
 But hunger, always counsellor of ill,  
 Me moves to fight, that many a bruise received,  
 I may be foil'd at last Now swear ye all 65

A solemn oath, that none, for Irus' sake,  
Shall, interposing, smite me with his fist  
Clandestine, forcing me to yield the prize.

He ceased, and, as he bade, all present swore  
A solemn oath; then thus, amid them all  
Standing, Telemachus majestic spake. 70

Guest! if thy courage and thy manly mind  
Prompt thee to banish this man hence, no force  
Fear thou beside, for who smites thee, shall find  
Yet other foes to cope with; I am here 75  
In the host's office, and the royal Chiefs  
Eurymachus and Antinoüs, alike  
Discreet, accord unanimous with me.

He ceased, whom all approved. Then, with his rags  
Ulysses braced for decency his loins 80  
Around, but gave to view his brawny thighs  
Proportion'd fair, and stripp'd his shoulders broad,  
His chest and arms robust; while, at his side,  
Dilating more the Hero's limbs and more,  
Minerva stood; the assembly with fix'd eyes 85  
Astonish'd gazed on him, and looking full  
On his next friend, a suitor thus remark'd.

Irus shall be in Irus found no more.  
He hath pull'd evil on himself. What thewes  
And what a haunch the senior's tatters hid! 90

So he,—meantime in Irus' heart arose  
Horrible tumult; yet, his loins by force  
Girding, the servants dragg'd him to the fight  
Pale, and his flesh all quivering as he came;  
Whose terrors thus Antinoüs sharp rebuked. 95

Now, wherefore livest, and why wast ever born,  
Thou mountain-mass of earth! if such dismay  
Shake thee at thought of combat with a man  
Ancient as he, and worn with many woes?  
But mark, I threaten not in vain; should he 100  
O'ercome thee, and in force superior prove,  
To Echetus thou goest; my sable bark  
Shall waft thee to Epirus, where he reigns  
Enemy of mankind; of nose and ears  
He shall despoil thee with his ruthless steel, 105  
And tearing by the roots the parts away

That mark thy sex, shall cast them to the dogs <sup>1</sup>

He said, *His* limbs new terrors at that sound  
Shook under him, into the middle space  
They led him, and each raised his hands on high. 110

Then doubtful stood Ulysses toil-inured,  
Whether to strike him lifeless to the earth  
At once, or fell him with a managed blow  
To smite with managed force at length he chose  
As wisest, lest, betray'd by his own strength, 115

He should be known With elevated fists  
Both stood, him Irus on the shoulder struck,  
But he his adversary on the neck

Pash'd close beneath his ear, he split the bones,  
And blood in sable streams ran from his mouth 120

With many an hideous yell he dropp'd, his teeth  
Chatter'd, and with his heels he drumm'd the ground

The wooers, at that sight, lifting their hands  
In glad surprise, laugh'd all their breath away

Then through the vestibule, and right across 125  
The court, Ulysses dragg'd him by the foot  
Into the portico, where propping him

Against the wall, and giving him his staff,  
In accents wing'd he bade him thus farewell

There seated now, dogs drive and swine away, 130  
Nor claim (thyself so base) supreme control  
O'er other guests and mendicants, lest harm

Reach thee, hereafter, heavier still than this  
So saying, his tatter'd wallet o'er his back

He threw suspended by its leathern twist, 135  
And toward the threshold turning, sat again  
They laughing ceaseless still, the palace-door

Re-enter'd, and him, courteous, thus bespake  
Jove, and all Jove's assessors in the skies,

Vouchsafe thee, stranger, whatsoe'er it be, 140  
Thy heart's desire! who hast our ears relieved  
From that insatiate beggar's irksome tone

Soon to Epeus he shall go, dispatch'd  
To Echetus the King, pest of mankind.

<sup>1</sup> Tradition says that Echetus, for a love-affair, condemned his daughter  
to lose her eyes, and to grind iron barley-grains while her lover was

doomed to suffer what Antinous threatens to Irus F

So they, to whose propitious words the Chief 145  
 Listen'd delighted. Then Antinous placed  
 The paunch before him, and Amphinomus  
 Two loaves, selected from the rest, he fill'd  
 A goblet also, drank to him, and said,  
 My father, hail ! O stranger, be thy lot 150  
 Hereafter blest, though adverse now and hard '  
 To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied  
 To me, Amphinomus, endued thou seem'st  
 With much discretion, who art also son  
 Of such a sire, whose fair report I know, 155  
 Dulichian Nysus opulent and good  
 Fame speaks thee his, and thou appear'st a man  
 Judicious, hear me, therefore, mark me well  
 Earth nourishes, of all that breathe or creep,  
 No creature weak as man, for while the Gods 160  
 Grant him prosperity and health, no fear  
 Hath he, or thought, that he shall ever mourn,  
 But when the Gods with evils unforeseen  
 Smite him, he bears them with a grudging mind,  
 For such as the complexion of his lot 165  
 By the appointment of the Sire of all,  
 Such is the colour of the mind of man  
 I, too, have been familiar in my day  
 With wealth and ease, but I was then self-will'd,  
 And many wrong'd, embolden'd by the thought 170  
 Of my own father's and my brethren's power  
 Let no man, therefore, be unjust, but each  
 Use modestly what gift soe'er of heaven  
 So do not these These ever bent I see  
 On deeds injurious, the possessions large 175  
 Consuming, and dishonouring the wife  
 Of one, who will not, as I judge, remain  
 Long absent from his home, but is, perchance,  
 Even at the door Thee, therefore, may the Gods  
 Steal hence in time, ah, meet not his return 180  
 To his own country ! for they will not part  
 (He and the suitors) without blood, I think,  
 If once he enter at these gates again '  
 He ended, and libation pouring, quaff'd  
 The generous juice, then in the prince's hand 185

Replaced the cup ; he, pensive, and his head  
 Inclining low, pass'd from him ; for his heart  
 Foreboded ill ; yet 'scaped not even he,  
 But in the snare of Pallas caught, his life  
 To the heroic arm and spear resign'd 190  
 Of brave Telemachus. Reaching, at length,  
 The seat whence he had risen, he sat again.

Minerva then, Goddess cœrulean-eyed,  
 Prompted Icarius' daughter to appear  
 Before the suitors ; so to expose the more 195  
 Their drift iniquitous, and that herself  
 More bright than ever in her husband's eyes  
 Might shine, and in her son's. Much mirth she feign'd<sup>2</sup>,  
 And bursting into laughter, thus began.

I-wish, Eurynome ! (who never felt 200  
 That wish till now) though I detest them all,  
 To appear before the suitors, in whose ears  
 I will admonish, for his good, my son,  
 Not to associate with that lawless crew  
 Too much, who speak him fair, but foul intend. 205

Then answer thus Eurynome return'd.  
 My daughter ! wisely hast thou said and well.  
 Go ! bathe thee and anoint thy face, then give  
 To thy dear son such counsel as thou wilt  
 Without reserve ; but show not there thy cheeks 210  
 Sullied with tears, for profit none accrues  
 From grief like thine, that never knows a change.  
 And he is now bearded, and hath attain'd  
 That age which thou wast wont with warmest prayer  
 To implore the Gods that he might live to see. 215

Her answer'd, then, Penelope discreet.  
 Persuade not me, though studious of my good,  
 To bathe, Eurynome ! or to anoint  
 My face with oil ; for all my charms the Gods,  
 Inhabitants of Olympus, then destroy'd 220  
 When he, embarking, left me. Go, command  
 Hippodamia and Autonœe  
 That they attend me to the hall, and wait  
 Beside me there ; for decency forbids  
 That I should enter to the men alone. 225

<sup>2</sup> This seems the sort of laughter intended by the word *Ἀχρηστον*.

She ceased, and through the house the ancient dame  
Hasted to summon whom she had enjoin'd

But Pallas, Goddess of the azure eyes,  
Diffused, meantime, the kindly dew of sleep  
Around Icarus' daughter, on her couch 230

Reclining, soon as she reclined, she dozed,  
And yielded to soft slumber all her frame  
Then, that the suitors might admire her more,  
The glorious Goddess clothed her, as she lay,  
With beauty of the skies, her lovely face 235

She with ambrosia purified, with such  
As Cytherea chaplet-crown'd employs  
Herself, when in the eye-ensnaring dance  
She joins the Graces, to a statelier height  
Beneath her touch, an ampler size she grew, 240

And fairer than the elephantine bone  
Fresh from the carver's hand These gifts conferred  
Divine, the awful Deity retired

And now, loud-patting as they came, arrived  
Her handmaids, sleep forsook her at the sound, 245  
She wiped away a tear, and thus she said

Me gentle sleep, sad mourner as I am,  
Hath here involved O would that by a death  
As gentle chaste Diana would herself  
This moment set me free, that I might waste 250  
My life no longer in heart-felt regret  
Of a lamented husband's various worth  
And virtue, for in Greece no Peer had he !

She said, and through her chamber's stately door  
Issuing, descended, neither went she sole, 255  
But with those two fair menials of her train  
Arriving, most majestic of her sex,

In presence of the numerous guests beneath  
The portal of the stately dome she stood  
Between her maidens, with her lucid veil 260  
Mantling her lovely cheeks Then every knee

Trembled, and every heart with amorous heat  
Dissolved, her charms all coveting alike,  
While to Telemachus her son she spake

Telemachus ! thou art no longer wise 265  
As once thou wast, and even when a child

For thriven as thou art, and at full size  
 Arrived of man, so fair-proportion'd too,  
 That even a stranger, looking on thy growth  
 And beauty, would pronounce thee nobly born, 270  
 Yet is thy intellect still immature  
 For what is this? why suffer'st thou a guest  
 To be abused in thy own palace? how?  
 Knowest not that if the stranger seated here  
 Endure vexation, the disgrace is thine? 275

He answer'd then Telemachus discreet  
 I blame thee not, my mother, that thou feel'st  
 Thine anger moved, yet want I not a mind  
 Able to mark and to discern between  
 Evil and good, child as I lately was, 280  
 Although I find not promptitude of thought  
 Sufficient always, overawed and check'd  
 By such a multitude, all bent alike  
 On mischief, of whom none takes part with me  
 But Ius and the stranger have not fought, 285  
 Urged by the suitors, and the stranger proved  
 Victorious, yes—Heaven knows how much I wish  
 That, (in the palace some, some in the court,)  
 The suitors all sat vanquish'd, with their heads  
 Depending low, and with enfeebled limbs, 290  
 Even as that same Irus, while I speak  
 With chin on bosom propp'd at the hall-gate  
 Sits drunkard-like, incapable to stand  
 Erect, or to regain his proper home

So they, and now addressing to the Queen 295  
 His speech, Eurymachus thus interposed

O daughter of Icarus! could all eyes  
 Throughout Iasian Argos view thy charms,  
 Discreet Penelope! more suitors still  
 Assembling in thy courts would banquet here 300  
 From morn to eve, for thou surpassest far  
 In beauty, stature, worth, all womankind

To whom replied Penelope discreet  
 The Gods, Eurymachus! reduced to nought  
 My virtue, beauty, stature, when the Greeks, 305  
 Whom my Ulysses follow'd, sail'd to Troy

<sup>3</sup> From Iasus, once King of Peloponnesus

Could he, returning, my domestic charge  
Himself intend, far better would my fame  
Be so secured, and wider far diffused.  
But I am wretched now, such storms the Gods 310  
Of woe have sent me. When he left his home,  
Clasping my wrist with his right hand, he said.

My love! for I imagine not that all  
The warrior Greeks shall safe from Troy return,  
Since fame reports the Trojans brave in fight, 315  
Skill'd in the spear, mighty to draw the bow,  
And nimble vaulters to the backs of steeds  
High-mettled, which to speediest issue bring  
The dreadful struggle of all-wasting war,—  
I know not, therefore, whether Heaven intend 320  
My safe return, or I must perish there.  
But manage thou at home. Cherish, as now,  
While I am absent, or more dearly still  
My parents, and what time our son thou seest  
Mature, then wed; wed even whom thou wilt, 325  
And hence to a new home.—Such were his words,  
All which shall full accomplishment ere long  
Receive. The day is near, when hapless I,  
Lost to all comfort by the will of Jove,  
Must meet the nuptials that my soul abhors. 330  
But this thought now afflicts me, and my mind  
Continual haunts. Such was not heretofore  
The suitors custom'd practice; all who chose  
To engage in competition for a wife  
Well-qualified and well-endow'd, produced 335  
From their own herds and fatted flocks a feast  
For the bride's friends, and splendid presents made,  
But never ate as ye, at others' cost.

She ceased; then brave Ulysses, toil-inured,  
Rejoiced that, soothing them, she sought to draw 340  
From each some gift, although on other views,  
And more important far, himself intent.

Then thus Antinoüs, Eupithes' son.  
Icarius' daughter wise! only accept  
Such gifts as we shall bring, for gifts demand 345  
That grace, nor can be decently refused;  
But to our rural labours, or elsewhere



Depart not we, till first thy choice be made  
Of the Achaean, chief in thy esteem

Antinous spake, whose answer all approved. 350

Then each dispatch'd his herald who should bring

His master's gift. Antinous' herald, first,

A mantle of surpassing beauty brought,

Wide, various, with no fewer clasps adorn'd

Than twelve, all golden, and to every clasp 355

Was fitted opposite its eye exact

Next, to Eurymachus his herald bore

A necklace of wrought gold, with amber rich

Bestudded, every bead bright as a sun.

Two servants for Eurydamas produced 360

Ear-pendants fashion'd with laborious art,

Broad, triple-gemm'd, of brilliant light profuse,

The herald of Polyctor's son, the prince

Pisander, brought a collar to his Lord,

A sumptuous ornament Each Grecian gave, 365

And each a gift dissimilar from all

Then, loveliest of her sex, turning away,

She sought her chamber, whom her maidens fair

Attended, charged with those illustrious gifts

Then turn'd they all to dance and pleasant song 370

Joyous, expecting the approach of even

Ere long the dusky evening came, and them

Found sporting still Then, placing in the hall

Three hearths, that should illumine wide the house,

They compass'd them around with fuel-wood 375

Long-season'd and new-split, mingling the sticks

With torches The attendant women watch'd

And fed those fires by turns, to whom, himself,

Their unknown Sovereign thus his speech address'd

Ye maidens of the long regretted Chief 380

Ulysses' to the inner courts retire,

And to your virtuous Queen, that following there

You several tasks, spinning and combing wool,

Ye may amuse her, I, meantime, for these

Will furnish light, and should they choose to stay 385

Till golden morn appear, they shall not tire

My patience aught, for I can much endure

He said, they tittering on each other gazed

But one, Melantho with the blooming cheeks,  
Rebuked him rudely. Dolius was her sire, 390  
But by Penelope she had been rear'd  
With care maternal, and in infant years  
Supplied with many a toy ; yet even she  
Felt not her mistress' sorrows in her heart,  
But of Eurymachus enamour'd, oft 395  
His lewd embraces met ; she, with sharp speech  
Reproachful, to Ulysses thus replied.

Why, what a brainsick vagabond art thou !  
Who neither wilt to the smith's forge retire  
For sleep, nor to the public portico, 400  
But here remaining, with audacious prate  
Disturb'st this numerous company, restrain'd  
By no respect or fear ; either thou art  
With wine intoxicated, or, perchance,  
Art always fool, and therefore babblest now. 405  
Say, art thou drunk with joy, that thou hast foil'd  
The beggar Irus ? Tremble, lest a man  
Stronger than Irus suddenly arise,  
Who on thy temples pelting thee with blows  
Far heavier than his, shall drive thee hence 410  
With many a bruise, and foul with thy own blood.

To whom Ulysses, frowning stern, replied.  
Snarler ! Telemachus shall be inform'd  
This moment of thy eloquent harangue,  
That he may hew thee for it, limb from limb. 415

So saying, he scared the women ; back they flew  
Into the house, but each with faltering knees  
Through dread, for they believed his threats sincere.  
He then illumined by the triple blaze  
Watch'd close the lights, busy from hearth to hearth, 420  
But in his soul, meantime, far other thoughts  
Revolved, tremendous, not conceived in vain.

Nor Pallas (that they might exasperate more  
Laertes' son) permitted to abstain  
From heart-corroding bitterness of speech 425  
Those suitors proud, of whom Eurymachus,  
Offspring of Polybus, while thus he jeer'd  
Ulysses, set the others in a roar.

Hear me, ye suitors of the illustrious Queen !

I shall promulge my thought    This man, methinks,    430  
 Not uncondacted by the Gods, hath reach'd  
 Ulysses' mansion, for to me the light  
 Of yonder torches altogether seems  
 His own, an emanation from his head,  
 Which not the smallest growth of hair obscures    435  
     He ended, and the city-waster Chief  
 Himself accosted next    Art thou disposed  
 To serve me, friend! would I afford thee hire,  
 A labourer at my farm? thou shalt not want  
 Sufficient wages, thou may'st there collect    440  
 Stones for my fences, and may'st plant my oaks,  
 For which I would supply thee all the year  
 With food, and clothes, and sandals for thy feet  
 But thou hast learn'd less creditable arts,  
 Nor hast a will to work, preferring much    445  
 By beggary from others to extort  
 Wherewith to feed thy never-sated maw  
     Then answer thus Ulysses wise return'd  
 Forbear, Eurymachus, for were we match'd  
 In work against each other, thou and I,    450  
 Mowing in spring-time, when the days are long,  
 I with my well-bent sickle in my hand,  
 Thou arm'd with one as keen, for trial sake  
 Of our ability to toil unfed  
 Till night, grass still sufficing for the proof,    455  
 Or if, again, it were our task to drive  
 Yoked oxen of the noblest breed, sleek-hair'd,  
 Big-limb'd, both batten'd to the full with grass,  
 Then age and aptitude for work the same,  
 Not soon to be fatigued, and were the field    460  
 In size four acres, with a glebe through which  
 The share might smoothly slide, then should'st thou see  
 How straight my furrow should be cut and true  
 Or should Saturnian Jove this day excite  
 Here, battle, or elsewhere, and were I arm'd    465  
 With two bright spears and with a shield, and bore  
 A brazen casque well-fitted to my brows,  
 Me then thou should'st perceive mingling in fight  
 Amid the foremost Chiefs, nor with the crime  
 Of idle beggary should'st upbraid me more.    470

But thou art much a rauler, one whose heart  
Pity moves not, and seem'st a mighty man  
And valiant to thyself, only because  
Thou herd'st with few, and those of little worth  
But should Ulysses come, at his own isle 475  
Again arrived, wide as these portals are,  
To thee, at once, too narrow they should seem  
To shoot thee forth with speed enough abroad  
He ceased—then tenfold indignation fired  
Eurymachus, he furrow'd deep his brow 480  
With frowns, and in wing'd accents thus replied  
Wretch, I shall roughly handle thee anon,  
Who thus with fluent prate presumptuous darest  
Disturb this numerous company, restrain'd  
By no respect or fear Either thou art 485  
With wine intoxicated, or, perchance,  
Art always fool, and therefore babblest now,  
Or thou art frantic haply with delight  
That thou hast foil'd yon vagabond obscure  
So saying, he seized a stool, but to the knees 490  
Ulysses flew of the Dulichian Prince  
Amphinomus, and sat, fearing incensed  
Eurymachus, he on his better hand  
Smote full the cup-bearer, on the hall-floor  
Loud rang the fallen beaker, and himself 495  
Lay on his back clamouring in the dust  
Straight through the dusky hall tumult ensued  
Among the suitors, of whom thus, a youth,  
With eyes directed to the next, exclaim'd  
Would that this rambling stranger had elsewhere 500  
Perish'd, or ever he had here arrived,  
Then no such uproar had he caused as this!  
This doth the beggar, he it is for whom  
We wrangle thus, and may despair of peace  
Or pleasure more, now look for strife alone 505  
Then in the midst Telemachus upstood  
Majestic, and the suitors thus bespake  
Sirs! ye are mad, and can no longer eat  
Or drink in peace, some demon troubles you  
But since ye all have feasted, to your homes 510  
Go now, and, at your pleasure, to your beds,

Soonest were best, but I thrust no man hence.

He ceased, they gnawing stood then lips, aghast  
With wonder that Telemachus in his speech

Such boldness used Then rose Amphinomus, 515

Brave son of Nisus, offspring of the King

Aretus, and the assembly thus address'd

My friends ! let none with contradiction thwart

And rude reply words rational and just ;

Assault no more the stranger, nor of all 520

The servants of renown'd Ulysses here

Harm any Come Let the cup-bearer fill

To all, that due libation made, to rest

We may repair at home, leaving the Prince

To accommodate beneath his father's roof 525

The stranger, for he is the Prince's guest

He ended, whose advice none disapproved.

The Hero Mulus then, Dulichian-born,

And herald of Amphinomus, the cup

Filling, dispensed it as he stood, to all, 530

They, pouring forth to the Immortals, quaff'd

The luscious beverage, and when each had made

Libation, and such measure as he would

Of wine had drunk, then all to rest retired

## BOOK XIX

## ARGUMENT

Ulysses and Telemachus remove the arms from the hall to an upper-chamber. The Hero then confers with Penelope, to whom he gives a fictitious narrative of his adventures. Euryclea, while bathing Ulysses, discovers him by a scar on his knee, but he prevents her communication of that discovery to Penelope.

THEY went, but left the noble Chief behind  
 In his own house, contriving, by the aid  
 Of Pallas, the destruction of them all,  
 And thus, in accents wing'd, again he said  
     My son ! we must remove and safe dispose 5  
 All these my well-forged implements of war,  
 And should the suitors, missing them, enquire  
 Where are they ? thou shalt answer smoothly thus—  
 I have convey'd them from the reach of smoke,  
 For they appear no more the same which erst 10  
 Ulysses, going hence to Ithum, left,  
 So smurch'd and sullied by the breath of fire  
 This weightier reason (thou shalt also say)  
 Some God suggested to me,—lest, inflamed  
 With wine, ye wound each other in your brawls, 15  
 Shaming both feast and courtship, for the view  
 Itself of arms incites to their abuse  
 He ceased, and in obedience to his will,  
 Calling the ancient Euryclea forth,  
 His nurse, Telemachus enjoin'd her thus 20  
 Go—shut the women in, make fast the doors  
 Of their apartment, while I safe dispose  
 Elsewhere my father's implements of war,  
 Which, during his long absence, here have stood  
 Till smoke hath sullied them. For I have been 25  
 An infant hitherto, but wiser grown,  
 Would now remove them from the breath of fire

Then thus the gentle matron in return  
Yes truly,—and I wish that now, at length,  
Thou would'st assert the privilege of thy years, 30  
My son, thyself assuming charge of all,  
Both house and stores, but who shall bear the light?  
Since they, it seems, who would, are all forbidden

To whom Telemachus discreet replied  
This guest, for no man, from my table fed, 35  
Come whence he may, shall be an idler here

He ended, nor his words flew wing'd away,  
But Euryclea bolted every door  
Then, starting to the task, Ulysses caught,  
And his illustrious son, the weapons thence, 40  
Helmet, and bossy shield, and pointed spear,  
While Pallas from a golden lamp illumed  
The dusky way before them At that sight  
Alarm'd, the Prince his father thus address'd

Whence—whence is this, my father? I behold 45  
A prodigy! the walls of the whole house,  
The arches, fir-tree beams, and pillars tall  
Shine in my view, as with the blaze of fire!  
Some Power celestial, doubtless, is within

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied, 50  
Soft! ask no questions Give no vent to thought  
Such is the custom of the Powers divine  
Hence, thou, to bed I stay, that I may yet  
Both in thy mother and her maidens move  
More curiosity, yes—she with tears 55  
Shall question me of all that I have seen

He ended, and the Prince, at his command,  
Guided by flaming torches, sought the couch  
Where he was wont to sleep, and there he slept  
On that night also, waiting the approach 60  
Of sacred dawn Thus was Ulysses left  
Alone, and planning sat in solitude,  
By Pallas' aid, the slaughter of his foes

At length, Diana-like, or like herself 65  
All golden Venus, (her apartment left,)  
Enter'd Penelope Beside the hearth  
Her women planted her accustom'd seat  
With silver wreathed and ivory That throne

Icmalius made, artist renown'd, and join'd  
 A footstool to its splendid frame beneath, 70  
 Which ever with an ample fleece they spread  
 There sat discreet Penelope, then came  
 Her beautiful attendants from within,  
 Who clear'd the litter'd bread, the board, and cups  
 From which the insolent companions drank 75  
 They also raked the embers from the hearth's  
 Now dim, and with fresh billets piled them high,  
 Both for illumination and for warmth  
 Then yet again Melantho with rude speech  
 Opprobrious, thus assail'd Ulysses' ear 80

Guest—wilt thou trouble us throughout the night  
 Ranging the house? and linger'st thou a spy  
 Watching the women? Hence—get thee abroad,  
 Glad of such fare as thou hast found, or soon  
 With torches beaten we will thrust thee forth 85

To whom Ulysses, frowning stern, replied  
 Petulant woman! wherefore thus incensed  
 Inveigh'st thou against me? is it because  
 I am not sleek? because my garb is mean?  
 Because I beg? thanks to necessity— 90  
 I would not else But such as I appear,  
 Such all who beg and all who wander are  
 I also lived the happy owner once  
 Of such a stately mansion, and have given  
 To numerous wanderers, whencesoe'er they came, 95  
 All that they needed, I was also served  
 By many, and enjoy'd all that denotes  
 The envied owner opulent and blest  
 But Jove (for so it pleased him) hath reduced  
 My all to nothing Therefore well beware 100  
 Thou also, mistress! lest a day arrive  
 When all these charms by which thou shinest among  
 Thy sister-menials, fade, fear, too, lest her  
 Thou should'st perchance irritate, whom thou servest,  
 And lest Ulysses come, of whose return 105  
 Hope yet survives, but even though the Chief  
 Have perish'd, as ye think, and comes no more,  
 Consider yet his son, how bright the gifts  
 Shine of Apollo in the illustrious Prince



Telemachus, no woman, unobserved 110  
 By him, can now commit a trespass here ;  
 His days of heedless infancy are past.  
 He ended, whom Penelope discreet  
 O'erhearing, her attendant sharp rebuked  
 Shameless, audacious woman ! known to me 115  
 Is thy great wickedness, which with thy life  
 Thou shalt atone, for thou wast well aware,  
 (Hearing it from myself,) that I design'd  
 To ask this stranger of my absent Lord,  
 For whose dear sake I never cease to mourn 120  
 Then to her household's governess she said ,  
 Bring now a seat, and spread it with a fleece,  
 Eurynome ! that, undisturb'd, the guest  
 May hear and answer all that I shall ask  
 She ended. Then the matron brought in haste 125  
 A polish'd seat, and spread it with a fleece,  
 On which the toil-accustom'd Hero sat,  
 And thus the chaste Penelope began.  
 Stranger ! my first enquiry shall be this—  
 Who art thou ? whence ? where born, and sprung from whom ?  
 Then answer thus Ulysses, wise, return'd. 131  
 O Queen ! uncensurable by the lips  
 Of mortal man ! thy glory climbs the skies  
 Unrivall'd, like the praise of some great King  
 Who o'er a numerous people and renown'd 135  
 Presiding like a Deity, maintains  
 Justice and truth The earth, under his sway,  
 Her produce yields abundantly, the trees  
 Fruit-laden bend, the lusty flocks bring forth ,  
 The Ocean teems with finny swarms beneath 140  
 His just control, and all the land is blest  
 Me therefore question of what else thou wilt  
 In thy own palace, but forbear to ask  
 From whom I sprang, and of my native land,  
 Lest thou, reminding me of those sad themes, 145  
 Augment my woes, for I have much endured ,  
 Nor were it seemly, in another's house,  
 To pass the hours in sorrow and in tears,  
 Wearisome when indulged with no regard  
 To time or place, thy train (perchance thyself) 150

Would blame me, and I should reproach incur  
As one tear-deluged through excess of wine.

Him answer'd then Penelope discreet.  
The immortal Gods, O stranger, then destroy'd  
My form, my grace, my beauty, when the Greeks 155  
Whom my Ulysses follow'd, sail'd to Troy.  
Could he, returning, my domestic charge  
Himself intend, far better would my fame  
Be so secured, and wider far diffused.  
But I am wretched now; such storms of woe 160  
The Gods have sent me; for as many Chiefs  
As hold dominion in the neighbour isles  
Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd  
Zacynthus; others, also, rulers here  
In pleasant Ithaca, me, loth to wed, 165  
Woo ceaseless, and my household stores consume.  
I, therefore, neither guest nor suppliant heed,  
Nor public herald more, but with regret  
Of my Ulysses wear my soul away.  
They, meantime, press my nuptials, which by art 170  
I still procrastinate. Some God the thought  
Suggested to me, to commence a robe  
Of amplest measure and of subtlest woof,  
Laborious task; which done, I thus address'd them.  
Princes, my suitors! since the noble Chief 175  
Ulysses is no more, enforce not now  
My nuptials; wait till I shall finish first  
A funeral robe, (lest all my threads be marr'd,)  
Which for the ancient Hero I prepare  
Laertes, looking for the mournful hour 180  
When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest.  
Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,  
Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud.  
Such was my speech; they, unsuspecting all,  
With my request complied. Thenceforth, all day 185  
I wove the ample web, and, by the aid  
Of torches, ravell'd it again at night.  
Three years by artifice I thus their suit  
Eluded safe; but when the fourth arrived,  
And the same season after many moons 190  
And fleeting days return'd, passing my train

Who had neglected to release the dogs,  
 They came, surprised, and reprimanded me  
 Thus, through necessity, not choice, at last  
 I have perform'd it, in my own despite 195  
 But no escape from marriage now remains,  
 Nor other subterfuge for me, meantime  
 My parents urge my nuptials, and my son  
 (Of age to note it) with disgust observes  
 His wealth consumed, for he is now become 200  
 Adult, and abler than myself to rule  
 The house, a Prince distinguish'd by the Gods  
 Yet, stranger, after all, speak thy descent,  
 Say whence thou art, for not of fabulous birth  
 Art thou, nor from the oak, nor from the rock 205  
 Her answer'd then Ulysses, ever-wise  
 O spouse revered of Laertiades!  
 Resolvest thou still to learn from whom I sprang?  
 Learn then, but know that thou shalt much augment  
 My present grief, natural to a man 210  
 Who hath, like me, long exiled from his home  
 Through various cities of the sons of men  
 Wander'd remote, and numerous woes endured.  
 Yet, though it pain me, I will tell thee all  
 There is a land amid the sable flood 215  
 Call'd Crete, fair, fruitful, circled by the sea  
 Numerous are her inhabitants, a race  
 Not to be summ'd, and ninety towns she boasts  
 Diverse their language is, Achæans some,  
 And some indigenous are, Cydonians there, 220  
 Crest-shaking Dorians, and Pelasgians dwell.  
 One city in extent the rest exceeds,  
 Cnossus, the city in which Minos reign'd,  
 Who, ever at a nine-years-close, confer'd  
 With Jove himself, from him my father sprang, 225  
 The brave Deucalion, for Deucalion's sons  
 Were two, myself and King Idomeneus  
 To Ilum he, on board his gallant barks  
 Follow'd the Atridæ I, the youngest-born,  
 By my illustrious name, Æthon, am known, 230  
 But he ranks foremost both in worth and years.  
 There I beheld Ulysses, and within

My walls received him , for a violent wind  
 Had driven him from Malea (while he sought  
 The shores of Troy) to Ciete    The storm his barks    235  
 Bore into the Amnisus, for the cave  
 Of Plythia known, a dangerous port,  
 And which with difficulty he attain'd.  
 He, landing, instant to the city went,  
 Seeking Idomeneus , his friend of old,    240  
 As he affirm'd, and one whom much he loved  
 But *he* was far remote, ten days advanced,  
 Perhaps eleven, on his course to Troy  
 Him therefore I conducted to my home,  
 Where hospitably, and with kindest care    245  
 I entertain'd him (for I wanted nought),  
 And for himself procured and for his band,  
 By public contribution, corn, and wine,  
 And beeves for food, that all might be sufficed.  
 Twelve days his noble Grecians there abode,    250  
 Port-lock'd by Boreas blowing with a force  
 Resistless even on the land, some God  
 So' roused his fury , but the thirteenth day  
 The wind all fell, and they embark'd again  
 With many a fiction specious, as he sat,    255  
 He thus her ear amused , she at the sound  
 Melting, with fluent tears her cheeks bedew'd ,  
 And as the snow by Zephyrus diffused,  
 Melts on the mountain tops, when Eurus breathes,  
 And fills the channels of the running streams,    260  
 So melted she, and down her lovely cheeks  
 Pour'd fast the tears, him mourning as remote  
 Who sat beside her    Soft compassion touch'd  
 Ulysses of his consort's silent woe ,  
 His eyes, as they had been of steel or horn,    265  
 Moved not, yet artful, he suppress'd his tears,  
 And she, at length, with overflowing grief  
 Satiated, replied, and thus enquired again  
 Now, stranger, I shall prove thee, as I judge,  
 If thou, indeed, hast entertain'd in Crete    270  
 My spouse and his brave followers, as thou say'st  
 Describe his raiment and himself , his own  
 Appearance, and the appearance of his friends

Then her Ulysses answer'd, ever-wise  
 Hard is the task, O Queen ! (so long a time 275  
 Hath since elapsed,) to tell thee Twenty years  
 Have pass'd since he forsook my native isle,  
 Yet, from my best remembrance, I will give  
 A likeness of him, such as now I may.  
 A double cloak, thick-piled, Mæonian-dyed, 280  
 The noble Chief had on , two fastenings held  
 The golden clasp, and it display'd in front  
 A well-wrought pattern with much art design'd  
 An hound between his fore-feet holding fast  
 A dappled fawn, gaped eager on his piey 285  
 All wonder'd, seeing how in lifeless gold  
 Express'd, the dog with open mouth her throat  
 Attempted still, and how the fawn with hoofs  
 Thrust trembling forward, struggled to escape  
 That glorious mantle much I noticed, soft 290  
 To touch, as the dried garlick's glossy film ,  
 Such was the smoothness of it, and it shone  
 Sun-bright , full many a maiden, trust me, view'd  
 The splendid texture with admiring eyes  
 But mark me now , deep treasure in thy mind 295  
 This word I know not if Ulysses wore  
 That cloak at home, or whether of his train  
 Some warrior gave it to him on his way,  
 Or else some host of his , for many loved  
 Ulysses, and with him might few compare 300  
 I gave to him, myself, a brazen sword,  
 A purple cloak magnificent, and vest  
 Of royal length, and, when he sought his bair,  
 With princely pomp dismiss'd him from the shore  
 An herald also waited on the Chief, 305  
 Somewhat his senior , him I next describe  
 His back was bunch'd, his visage swarthy, curl'd  
 His poll, and he was named Eurybates ,  
 A man whom most of all his followers far  
 Ulysses honour'd, for their minds were one 310  
 He ceased , she, recognizing all the proofs  
 Distinctly by Ulysses named, was moved  
 Still more to weep, till with o'erflowing grief  
 Sate, at length she answer'd him again.

Henceforth, O stranger, thou who hadst before 315  
 My pity, shalt my reverence share and love  
 I folded for him with these hands the cloak  
 Which thou describest, produced it when he went,  
 And gave it to him, I that splendid clasp  
 Attach'd to it myself, more to adorn 320  
 My honour'd Lord, whom to his native land  
 Return'd secure I shall receive no more  
 In such an evil hour Ulysses went  
 To that bad city never to be named  
 To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied 325  
 Consort reveal'd of Laertiades'  
 No longer let anxiety impan  
 Thy beauteous form, nor any grief consume  
 Thy spirits more for thy Ulysses' sake  
 And yet I blame thee not, a wife deprived 330  
 Of her first mate, to whom she had produced  
 Fair fruit of mutual love, would mourn his loss,  
 Although he were inferior far to thine,  
 Whom fame affirms the semblance of the Gods  
 But cease to mourn Hear me I will relate 335  
 A faithful tale, nor will from thee withhold  
 Such tidings of Ulysses living still,  
 And of his safe return, as I have heard  
 Lately, in yon neighbouring opulent land  
 Of the Thesprotians He returns enrich'd 340  
 With many precious stores from those obtain'd  
 Whom he hath visited, but he hath lost,  
 Departing from Thimacia's isle, his bark  
 And all his loved companions in the Deep,  
 For Jove was adverse to him, and the Sun, 345  
 Whose beoves his followers slew They perish'd all  
 Amid the billowy flood, but Him, the keel  
 Bestriding of his bark, the waves at length  
 Cast forth on the Phæacian's land, a race  
 Allied to heaven, who revered like a God 350  
 Thy husband, honour'd him with numerous gifts,  
 And willing were to have convey'd him home  
 Ulysses, therefore, had attain'd long since  
 His native shore, but that he deem'd it best  
 To travel far, that he might still amass 355

More wealth , so much Ulysses all mankind  
 Excels in policy, and hath no peer  
 This information from Thesprotia's King  
 I gain'd, from Phidon , to myself he swore  
 Libation offering under his own roof, 360  
 That both the bark was launch'd, and the stout crew  
 Prepared, that should conduct him to his home  
 But me he first dismiss'd , for, as it chanced,  
 A ship lay there of the Thesprotians, bound  
 To corn-enrich'd Dulichium All the wealth 365  
 He shew'd me by the Chief amass'd, a store  
 To feed the house of yet another Prince  
 To the tenth generation , so immense  
 His treasures were within that palace lodged  
 Himself he said was to Dodona gone, 370  
 Counsel to ask from the oracular oaks  
 Sublime of Jove, how safest he might seek,  
 After long exile thence, his native land,  
 If openly were best, or in disguise  
 Thus, therefore, he is safe, and at his home 375  
 Well-nigh arrived, nor shall his country long  
 Want him I swear it with a solemn oath  
 First Jove be witness, King and Lord of all !  
 Next these domestic Gods of the renown'd  
 Ulysses, in whose royal house I sit, 380  
 That thou shalt see my saying all fulfill'd  
 Ulysses shall this self-same year return,  
 This self-same month, ere yet the next begin  
 Him answer'd then Penelope discreet  
 Grant heaven, my guest, that this good word of thine 385  
 Fail not ! then, soon shalt thou such bounty share  
 And friendship at my hands, that, at first sight,  
 Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pronounce thee blest  
 But ah ! my soul forebodes how it will prove ,  
 Neither Ulysses will return, nor thou 390  
 Receive safe conduct hence , for we have here  
 None, such as once Ulysses was, to rule  
 His household with authority, and to send  
 With honourable convoy to his home  
 The worthy guest, or to regale him here 395  
 Give him the bath, my maidens , spread his couch

With linen soft, with fleecy gaberdines<sup>1</sup>  
 And rugs of splendid hue, that he may lie  
 Waiting, well-warm'd, the golden morn's return  
 Attend him also at the peep of day 400  
 With bath and unction, that, his seat resumed  
 Here in the palace, he may be prepared  
 For breakfast with Telemachus, and woe  
 To him who shall presume to incommode  
 Or cause him pain, that man shall be cashier'd 405  
 Hence instant, burn his anger as it may  
 For how, my honour'd inmate<sup>1</sup> shalt thou learn  
 That I in wisdom economic aught  
 Pass other women, if unbathed, unoil'd,  
 Ill-clad, thou sojourn here? man's life is short 410  
 Whoso is cruel, and to cruel aits  
 Addict, on him all men, while yet he lives,  
 Call plagues and curses down, and after death  
 Scorn and proverbial mockeries hunt his name  
 But men, humane themselves, and given by choice 415  
 To offices humane, from land to land  
 Are rumour'd honourably by their guests,  
 And every tongue is busy in their praise  
 Her answer'd then Ulysses ever-wise  
 Consort revered of Laertiades<sup>1</sup> 420  
 Warm gaberdines and rugs of splendid hue  
 To me have odious been, since first the sight  
 Of Ciete's snow-mantled mountain-tops I lost,  
 Sweeping the billows with extended oars  
 No, I will pass as I am wont to pass 425  
 The sleepless night, for on a sordid couch  
 Outstretch'd, full many a night have I reposed  
 Till golden-charioted Aurora dawn'd  
 Nor me the foot-bath pleases more, my foot  
 Shall none of all thy ministering maidens touch, 430  
 Unless there be some ancient matron grave  
 Among them, who hath pangs of heart endured  
 Numerous, and keen as I have felt myself,  
 Her I refuse not She may touch my feet  
 Him answer'd then prudent Penelope. 435

<sup>1</sup> A gaberdine is a shaggy cloak of coarse but warm materials. Such always make part of Homer's bed-furniture.



Dear guest ! for of all travellers here arrived  
 From distant regions, I have none received  
 Discreet as thou, or whom I more have loved,  
 So just thy matter is, and with such grace  
 Express'd,—I have an ancient maiden grave, 440  
 The nurse who at my hapless husband's birth  
 Received him in her arms, and with kind care  
 Maternal reai'd him, she shall wash thy feet,  
 Although decrepit. Euryclea, rise !  
 Wash one coeval with thy Lord, for such 445  
 The feet and hands, it may be, are become  
 Of my Ulysses now, since man beset  
 With sorrow once, soon wrinkled grows and old  
 She said, then Euryclea with both hands  
 Cov'ring her face, in tepid tears profuse 450  
 Dissolved, and thus in mournful strains began.  
 Alas ! my son, trouble for thy dear sake  
 Distracts me Jove surely of all mankind  
 Thee hated most, though ever in thy heart  
 Devoutly given, for never mortal man 455  
 So many thighs of fatted victims burn'd,  
 And chosen hecatombs produced as thou  
 To Jove the Thunderer, him entreating still  
 That he would grant thee a serene old age,  
 And to instruct, thyself, thy glorious son 460  
 Yet thus the God requites thee, cutting off  
 All hope of thy return —oh ancient sir !  
 Him too, perchance, where'er he sits a guest  
 Beneath some foreign roof, the women taunt,  
 As all these shameless ones have taunted thee, 465  
 Fearing whose mockery thou forbidd'st their hands  
 This office, which Icarus' daughter wise  
 To me enjoins, and which I, glad, perform  
 Yes, I will wash thy feet, both for her sake  
 And for thy own,—for sight of thee hath raised 470  
 A tempest in my mind. Hear now the cause !  
 Full many a guest forlorn we entertain,  
 But never any have I seen, whose size,  
 The fashion of whose foot, and pitch of voice,  
 Such likeness of Ulysses show'd, as thine. 475  
 To whom Ulysses, ever-shrewd, replied.

Such close similitude, O ancient dame !  
As thou observest between thy Lord and me,  
All who have seen us both, have ever found

He said, then taking the resplendent vase 480  
Allotted always to that use, she first

Infused cold water largely, then the warm  
Ulysses (for beside the hearth he sat)

Turn'd quick his face into the shade, alarm'd  
Lest, handling him, she should at once remark 485

His scar, and all his stratagem unveil  
She then, approaching, minister'd the bath

To her own King, and at first touch discern'd  
That token, by a bright-tusk'd boar of old

Impress'd, what time he to Parnassus went 490  
To visit there Autolycus and his sons,

His mother's noble sire, who all mankind  
In furtive aits and fraudulent oaths excell'd <sup>2</sup>

For such endowments he by gifts received  
From Hermes' self, to whom the thighs of kids 495

He offer'd and of lambs, and, in return,  
The watchful Heimes never left his side.

### Autolycus, arriving in the isle

Of pleasant Ithaca, the new-born son  
Of his own daughter found, whom on his knees . 500

At close of supper Euryclea placed,  
And thus the royal visitant address'd

Thyself, Autolykus<sup>1</sup> devise a name  
For thy own daughter's son, by numerous prayers  
Of thine and fervent, from the Gods obtained

Then answer thus Antolycus return'd  
My daughter and my daughter's spouse! the name  
Which I shall give your boy, that let him bear  
Since after provocation and offence

To numbers given of either sex, I come, 510  
Call him Ulysses,<sup>3</sup> and, when grown mature,

<sup>2</sup> Homer's morals seem to allow to a good man dissimulation, and even an ambiguous oath, should they be necessary to save him from a villain. Thus in Book XX Telemachus swears by Zeus, that he does not hinder his mother from marrying whom she pleases of the wooers, though at the same time he is plotting their destruction with his father. F

<sup>3</sup> In the Greek 'ΟΔΙΣΣΕΙΣ' from the verb 'οδυσσω—I am angry

He shall Parnassus visit, the abode  
Magnificent in which his mother dwelt,  
And where my treasures lie, from my own stores  
I will enrich and send him joyful home. 515

Ulysses, therefore, that he might obtain  
Those princely gifts, went thither. Him arrived,  
With right-hand gratulation and with words  
Of welcome kind, Autolycus received,  
Nor less his offspring; but the mother most 520  
Of his own mother clung around his neck,  
Amphithea, she with many a fervent kiss  
His forehead press'd, and his bright-beaming eyes  
Then bade Autolycus his noble sons  
Set forth a banquet. They, at his command, 525  
Led in a fatted ox of the fifth year,  
Which slaying first, they spread him carved a'round,  
Then scored his flesh, transfix'd it with the spits,  
And roasting all with culinary skill  
Exact, gave each a portion. Thus they sat 530  
Feasting all day, and till the sun declined;  
But when the sun declined, and darkness fell,  
Each sought his couch, and took the gift of sleep  
Then, soon as day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd  
Aurora look'd abroad, forth went the hounds, 535  
And with the hounds Ulysses, and the youths,  
Sons of Autolycus, to chase the boar  
Arrived at the Parnassian mount, they climb'd  
His bushy sides, and to his airy heights  
Ere long attain'd. It was the pleasant hour 540  
When from the gently swelling flood profound  
The sun, emerging, first smote on the fields  
The hunters reach'd the valley, foremost ran,  
Questing, the hounds, behind them, swift, the sons  
Came of Autolycus, with whom advanced 545  
The illustrious Prince Ulysses, pressing close  
The hounds, and brandishing his massy spear  
There, hid in thickest shades, lay an huge boar.  
That covert neither rough winds blowing moist  
Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day sun 550  
Smite through it, or fast falling showers pervade,  
So thick it was, and underneath, the ground

With litter of dry foliage strew'd profuse  
Hunters and dogs approaching him, his ear  
The sound of feet perceived, uprising high 555  
His bustly back and glaring fire, he sprang  
Forth from the shrubs, and in defiance stood  
Near and right opposite Ulysses, first,  
Rush'd on him, elevating his long spear  
Ardent to wound him, but, preventing quick 560  
His foe, the boar gash'd him above the knee  
Much flesh, assailing him oblique, he tore  
With his rude tusk, but to the Hero's bone  
Perced not, Ulysses *his* right shoulder reach'd,  
And with a deadly thrust impell'd the point 565  
Of his bright spear through him and far beyond  
Loud yell'd the boar, sank in the dust, and died  
Around Ulysses, then, the busy sons  
Throng'd of Autolycus, expert they braced  
The wound of the illustrious hunter bold, 570  
With incantation staunch'd the sable blood,  
And sought in haste their father's house again,  
Whence, heal'd and gratified with splendid gifts,  
They sent him soon rejoicing to his home,  
Themselves rejoicing also Glad their son 575  
His parents saw again, and of the scar  
Enquired, where given, and how? He told them all,  
How to Parnassus with his friends he went,  
Sons of Autolycus, to hunt, and how  
A boar had gash'd him with his ivory tusk 580  
That scar, while chafing him with open palms,  
The matron knew, she left his foot to fall,  
Down dropp'd his leg into the vase, the bias  
Rang, and, o'ertilted by the sudden shock,  
Pou'd forth the water, flooding wide the floor. 585  
Her spirit joy at once and sorrow seized,  
Tears fill'd her eyes, her intercepted voice  
Died in her throat, but to Ulysses' beard  
Her hand advancing, thus, at length she spake.  
Thou art himself, Ulysses Oh my son! 590  
Dear to me, and my master as thou art,  
I knew thee not till I had touch'd the scar.  
She said, and to Penelope her eyes

Directed, all impatient to declare  
 Her own Ulysses even then at home 595  
 But she, nor eye nor ear for aught that pass'd  
 Had then, her fix'd attention so entire  
 Minerva had engaged Then, darting forth  
 His arms, the Hero with his right-hand close  
 Compress'd her throat, and nearer to himself, 600  
 Drawing her with his left, thus caution'd her

Why would'st thou ruin me? Thou gavest me milk  
 Thyself from thy own breast See me return'd  
 After long sufferings, in the twentieth year,  
 To my own land But since (some God the thought 605  
 Suggesting to thee) thou hast learn'd the truth,  
 Silence! lest others learn it from thy lips  
 For this I say, nor shall the threat be vain,  
 If God vouchsafe to me to overcome  
 The haughty suitors, when I shall inflict 610  
 Death on the other women of my house,  
 Although my nurse, thyself shalt also die

Him answer'd Euryclea then, discreet.  
 My son! oh how could so severe a word  
 Escape thy lips? my fortitude of mind 615  
 Thou know'st, and even now shalt prove me firm  
 As iron, secret as the stubborn rock  
 But hear and mark me well. Should'st thou prevail,  
 Assisted by a Power divine, to slay  
 The haughty suitors, I will then, myself, 620  
 Give thee to know of all the female train  
 Who have dishonour'd thee, and who respect

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied  
 My nurse, it were superfluous, spare thy tongue  
 That needless task I can distinguish well 625  
 Myself, between them, and shall know them all,  
 But hold thy peace Hush! leave it with the Gods

So he, then went the ancient matron forth,  
 That she might serve him with a second bath,  
 For the whole first was spilt Thus, laved at length, 630  
 And smooth'd with oil, Ulysses nearer pull'd  
 His seat toward the glowing hearth to enjoy  
 More warmth, and drew his tatters o'er the scar.  
 Then, prudent, thus Penelope began

One question, stranger, I shall yet propound, 635  
 Though brief, for soon the hour of soft repose,  
 Grateful to all, and even to the sad  
 Whom gentle sleep forsakes not, will arrive  
 But heaven to me immeasurable woe  
 Assigns,—whose sole delight is to consume 640  
 My days in sighs, while here retired I sit,  
 Watching my maidens' labours and my own,  
 But (night return'd, and all to bed retired)  
 I press mine also, yet with deep regret  
 And anguish lacerated, even there 645  
 As when at spring's first entrance, her sweet song  
 The azure-crested nightingale renews,  
 Daughter of Pandarus, within the grove's  
 Thick foliage perch'd, she pours her echoing voice,  
 Now deep, now clear, still varying the strain 650  
 With which she mourns her Itylus, her son  
 By royal Zethus, whom she, eiring, slew,<sup>4</sup>  
 So also I, by soul-distressing doubts  
 Toss'd ever, muse if I shall here remain  
 A faithful guardian of my son's affairs, 655  
 My husband's bed respecting, and not less  
 My own fair fame, or whether I shall him  
 Of all my suitors follow to his home  
 Who noblest seems, and offers richest dower  
 My son while he was infant yet, and own'd 660  
 An infant's mind, could never give consent  
 That I should wed and leave him, but, at length,  
 Since he hath reach'd the stature of a man,  
 He wishes my departure hence, the waste  
 Viewing indignant by the suitors made 665  
 But I have dream'd Here, and expound my dream  
 My geese are twenty, which within my walls  
 I feed with sodden wheat, they serve to amuse  
 Sometimes my sorrow From the mountains came  
 An eagle, huge, hook-beak'd, brake all their necks, 670

<sup>4</sup> She intended to slay the son of her husband's brother Amphion, incited to it by envy of his wife, who had six children, while herself had only two, but through mistake she slew her own son Itylus, and for her punishment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale

And slew them, scatter'd on the palace-floor  
 They lay, and he soar'd swift into the skies  
 Dream only as it was, I wept aloud,  
 Till all my maidens, gather'd by my voice,  
 Arriving, found me weeping still, and still 675  
 Complaining, that the eagle had at once  
 Slain all my geese But, to the palace-roof  
 Stooping again, he sat, and with a voice  
 Of human sound, forbid my tears, and said—  
 Courage ! O daughter of the far-renown'd 680  
 Icarus ! no vain dream thou hast beheld,  
 But, in thy sleep, a truth The slaughter'd geese  
 Denote thy suitors I who have appear'd  
 An eagle in thy sight, am yet indeed  
 Thy husband, who have now, at last, return'd, 685  
 Death, horrid death designing for them all  
 He said, then waking at the voice, I cast  
 An anxious look around, and saw my geese  
 Beside their tray, all feeding as before  
 Her then Ulysses answer'd, ever-wise 690  
 O Queen ! it is not possible to miss  
 Thy dream's plain import, since Ulysses' self  
 Hath told thee the event, thy suitors all  
 Must perish, not one suitor shall escape  
 To whom Penelope discreet replied 695  
 Dreams are inexplicable, O my guest !  
 And oft-times mere delusions, that receive  
 No just accomplishment There are two gates<sup>5</sup>  
 Through which the fleeting phantoms pass, of horn 700  
 Is one, and one of ivory Such dreams  
 As through the thin-leaf'd ivory portal come,  
 Soothe, but perform not, uttering empty sounds,  
 But such as through the polish'd horn escape,  
 If haply seen by any mortal eye,  
 Prove faithful witnesses, and are fulfill'd 705  
 But through those gates my wondrous dream, I think,

<sup>5</sup> The difference of the two substances may perhaps serve to account for the preference given in this case to the gate of horn, horn being transparent, and as such emblematical of truth, while ivory, from its whiteness, promises light, but is, in fact, opaque F.

Came not, thrice welcome were it else to me  
 And to my son Now mark my words, attend.  
 This is the hated morn that from the house  
 Removes me of Ulysses I shall fix, 710  
 This day, the rings for trial to them all  
 Of archership, Ulysses' custom was  
 To plant twelve spikes<sup>6</sup>, all regular arranged  
 Like galley-props, and crested with a ring,  
 Then standing far remote, true in his aim, 715  
 He with his whizzing shaft would thrud them all  
 This is the contest in which now I mean  
 To prove the suitors, him, who with most ease  
 Shall bend the bow, and shoot through all the rings,  
 I follow, this dear mansion of my youth 720  
 Leaving, so fair, so fill'd with every good,  
 Though still to love it even in my dreams  
 Her answer'd then Ulysses, ever-wise  
 Consort revered of Laertiades!  
 Postpone not this contention, but appoint 725  
 Forthwith the trial, for Ulysses here  
 Will sure arrive, ere they (his polish'd bow  
 Long tampering) shall prevail to stretch the nerve,  
 And speed the arrow through the iron rings  
 To whom Penelope replied discreet 730  
 Would'st thou with thy sweet converse, O my guest!  
 Here soothe me still, sleep ne'er should influence  
 These eyes the while, but always to resist  
 Sleep's power is not for man, to whom the Gods  
 Each circumstance of his condition here 735  
 Fix universally Myself will seek  
 My own apartment at the palace-top,  
 And there will lay me down on my sad couch,  
 For such it hath been, and with tears of mine  
 Ceaseless bedew'd, e'er since Ulysses went 740  
 To that bad city, never to be named.

<sup>6</sup> The translation here is somewhat pleonastic for the sake of perspicuity, the original is clear in itself, but not to us who have no such practice Twelve stakes were fixed in the earth, each having a ring at the top, the order in which they stood was so exact, that an arrow sent with an even hand through the first ring, would pass them all



There will I sleep , but sleep thou here below,  
Either, thyself, preparing on the ground  
Thy couch, or on a couch by these prepared

So saying, she to her splendid chamber thence  
Retired, not sole, but by her female train  
Attended , there arrived, she wept her spouse,  
Her loved Ulysses, till Minerva dropp'd  
The balm of slumber on her weary lids.

## BOOK XX.

## ARGUMENT.

Ulysses, doubting whether he shall destroy or not the women servants who commit lewdness with the suitors, resolves at length to spare them for the present. He asks an omen from Jupiter, and that he would grant him also to hear some propitious words from the lips of one in the family. His petitions are both answered. Preparation is made for the feast. Whilst the suitors sit at table, Pallas smites them with a horrid frenzy. Theoclymenus, observing the strange effects of it, prophesies their destruction, and they deride his prophecy.

BUT in the vestibule the Hero lay  
 On a bull's hide undress'd, o'er which he spread  
 The fleece of many a sheep slain by the Greeks,  
 And, cover'd by the household's governess  
 With a wide cloak, composed himself to rest. 5  
 Yet slept he not, but meditating lay  
 Woe to his enemies. Meantime the train  
 Of women wonted to the suitors' arms,  
 Issuing all mirth and laughter, in his soul  
 A tempest raised of doubts, whether at once 10  
 To slay, or to permit them yet to give  
 Their lusty paramours one last embrace.  
 As growls the mastiff standing on the start  
 For battle, if a stranger's foot approach  
 Her cubs new-whelp'd—so growl'd Ulysses' heart, 15  
 While wonder fill'd him at their impious deeds.  
 But, smiting on his breast, thus he reproved  
 The mutinous inhabitant within.  
 Heart! bear it. Worse than this thou didst endure  
 When, uncontrollable by force of man, 20  
 The Cyclops thy illustrious friends devour'd.  
 Thy patience then fail'd not, till prudence found  
 Deliverance for thee on the brink of fate.  
 So disciplined the Hero his own heart,

Which, tractable, endured the rigorous curb,  
 And patient, yet he turn'd from side to side. 20  
 As when some hungry swain turns oft a maw  
 Unctuous and savoury on the burning coals,  
 Quick expediting his desired repast,  
 So he from side to side roll'd, pondering deep 30  
 How likeliest with success he might assail  
 Those shameless suitors, one to many opposed  
 Then, sudden from the skies descending, came  
 Minerva in a female form, her stand  
 Above his head she took, and thus she spake 35  
 Why sleep'st thou not, unhappiest of mankind?  
 Thou art at home, here dwells thy wife, and here  
 Thy son, a son, whom all might wish their own  
 - Then her Ulysses answer'd, ever-wise  
 O Goddess! true is all that thou hast said, 40  
 But, not without anxiety, I muse  
 How, single as I am, I shall assail  
 Those shameless suitors who frequent my courts  
 Daily, and always their whole multitude  
 This weightier theme I meditate beside, 45  
 Should I, with Jove's concurrence and with thine,  
 Prevail to slay them, how shall I escape,  
 Myself, at last? <sup>1</sup> oh Goddess, weigh it well  
 Him answer'd then Pallas cœrulean-eyed  
 Oh faithless man! a man will in his friend 50  
 Confide, though mortal, and in valour less  
 And wisdom than himself, but I who keep  
 Thee in all difficulties, am divine  
 I tell thee plainly Were we hemm'd around  
 By fifty troops of shouting warriors bent 55  
 To slay thee, thou should'st yet securely drive  
 The flocks away and cattle of them all  
 But yield to sleep's soft influence, for to lie  
 All night thus watchful, is, itself, distress  
 Fear not. Deliverance waits, not far remote. 60

So saying, she o'er Ulysses' eyes diffused  
 Soft slumbers, and when sleep, that soothes the mind  
 And nerves the limbs afresh, had seized him once,  
 To the Olympian summit swift return'd

<sup>1</sup> That is, how shall I escape the vengeance of their kindred?

But his chaste spouse awoke, she weeping sat 65  
 On her soft couch, and noblest of her sex,  
 Sate at length with tears, her prayer address'd  
 First to Diana of the Powers above

Diana, awful progeny of Jove !

I would that with a shaft this moment sped 70  
 Into my bosom, thou would'st here conclude  
 My mournful life ! or, oh that, as it flies,  
 Snatching me through the pathless air, a storm  
 Would whelm me deep in Ocean's restless tide !

So, when the Gods their parents had destroy'd, 75  
 Storms suddenly the beauteous daughters' snatch'd  
 Of Pandarus away, them left foilorn

Venus with curds, with honey and with wine  
 Fed duly, Juno gave them to surpass 80  
 All women in the charms of face and mind,

With graceful stature eminent the chaste  
 Diana bless'd them, and in works of art  
 Illustrious, Pallas taught them to excel

But when the foam-sprung Goddess to the skies  
 A suitor went on their behalf, to obtain 85  
 Blest nuptials for them from the Thunderer Jove,  
 (For Jove the happiness, himself, appoints,  
 And the unhappiness of all below,)

Meantime, the Harpies ravishing away  
 Those virgins, gave them to the Furies three, 90  
 That they might serve them O that me the Gods  
 Inhabiting Olympus so would hide

From human eyes for ever, or bright-hair'd  
 Diana pierce me with a shaft, that while  
 Ulysses yet engages all my thoughts, 95  
 My days concluded, I might 'scape the pain  
 Of gratifying some inferior Chief !

This is supportable, when (all the day  
 To sorrow given) the mourner sleeps at night,  
 For sleep, when it hath once the eyelids veil'd, 100  
 All reminiscence blots of all alike,

Both good and ill, but me the Gods afflict  
 Not seldom even in dreams, and at my side,  
 This night again, one lay resembling him,

<sup>2</sup> Aedon, Cleothea, Merope

Such as my own Ulysses when he join'd 105  
 Achaia's warriors, my exulting heart  
 No airy dream believed it, but a truth

While thus she spake, in orient gold enthroned  
 Came forth the morn, Ulysses, as she wept,  
 Heard plain her lamentation, him that sound 110  
 Alarm'd, he thought her present, and himself  
 Known to her Gathering hastily the cloak  
 His covering, and the fleeces, them he placed  
 Together on a throne within the hall,  
 But bore the bull's-hide forth into the air 115  
 Then, lifting high his hands to Jove, he pray'd

Eternal Sire<sup>1</sup> if over moist and dry  
 Ye have with good will sped me to my home  
 After much suffering, grant me from the lips  
 Of some domestic now awake, to hear 120  
 Words of propitious omen, and thyself  
 Vouchsafe me still some other sign abroad

Such prayer he made, and Jove omniscient heard  
 Sudden he thunder'd from the radiant heights  
 Olympian, glad, Ulysses heard the sound 125  
 A woman, next, a labourer at the mill  
 Hard by, where all the palace-mills were wrought,  
 Gave him the omen of propitious sound  
 Twelve maidens, day by day, toil'd at the mills,  
 Meal grinding, some of barley, some of wheat, 130  
 Mallow of man<sup>2</sup> The rest (their portion ground)  
 All slept, she only from her task as yet  
 Ceased not, for she was feeblest of them all,  
 She rested on her mill, and thus pronounced  
 The happy omen by her Lord desired 135

Jove, Father, Governor of heaven and earth<sup>1</sup>  
 Loud thou hast thunder'd from the starry skies  
 By no cloud veil'd, a sign propitious, given  
 To whom I know not, but oh grant the prayer  
 Of a poor bond-woman<sup>1</sup> appoint then feast 140  
 This day, the last that in Ulysses' house  
 The suitors shall enjoy, for whom I drudge,  
 With aching heart and trembling knees their meal  
 Grinding continual. Feast they here no more<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *μυελον ανδρων*

She ended, and the listening Chief received 145  
 With equal joy both signs ; for well he hoped  
 That he should punish soon those guilty men.  
 And now the other maidens in the hall  
 Assembling, kindled on the hearth again  
 The unwearied blaze ; then, godlike from his couch 150  
 Arose Telemachus, and fresh-attired,  
 Athwart his shoulders his bright faulchion slung,  
 Bound his fair sandals to his feet, and took  
 His sturdy spear pointed with glittering brass ;  
 Advancing to the portal, there he stood, 155  
 And Euryclea thus, his nurse, bespake.

Nurse ! have ye with respectful notice served  
 Our guest ? or hath he found a sordid couch  
 Even where he might ? for, prudent though she be,  
 My mother, inattentive oft, the worse 160  
 Treats kindly, and the better sends away.

Whom Euryclea answer'd thus discreet.  
 Blame not, my son ! who merits not thy blame.  
 The guest sat drinking till he would no more,  
 And ate, till, question'd, he replied—Enough. 165  
 But when the hour of sleep call'd him to rest,  
 She gave commandment to her female train  
 To spread his couch. Yet he, like one forlorn,  
 And through despair, indifferent to himself,  
 Both bed and rugs refused, and in the porch 170  
 On skins of sheep and on an undress'd hide  
 Reposed, where we threw covering over him.

She ceased, and grasping his bright-headed spear,  
 Forth went the Prince attended, as he went,  
 By his fleet hounds ; to the assembled Greeks 175  
 In council with majestic gait he moved,  
 And Euryclea, daughter wise of Ops,  
 Pisenor's son, call'd to the serving-maids.

Haste ye ! be diligent ! sweep the palace-floor  
 And sprinkle it ; then give the sumptuous seats 180  
 Their purple coverings. Let others cleanse  
 With sponges all the tables, wash and rince  
 The beakers well, and goblets rich emboss'd ;  
 Run others to the fountain, and bring thence  
 Water with speed. The suitors will not long 185

Be absent, but will early come to-day,  
For this day is a public festival <sup>4</sup>

So she, whom all, obedient, heard, forth went  
Together, twenty to the crystal fount,  
While in their several provinces the rest 190  
Bestirr'd them brisk at home Then enter'd all  
The suitors, and began cleaving the wood  
Meantime, the women from the fountain came,  
Whom soon the swine-herd follow'd, driving three  
His fattest brawns, them in the spacious court 195  
He feeding left, and to Ulysses' side  
Approaching, courteously bespoke the Chief

Guest ! look the Grecians on thee with respect  
At length, or still disdainful as before ?

Then answer thus Ulysses wise return'd 200  
Yes—and I would that vengeance from the Gods  
Might pay their insolence, who in a house  
Not theirs, dominion exercise, and plan  
Unseemly projects, shameless as they are !

Thus they conferr'd, and now Melanthius came, 205  
The goat-herd, driving, with the aid of two  
His fellow-swains, the fattest of his goats  
To feast the suitors In the sounding porch  
The goats he tied, then, drawing neal, in terms  
Reproachful thus assail'd Ulysses' ear 210

How, stranger ! perseverest thou, begging, still  
To vex the suitors ? wilt thou not depart ?  
Scarcely shall we settle this dispute, I judge,  
Till we have tasted each the other's fist,  
Thou art unreasonable thus to beg 215  
Here always,—have the Greeks no feasts beside ?

He spake, to whom Ulysses answer none  
Return'd, but shook his brows, and silent fram'd  
Terrible purposes Then, third, approach'd  
Chief o'er the herds, Philætiús, fatted goats 220  
He for the suitors brought, with which he drove  
An heifer, (ferry-men had pass'd them o'er,  
Carriers of all who on their coast arrive,)  
He tied them in the sounding porch, then stood  
Beside the swine-herd, to whom thus he said 225

<sup>4</sup> The new moon

Who is this guest Eumæus, here arrived  
 So lately ? from what nation hath he come ?  
 What parentage and country boasts the man ?  
 I pity him, whose figure seems to speak  
 Royalty in him. Heaven will surely plunge 230  
 The race of common wanderers deep in woe,  
 If thus it destine even Kings to mourn.

He ceased ; and, with his right hand, drawing nigh,  
 Welcomed Ulysses, whom he thus bespake.

Hail venerable guest ! and be thy lot 235  
 Prosperous at least hereafter, who art held  
 At present, in the bonds of numerous ills.  
 Thou, Jupiter, of all the Gods, art most  
 Severe, and sparest not to inflict distress  
 Even on creatures from thyself derived.<sup>5</sup> 240

I had no sooner mark'd thee, than my eyes  
 Swam, and the sweat gush'd from me at the thought  
 Of dear Ulysses ; for if yet he live  
 And see the sun, such tatters, I suppose,  
 He wears, a wanderer among human-kind. 245

But if already with the dead he dwell  
 In Pluto's drear abode, oh then, alas  
 For kind Ulysses ! who consign'd to me ;  
 While yet a boy, his Cephallenian herds,  
 And they have now increased to such a store 250  
 Innumerable of broad-fronted beeves,  
 As only care like mine could have produced.

These, by command of others, I transport  
 For their regale, who neither heed his son,  
 Nor tremble at the anger of the Gods, 255  
 But long have wish'd ardently to divide  
 And share the substance of our absent Lord.

Me therefore this thought occupies, and haunts  
 My mind not seldom ; while the heir survives  
 It were no small offence to drive his herds 260  
 Afar, and migrate to a foreign land ;

Yet here to dwell, suffering oppressive wrongs  
 While I attend another's beeves, appears  
 Still less supportable ; and I had fled,  
 And I had served some other mighty Chief 265

<sup>5</sup> He is often called—*πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε*.



Long since, (for patience fails me to endure  
My present lot,) but that I cherish still  
Some hope of my ill-fated Lord's return,  
To rid his palace of these lawless guests.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied. 270

Herdsmen ! since neither void of sense thou seem'st,  
Nor yet dishonest, but myself am sure  
That thou art owner of a mind discreet,  
Hear therefore, for I swear ! bold I attest  
Jove and this hospitable board, and these 275

The Lares<sup>6</sup> of the noble Chief, whose hearth  
Protects me now, that ere thy going hence,  
Ulysses surely shall have reach'd his home,  
And thou shalt see him, if thou wilt, thyself,  
Slaying the suitors who now lord it here. 280

Him answer'd then the keeper of his beeves.  
Oh stranger ! would but the Saturnian King  
Perform that word, thou should'st be taught (thyself  
Eye-witness of it) what an arm is mine.

Eumæus also every power of heaven 285  
Entreated, that Ulysses might possess  
His home again. Thus mutual they conferr'd.

Meantime, in conference close the suitors plann'd  
Death for Telemachus ; but while they sat  
Consulting, on their left the bird of Jove 290  
An eagle soar'd, grasping a timorous dove.  
Then thus Amphinomus the rest bespake.

Oh friends ! our consultation how to slay  
Telemachus, will never smoothly run  
To its effect ; but let us to the feast. 295

So spake Amphinomus, whose counsel pleased.  
Then, all into the royal house repair'd,  
And on the thrones and couches throwing off  
Their mantles, slew the fatted goats, the brawns,  
The sheep full-sized, and heifer of the herd. 300  
The roasted entrails first they shared, then fill'd  
The beakers, and the swine-herd placed the cups ;  
Philæti<sup>us</sup>, chief intendant of the beeves,  
Served all with baskets elegant of bread,  
While all their cups Melanthius charged with wine, 305

<sup>6</sup> Household Gods who presided over the hearth.

And they assail'd at once the ready feast.  
Meantime Telemachus, with forecast shrewd,  
Fast by the marble threshold, but within  
The spacious hall his father placed, to whom  
A sordid seat he gave and scanty board. 310  
A portion of the entrails, next, he set  
Before him, fill'd a golden goblet high,  
And thus, in presence of them all, began.

There seated now, drink as the suitors drink.  
I will, myself, their biting taunts forbid, 315  
And violence. This edifice is mine,  
Not public property ; my father first  
Possess'd it, and my right from him descends.  
Suitors ! control your tongues, nor with your hands  
Offend, lest contest fierce and war ensue. 320

He ceased ; they gnawing, sat, their lips aghast  
With wonder that Telemachus in his speech  
Such boldness used. Then spake Eupithes' son,  
Antinoüs, and the assembly thus address'd.

Let pass, ye Greeks ! the language of the Prince, 325  
Harsh as it is, and big with threats to us.  
Had Jove permitted, his orations here,  
Although thus eloquent, ere now had ceased.

So spake Antinoüs, whom Ulysses' son  
Heard unconcern'd. And now the heralds came 330  
In solemn pomp, conducting through the streets  
A sacred hecatomb, when in the grove  
Umbrageous of Apollo, King shaft-arm'd,  
The assembled Grecians met. The savoury roast  
Finish'd, and from the spits withdrawn, each shared 335  
His portion of the noble feast, and such  
As they enjoy'd themselves the attendants placed  
Before Ulysses, for the Hero's son

Himself, Telemachus, had so enjoin'd.  
But Pallas (that they might exasperate more 340  
Ulysses) suffer'd not the suitor Chiefs  
To banquet, guiltless of heart-piercing scoffs  
Malign. There was a certain suitor named  
Ctesippus, born in Samos ; base of mind  
Was he and profligate, but in the wealth 345  
Confiding of his father, woo'd the wife



From side to side of all this fan abode

He said, and all sat silent, till at length

Thus Agelaus spake, Diastoi's son

My friends ! let none with contradiction thwart 390

And rude reply, words rational and just,

Assault no more the stranger, nor of all

The servants of renown'd Ulysses here

Harm any My advice, both to the Queen

And to Telemachus, shall gentle be, 395

May it but please them While the hope survived

Within your bosoms of the safe return

Of wise Ulysses to his native isle,

So long good reason was that she should use

Delay, and hold our wooing in suspense, 400

For had Ulysses come, that course had proved

Wisest and best, but that he comes no more

Appears now manifest Thou, therefore, Prince !

Seeking thy mother, counsel her to wed

The noblest, and who offers richest dower, 405

That thou, for thy peculiar, may'st enjoy

Thy own inheritance in peace and ease,

And she, departing, find another home

To whom Telemachus discreet, replied

I swear by Jove, and by my father's woes, 410

Who either hath deceased far from his home,

Or lives a wanderer, that I interpose

No hindrance to her nuptials Let her wed

Who offers most, and even whom she will

But to dismiss her rudely were a deed 415

Unfilial — That I dare not, — God forbid !

So spake Telemachus Then Pallas struck

The suitors with delirium, wide they stretch'd

Their jaws with unspontaneous laughter loud,

Their meat dripp'd blood, tears fill'd then eyes, and due 420

Presages of approaching woe, their hearts

Then thus the prophet Theoclymenus<sup>s</sup>

Ah miserable men ! what curse is this

That takes you now ? night wraps itself around

Your faces, bodies, limbs, the palace shakes 425

<sup>s</sup> Who had sought refuge in the ship of Telemachus when he left Sparta, and came with him to Ithaca

With peals of groans—and oh, what floods ye weep!  
 I see the walls and arches dappled thick  
 With gore, the vestibule is throng'd, the court  
 On all sides throng'd with apparitions grim  
 Of slaughter'd men sinking into the gloom  
 Of Erebus, the sun is blotted out  
 From heaven, and midnight whelms you premature  
 He said, they hearing laugh'd, and thus the son  
 Of Polybus, Eurymachus replied

This wanderer from a distant shore hath left  
 His wits behind    Ho! there! conduct him hence  
 Into the forum, since he dreams it night  
 Already, teach him there that it is day

Then answer'd godlike Theoclymenus  
 I have no need, Eurymachus, of guides  
 To lead me hence, for I have eyes and ears,  
 The use of both my feet, and of a mind  
 In no respect irrational or wild  
 These shall conduct me forth, for well I know  
 That evil threatens you, such too as none  
 Shall 'scape of all the suitors, whose delight  
 Is to insult the unoffending guest  
 Received beneath this hospitable roof

He said, and, issuing from the palace, sought  
 Piræus' house, who gladly welcomed him  
 Then all the suitors on each other cast  
 A look significant, and, to provoke  
 Telemachus the more, fleer'd at his guests  
 Of whom a youth thus, insolent, began

No living wight, Telemachus, had e'er  
 Guests such as thine    Witness, we know not who,  
 This hungry vagabond, whose means of life  
 Are none, and who hath neither skill nor force  
 To earn them, a mere burthen on the ground  
 Witness the other also, who upstarts  
 A prophet suddenly    Take my advice,  
 I counsel wisely, send them both on board  
 Some gallant bark to Sicily for sale,  
 Thus shall they somewhat profit thee at last.

So spake the suitors, whom Telemachus  
 Heard unconcern'd, and silent, look'd and look'd

Toward his father, watching still the time  
When he should punish that licentious throng  
Meantime, Icarus' daughter, who had placed  
Her splendid seat opposite, heard distinct 470  
Then taunting speeches. They, with noisy mirth,  
Feasted deliciously, for they had slain  
Many a fat victim, but a sadder feast  
Than soon the Goddess and the warrior Chief  
Should furnish for them, none shall ever share, 475  
Of which their crimes had furnish'd first the cause.

## BOOK XXI

## A R G U M E N T.

Penelope proposes to the suitors a contest with the bow, herself the prize  
 They prove unable to bend the bow, when Ulysses, having with some  
 difficulty possessed himself of it, manages it with the utmost ease, and  
 dispatches his arrow through twelve rings erected for the trial

MINERVA now, Goddess cœrulean-eyed,  
 Prompted Icarius' daughter, the discreet  
 Penelope, with bow and rings to prove  
 Her suitors in Ulysses' courts, a game  
 Terrible in conclusion to them all 5  
 First, taking in her hand the brazen key  
 Well-forged, and fitted with an ivory grasp,  
 Attended by the women of her train  
 She sought her inmost chamber, the recess  
 In which she kept the treasures of her Lord, 10  
 His brass, his gold, and steel elaborate  
 Here lay his stubborn bow, and quiver fill'd  
 With numerous shafts, a fatal store That bow  
 He had received and quiver from the hand  
 Of godlike Iphitus Eurytides, 15  
 Whom, in Messenia,<sup>1</sup> in the house he met  
 Of brave Orsilochus Ulysses came  
 Demanding payment of arrearage due  
 From all that land, for a Messenian fleet  
 Had borne from Ithaca three hundred sheep, 20  
 With all their shepherds, for which cause, ere yet  
 Adult, he voyaged to that distant shore,  
 Deputed by his sire, and by the Chiefs  
 Of Ithaca, to make the just demand  
 But Iphitus had thither come to seek 25  
 Twelve mares and twelve mule colts which he had lost,

<sup>1</sup> A province of Laconia

A search that cost him soon a bloody death.  
 For, coming to the house of Hercules,  
 The valiant task-performing son of Jove,  
 He perish'd there, slain by his cruel host, 30  
 Who, heedless of heaven's wrath, and of the rights  
 Of his own board, first fed, then slaughter'd him,  
 For in *his* house the mares and colts were hidden  
 He, therefore, occupied in that concern,  
 Meeting Ulysses there, gave him the bow 35  
 Which, erst, huge Eurytus had borne, and which  
 Himself had from his dying sire received  
 Ulysses, in return, on him bestow'd  
 A spear and sword, pledges of future love  
 And hospitality, but never more 40  
 They met each other at the friendly board,  
 For, ere that hour arrived, the son of Jove  
 Slew his own guest, the godlike Iphitus  
 Thus came the bow into Ulysses' hands,  
 Which never in his gallant hands he bore 45  
 To battle with him, (though he used it oft  
 In times of peace,) but left it safely stored  
 At home, a dear memorial of his friend  
 Soon as, divinest of her sex, arrived  
 At that same chamber, with her foot she press'd 50  
 The oaken threshold bright, on which the hand  
 Of no mean architect had stretch'd the line,  
 Who had erected also on each side  
 The posts on which the splendid portal hung,  
 She loosed the ring and brace, then introduced 55  
 The key, and aiming at them from without,<sup>2</sup>  
 Struck back the bolts The portals, at that stroke,  
 Sent forth a tone deep as the pastured bull's,  
 And flew wide open She ascending next  
 The elevated floor on which the chests 60  
 That held her own fragrant apparel stood,  
 With lifted hand aloft took down the bow  
 In its embroider'd bow-case safe enclosed  
 Then sitting there, she laid it on her knees,

<sup>2</sup> The reader will of course observe, that the whole of this process implies a sort of mechanism very different from that with which we are acquainted — The translation, I believe, is exact



- Weeping aloud, and drew it from the case 60  
 Thus weeping over it long time she sat,  
 Till satiate, at the last, with grief and tears,  
 Descending by the palace steps she sought  
 Again the haughty suitors, with the bow  
 Elastic, and the quiver in her hand 70  
 Replete with pointed shafts, a deadly store  
 Her maidens, as she went, bore after her  
 A coffer fill'd with prizes by her Lord,  
 Much brass and steel, and when at length she came,  
 Loveliest of women, where the suitors sat, 75  
 Between the pillars of the stately dome  
 Pausing, before her beauteous face she held  
 Her lucid veil, and by two matrons chaste  
 Supported, the assembly thus address'd.
- Ye noble suitors, hear, who rudely haunt 80  
 This palace of a Chief long absent hence,  
 Whose substance ye have now long time consumed,  
 Nor palliative have yet contrived, or could,  
 Save your ambition to make me a bride,—  
 Attend this game to which I call you forth 85  
 Now, suitors! prove yourselves with this huge bow  
 Of wide-renown'd Ulysses, he who draws  
 Easiest the bow, and who his arrow sends  
 Through twice six rings, he takes me to his home,  
 And I must leave this mansion of my youth 90  
 Plenteous, magnificent, which doubtless oft  
 I shall remember even in my dreams
- So saying, she bade Eumæus lay the bow  
 Before them, and the twice six rings of steel  
 He wept, received them, and obey'd, nor wept 95  
 The herdsman less, seeing the bow which erst  
 His Lord had occupied when at their tears  
 Indignant, thus, Antinous began
- Ye rural drones, whose purblind eyes see not  
 Beyond the present hour, egregious fools! 100  
 Why weeping trouble ye the Queen, too much  
 Before afflicted for her husband lost?  
 Either partake the banquet silently,  
 Or else go weep abroad, leaving the bow,  
 That stubborn test, to us, for none, I judge, 105

None here shall bend this polish'd bow with ease,  
 Since in this whole assembly I discern  
 None like Ulysses, whom myself have seen  
 And recollect, though I was then a boy

He said, but in his heart meantime the hope 110  
 Cherish'd, that he should bend, himself, the bow,  
 And pass the rings, yet was he destined first  
 Of all that company to taste the steel  
 Or brave Ulysses' shaft, whom in that house  
 He had so oft dishonour'd, and had urged 115  
 So oft all others to the like offence  
 Amidst them then the sacred night arose  
 Of young Telemachus, who thus began

Saturnian Jove questionless hath deprived 120  
 Me of all reason My own mother, famed  
 For wisdom as she is, makes known to all  
 Her purpose to abandon this abode  
 And follow a new mate, while heedless I  
 Tiffle and laugh as I were still a child 125  
 But come, ye suitors! since the prize is such,  
 A woman, like to whom none can be found  
 This day in all Achaia, on the shores  
 Of sacred Pylus, in the citics proud  
 Of Argos or Mycenæ, or even here  
 In Ithaca, or yet within the walls 130  
 Of black Egeus, and since this yourselves  
 Know also, wherefore should I speak her praise?  
 Come then, delay not, waste not time in vain  
 Excuses, turn not from the proof, but bend  
 The bow, that thus the issue may be known. 135  
 I also will, myself, that task essay,  
 And should I bend the bow, and pass the rings,  
 Then shall not my illustrious mother leave  
 Her son forlorn, forsaking this abode  
 To follow a new spouse, while I remain 140  
 Disconsolate, although of age to bear,  
 Successful as my sire, the prize away

So saying, he started from his seat, cast off  
 His purple cloak, and laid his sword aside,  
 Then fix'd, himself, the rings, furrowing the earth 145  
 By line, and opening one long trench for all,

And stamping close the glebe    Amazement seized  
 All present, seeing with how prompt a skill  
 He executed, though untaught, his task  
 Then hasting to the portal, there he stood    150  
 Thrice, struggling, he essay'd to bend the bow,  
 And thrice desisted, hoping still to draw  
 The bow-string home, and shoot through all the rings <sup>3</sup>  
 And now the fourth time striving with full force  
 He had prevail'd to sting it, but his sire    155  
 Forbad his eager efforts by a sign  
 Then thus the royal youth to all around.

Gods! either I shall prove of little force  
 Hereafter, and for manly feats unapt,  
 Or I am yet too young, and have not strength    160  
 To quell the aggressor's contumely    But come—  
 (For ye have strength surpassing mine,) try ye  
 The bow, and bring this contest to an end

He ceased, and set the bow down on the floor,  
 Reclining it against the pannels smooth    165  
 That lined the wall, the arrow next he placed,  
 Leaning against the bow's bright-polish'd horn,  
 And to the seat, whence he had risen, return'd  
 Then thus Eupithes' son, Antinous spake

My friends! come forth successive from the right, <sup>4</sup>    170  
 Where he who ministers the cup begins.

So spake Antinous, and his counsel pleased  
 Then, first, Leiodes, Enope's son, arose  
 He was their soothsayer, and ever sat  
 Beside the beaker, inmost of them all    175  
 To him alone of all, licentious deeds  
 Were odious, and with indignation fired,  
 He witness'd the excesses of the rest  
 He then took foremost up the shaft and bow,  
 And, station'd at the portal, strove to bend    180  
 But bent it not, fatiguing, first, his hands  
 Delicate and uncustom'd to the toil

<sup>3</sup> This first attempt of Telemachus and the suitors was not an attempt to shoot, but to lodge the bow-string on the opposite horn, the bow having been released at one end, and slackened while it was laid by

<sup>4</sup> Antinous prescribes to them this manner of rising to the trial for the good omen's sake, the left hand being held unpropitious

He ceased, and the assembly thus bespake.

My friends, I speed not, let another try;  
For many Princes shall this bow of life 185

Bereave, since death more eligible seems,  
Far more, than loss of her, for whom we meet  
Continual here, expecting still the prize  
Some sutor haply at this moment hopes  
That he shall wed whom long he hath desired, 190  
Ulysses' wife, Penelope, let him

Essay the bow, and trial made, address  
His spousal offers to some other fair  
Among the long-stoled Princesses of Greece,  
This Princess leaving his, whose proffer'd gifts 195  
Shall please her most, and whom the Fates ordain

He said, and set the bow down on the floor,  
Reclining it against the pannels smooth  
That lined the wall, the arrow, next, he placed,  
Leaning against the bow's bright-polish'd horn, 200  
And to the seat whence he had risen return'd  
Then him Antinous, angry, thus reprov'd

What word, Leiodes, grating to our ears  
Hath 'scaped thy lips? I hear it with disdain  
Shall this bow fatal prove to many a Prince, 205  
Because thou hast thyself too feeble proved  
To bend it? no Thou wast not born to bend  
The unpliant bow, or to direct the shaft,  
But here are nobler who shall soon prevail

He said, and to Melanthius gave command, 210  
The goat-herd Hence, Melanthius, kindle fire,  
Beside it place, with fleeces spread, a form  
Of length commodious, from within procure  
A large round cake of suet next, with which  
When we have chafed and suppl'd the tough bow 215  
Before the fire, we will again essay  
To bend it, and decide the doubtful strife

He ended, and Melanthius, kindling fire,  
Beside it placed, with fleeces spread, a form  
Of length commodious, next he brought a cake 220  
Ample and round of suet from within,  
With which they chafed the bow, then tried again  
To bend, but bent it not, superior strength

To theirs that task required Yet two, the rest  
 In force surpassing, made no trial yet, 22,  
 Antinous, and Eumymachus the brave

Then went the herdsman and the swine-herd forth  
 Together, after whom, the glorious Chief  
 Himself the house left also, and when all  
 Without the court had met, with gentle speech 230  
 Ulysses then the faithful pair address'd

Herdsman ! and thou, Eumæus ! shall I keep  
 A certain secret close, or shall I speak  
 Outright ? my spirit prompts me, and I will  
 What welcome should Ulysses at your hands 235  
 Receive, arriving suddenly at home,  
 Some God his guide ? would ye the suitors aid,  
 Or would ye aid Ulysses ? answer true

Then thus the chief intendant of his herds  
 Would Jove but grant me my desire, to see 240  
 Once more the Hero, and would some kind Power  
 Restore him, I would show thee soon an aim  
 Strenuous to serve him, and a dauntless heart

Eumæus also fervently implored  
 The Gods in prayer, that they would render back 245  
 Ulysses to his home He then, convinced  
 Of their unfeigning honesty, began

Behold him ! I am he myself, arrived  
 After long sufferings in the twentieth year !  
 I know how welcome to yourselves alone 250  
 Of all my train I come, for I have heard  
 None others praying for my safe return  
 I therefore tell you truth, should heaven subdue  
 The suitors under me, ye shall receive  
 Each at my hands a bride, with lands and house 255  
 Near to my own, and ye shall be thenceforth  
 Dear friends and brothers of the Prince my son  
 Lo ! also this indisputable proof

That ye may know and trust me View it here  
 It is the scar which in Parnassus erst 260  
 (Where with the sons I hunted of renown'd  
 Autolycus) I from a boar received

So saying, he stripp'd his tatters, and unveil'd  
 The whole broad scar, then soon as they had seen

And surely recognized the mark, each cast 265  
 His arms around Ulysses, wept, embraced,  
 And press'd him to his bosom, kissing oft  
 His brows and shoulders, who as oft their hands  
 And foreheads kiss'd, nor had the setting sun  
 Beheld them satisfied, but that himself 270  
 Ulysses thus admonished them, and said.

Cease now from tears, lest any, coming forth,  
 Mark and report them to our foes within.  
 Now to the hall again, but one by one,  
 Not all at once, I foremost, then yourselves, 275  
 And this shall be the sign Full well I know  
 That all unanimous, they will oppose  
 Delivery of the bow and shafts to me,  
 But thou, (proceeding with it to my seat)  
 Eumæus, noble friend ! shalt give the bow 280  
 Into my grasp, then bid the women close  
 The massy doors, and should they hear a groan  
 Or other noise made by the Princes shut  
 Within the hall, let none set step abroad,  
 But all work silent Be the palace-door 285  
 Thy charge, my good Philœtius ! key it fast  
 Without a moment's pause, and fix the brace \*

He ended, and returning to the hall,  
 Resumed his seat, nor stay'd his servants long  
 Without, but follow'd their illustrious Lord 290  
 Eurymachus was busily employ'd  
 Tuning the bow, and chafing it before  
 The sprightly blaze, but after all could find  
 No Power to bend it Disappointment wrung  
 A groan from his proud heart, and thus he said 295  
 Alas ! not only for myself I grieve,  
 But grieve for all Nor though I mourn the loss  
 Of such a bride, mourn I that loss alone,  
 (For lovely Grecians may be found no few  
 In Ithaca, and in the neighbour isles,) 300  
 But should we so inferior prove at last  
 To brave Ulysses, that no force of ours  
 Can bend his bow, we are for ever shamed

\* The *δεσμός* seems to have been a strap designed to close the only aperture by which the bolt could be displaced, and the door opened

To whom Antinous, thus, Eupithes'son  
 Not so, (as even thou art well-assured 305  
 Thyself, Eurymachus ! ) but Phœbus claims  
 This day his own Who then, on such a day,  
 Would strive to bend it ? Let it rather rest  
 And should we leave the rings where now they stand,  
 I trust that none entering Ulysses' house 310  
 Will dare displace them Cup-bearer, attend !  
 Serve all with wine, that, first libation made,  
 We may religiously lay down the bow  
 Command ye too Melanthius, that he drive  
 Hither the fairest goats of all his flocks 315  
 At dawn of day, that burning first the thighs  
 To the ethereal archer, we may make  
 New trial, and decide at length the strife  
 So spake Antinous, and his counsel pleased  
 The heralds then pou'd water on their hands, 320  
 While youths crown'd high the goblets which they bore  
 From right to left, distributing to all.  
 When each had made libation, and had drunk  
 Till well sufficed, then, artful to effect  
 His shrewd designs, Ulysses thus began 325  
 Hear, O ye suitors of the illustrious Queen,  
 My bosom's dictates But I shall entreat  
 Chiefly Eurymachus and the godlike youth  
 Antinous, whose advice is wisely given.  
 Tamper no longer with the bow, but leave 330  
 The matter with the Gods, who shall decide  
 The strife to-morrow, favouring whom they will  
 Meantime, grant *me* the polish'd bow, that I  
 May trial make among you of my force,  
 If I retain it still in like degree 335  
 As erst, or whether wandering and defect  
 Of nourishment have worn it all away  
 He said, whom they with indignation heard  
 Extreme, alarm'd lest he should bend the bow,  
 And sternly thus Antinous replied 340  
 Desperate vagabond ! ah wretch deprived  
 Of reason utterly ! art not content ?  
 Esteem'st it not distinction proud enough  
 To feast with us the nobles of the land ?

None robs thee of thy share, thou witnessest 343  
 Our whole discourse, which, save thyself alone,  
 No needy vagrant is allow'd to hear  
 Thou art befooled by wine, as many have been,  
 Wide-throated drinkers, unrestrain'd by rule.  
 Wine in the mansion of the mighty Chief 350  
 Pirithous, made the valiant Centaur mad  
 Eurytion, at the Lapithæan feast<sup>6</sup>  
 He drank to drunkenness, and being drunk,  
 Committed great enormities beneath  
 Pirithous' roof, and such as fill'd with rage 355  
 The Hero-guests, who therefore by his feet  
 Diagg'd him right through the vestibule, amerced  
 Of nose and ears, and he departed thence  
 Provoked to frenzy by that foul disgrace,  
 Whence war between the human kind arose 360  
 And the bold Centaurs—but he first incurred  
 By his ebriety that mulct severe  
 Great evil also if thou bend the bow,  
 To thee I prophesy, for thou shalt find  
 Advocate or protector none in all 365  
 This people, but we will dispatch thee hence  
 Incontinent on board a sable bark  
 To Echetus, the scourge of human kind,  
 From whom is no escape Drink then in peace,  
 And contest shun with younger men than thou 370  
 Him answer'd then Penelope discreet  
 Antinous! neither seemly were the deed  
 Nor just, to maim or harm whatever guest  
 Whom here arrived Telemachus receives  
 Canst thou expect, that should he even prove 375  
 Stronger than ye, and bend the massy bow,  
 He will conduct me hence to his own home,  
 And make me his own bride? No such design  
 His heart conceives, or hope, nor let a dread  
 So vain the mind of any overcloud 380  
 Who banquets here, since it dishonours me

<sup>6</sup> When Pirithous, one of the Lapithæ, married Hippodamia, daughter of Adiasus, he invited the Centaurs to the wedding. The Centaurs, intoxicated with wine, attempted to ravish the wives of the Lapithæ, who, in resentment of that insult, slew them.



So she , to whom Eurymachus replied,  
 Offspring of Polybus O matchless Queen !  
 Icarius' prudent daughter ! none suspects  
 That thou wilt wed with him , a mate so mean 385  
 Should ill become thee , but we fear the tongues  
 Of either sex, lest some Achaian say  
 Hereafter, (one inferior far to us)  
 Ah ! how unworthy are they to compare  
 With him whose wife they seek ! to bend his bow 390  
 Pass'd all their power, yet this poor vagabond,  
 Arriving from what country none can tell,  
 Bent it with ease, and shot through all the rings  
 So will they speak, and so shall we be shamed  
 Then answer thus Penelope return'd 395  
 No fair report, Eurymachus, attends  
 Their names or can, who, riotous as ye,  
 The house dishonour and consume the wealth  
 Of such a Chief. Why shame ye thus *yourselves* ?  
 The guest is of athletic frame, well form'd, 400  
 And large of limb ! he boasts him also sprung  
 From noble ancestry Come then—consent—  
 Give him the bow, that we may see the proof,  
 For thus I say, and thus will I perform ,  
 Sure as he bends it, and Apollo gives 405  
 To him that glory, tunic fair and cloak  
 Shall be his meed from me, a javelin keen  
 To guard him against men and dogs, a sword  
 Of double edge, and sandals for his feet,  
 And I will send him whither most he would 410  
 Her answer'd then prudent Telemachus  
 Mother—the bow is mine , and save myself,  
 No Greek hath right to give it, or refuse  
 None who in rock-bound Ithaca possess  
 Dominion, none in the steed-pastured isles 415  
 Of Elys, if I chose to make the bow  
 His own for ever, should that choice controul  
 But thou into the house repairing, ply  
 Spindle and loom, thy province, and enjoin  
 Diligence to thy maidens , for the bow 420  
 Is man's concern alone, and shall be mine  
 Especially, since I am master here.

She heard astonish'd, and the prudent speech  
Reposing of her son deep in her heart,  
Withdrew, then mounting with her female train 425  
To her superior chamber, there she wept  
Her lost Ulysses, till Minerva bathed  
With balmy dews of sleep her weary lids  
And now the noble swine-herd bore the bow  
Toward Ulysses, but with one voice all 430  
The suitors, clamorous, reproved the deed,  
Of whom a youth thus insolent exclaim'd

Thou clumsy swine-herd, whither bear'st the bow,  
Delirious wretch? the hounds that thou hast train'd  
Shall eat thee at thy solitary home 435  
Ere long, let but Apollo prove, at last,  
Propitious to us, and the Powers of heaven

So they, whom hearing he replaced the bow  
Where erst he stood, terrified at the sound  
Of such loud menaces, on the other side 440  
Telemachus as loud assail'd his ear

Friend! forward with the bow, or soon repent  
That thou obey'dst the many I will else  
With huge stones drive thee, younger as I am,  
Back to the field My strength surpasses thine 445  
I would to heaven that I in force excell'd  
As far, and prowess, every suitor here!  
So would I soon give rude dismissal hence  
To some, who live but to imagine harm

He ceased, whose words the suitors laughing heard, 450  
And for their sake, in part then wrath resign'd  
Against Telemachus, then through the hall  
Eumæus bore, and to Ulysses' hand  
Consign'd the bow, next summoning abroad  
The ancient nurse, he gave her thus in charge 455

It is the pleasure of Telemachus,  
Sage Euryclea! that thou keep secure  
The doors, and should ye hear perchance a groan  
Or other noise made by the Princes shut  
Within the hall, let none look curious forth, 460  
But each in quietness pursue her work

So he, nor flew his words useless away,  
But she incontinent shut fast the doors.

Then noiseless sprang Philœtius forth, who closed  
 The portals also of the palace-court 465  
 A ship-rope of Egyptian reed, it chanced  
 Lay in the vestibule, with that he braced  
 The doors securely, and re-entering fill'd  
 Again his seat, but watchful eyed his Lord  
 He now assaying with his hand the bow, 470  
 Made curious trial of it every way,  
 And turn'd it on all sides, lest haply worms  
 Had in its master's absence drill'd the horn.  
 Then thus a suitor to his next remark'd  
 He hath an eye methinks exactly skill'd 475  
 In bows, and steals them, or perhaps at home  
 Hath such himself, or feels a strong desire  
 To make them, so inquisitive the rogue,  
 Adept in mischief, shifts it to and fro!  
 To whom another insolent replied. 480  
 I wish him like prosperity in all  
 His efforts, as attends his efforts made  
 On this same bow, which he shall never bend.  
 So they, but when the wary Hero wise  
 Had made his hand familiar with the bow, 485  
 Poising it and examining—at once—  
 As when in harp and song adept, a bard  
 Unlabouring strains the chord to a new lyre,  
 The twisted entrails of a sheep below  
 With fingers nice inserting, and above, 490  
 With such facility Ulysses bent  
 His own huge bow, and with his right hand play'd  
 The nerve which in its quick vibration sang  
 Clear as the swallow's voice Keen anguish seized  
 The suitors, wan grew every cheek, and Jove 495  
 Gave him his rolling thunder for a sign.  
 That omen, granted to him by the son  
 Of wily Saturn, with delight he heard.  
 He took a shaft that at the table side  
 Lay ready drawn, but in his quiver's womb 500  
 The rest yet slept, by those Achæans proud  
 To be, ere long, experienced True he lodged  
 The arrow on the centre of the bow,  
 And, occupying still his seat, drew home

Nerve and notch'd arrow-head , with steadfast sight      505  
 He aim'd and sent it , right through all the rings  
 From first to last the steel-charged weapon flew  
 Issuing beyond, and to his son he spake

Thou need'st not blush, young Prince, to have received  
 A guest like me , neither my arrow swerved,      510  
 Nor labour'd I long time to draw the bow ,  
 My strength is unimpair'd, not such as these  
 In scorn affirm it    But the waning day  
 Calls us to supper,<sup>7</sup> after which succeeds  
 Jocund variety, the song, the harp,      515  
 With all that heightens and adorns the feast

He said, and with his brows gave him the sign  
 At once the son of the illustrious Chief  
 Slung his keen faulchion, grasped his spear, and stood  
 Arm'd bright for battle at his father's side      520

<sup>7</sup> This is an instance of the *Σαοδανιον μαλα τοιον* mentioned in Book XX , such as, perhaps, could not be easily paralleled. I question if there be a passage, either in ancient or modern tragedy, so truly terrible as this seeming levity of Ulysses, in the moment when he is going to begin the slaughter.

## BOOK XXII

## ARGUMENT.

Ulysses, with some little assistance from Temelachus, Eumæus, and Philœtus, slays all the suitors, and twelve of the female servants who had allowed themselves an illicit intercourse with them, are hanged. Melanthius also is punished with miserable mutilation

THEN, girding up his rags, Ulysses sprang  
 With bow and full-charged quiver to the door,  
 Loose on the broad stone at his feet he pour'd  
 His arrows, and the suitors thus bespake  
     This prize, though difficult, hath been achieved                   5  
 Now for another mark which never man  
 Struck yet, but I will strike it if I may,  
 And if Apollo make that glory mine  
     He said, and at Antinous aimed direct  
 A bitter shaft, he, purposing to drink,                   10  
 Both hands advanced toward the golden cup  
 Twin-ear'd, nor aught suspected death so nigh  
 For who, at the full banquet, could suspect  
 That any single guest, however brave,  
 Should plan his death, and execute the blow?                   15  
 Yet him Ulysses with an arrow pierced  
 Full in the throat, and through his neck behind  
 Started the glittering point   Aslant he droop'd,  
 Down fell the goblet, through his nostrils flew  
 The spouted blood, and spurning with his foot                   20  
 The board, he spread his viands in the dust  
 Confusion, when they saw Antinous fall'n,  
 Seized all the suitors, from the thrones they sprang,  
 Flew every way, and on all sides explored  
 The palace-walls, but neither sturdy lance                   25  
 As erst, nor buckler could they there discern.  
 Then, furious, to Ulysses thus they spake

Thy arrow, stranger, was ill-aim'd, a man  
 Is no just mark    Thou never shalt dispute  
 Prize more    Inevitable death is thine    30  
 For thou hast slain a Prince noblest of all  
 In Ithaca, and shalt be vultures' food

Various their judgments were, but none believed  
 That he had slain him wittingly, nor saw  
 The infatuate men fate hovering o'er them all    35  
 Then thus Ulysses, lowering dark, replied

O dogs! not fearing aught my safe return  
 From Ilium, ye have shorn my substance close,  
 Laid with my women forcibly, and sought,  
 While yet I lived, to make my consort yours,    40  
 Heedless of the inhabitants of heaven  
 Alike, and of the just revenge of man  
 But death is on the wing, death for you all

He said, their cheeks all faded at the sound,  
 And each with sharpen'd eyes search'd every nook    45  
 For an escape from his impending doom,  
 Till thus, alone, Eurymachus replied

If thou indeed art he, the mighty Chief  
 Of Ithaca return'd, thou hast rehearsed  
 With truth the crimes committed by the Greeks    50  
 Frequent, both in thy house and in thy field  
 But he, already, who was cause of all,  
 Lies slain, Antinous, he thy palace fill'd  
 With outrage, not solicitous so much  
 To win the fair Penelope, but thoughts    55  
 Far different framing, which Saturnian Jove  
 Hath baffled all, to rule himself supreme  
 In noble Ithaca, when he had kill'd

By an insidious stratagem thy son  
 But he is slain    Now therefore spare thy own,    60  
 Thy people, public reparation due  
 Shall sure be thine, and to appease thy wrath  
 For all the waste that, eating, drinking here  
 We have committed, we will yield thee, each,  
 Full twenty beeves, gold paying thee beside    65  
 And brass, till joy shall fill thee at the sight,  
 However just thine anger was before

To whom Ulysses, frowning stern, replied

Eurymachus, would ye contribute each  
 His whole inheritance, and other sums 70  
 Still add beside, ye should not, even so,  
 These hands of mine bribe to abstain from blood,  
 Till every suitor suffer for his wrong  
 Ye have your choice. Fight with me, or escape  
 (Whoever may) the terrors of his fate, 75  
 But ye all perish, if my thought be true  
 He ended, they with trembling knees and hearts  
 All heard, whom thus Eurymachus address'd  
 To your defence, my friends ' for respite none  
 Will he to his victorious hands afford, 80  
 But arm'd with bow and quiver, will dispatch  
 Shafts from the door till he have slain us all  
 Therefore to arms—draw each his sword—oppose  
 The tables to his shafts, and all at once  
 Rush on him, that dislodging him at least 85  
 From portal and from threshold, we may give  
 The city on all sides a loud alarm,  
 So shall this archer soon have shot his last  
 Thus saying he drew his brazen faulchion keen  
 Of double edge, and with a dreadful cry 90  
 Sprang on him, but Ulysses with a shaft,  
 In that same moment through his bosom driven,  
 Transfix'd his liver, and down dropp'd his sword  
 He, staggering around his table, fell  
 Convolved in agones, and overturn'd 95  
 Both food and wine, his forehead smote the floor,  
 Woe fill'd his heart, and spurning with his heels  
 His vacant seat, he shook it till he died  
 Then with his faulchion drawn, Amphinomus  
 Advanced to drive Ulysses from the door, 100  
 And fierce was his assault, but, from behind,  
 Telemachus between his shoulders fix'd  
 A brazen lance, and urg'd it through his breast,  
 Full on his front, with hideous sound, he fell  
 Leaving the weapon planted in his spine 105  
 Back flew Telemachus, lest had he stood  
 Drawing it forth, some enemy, perchance,  
 Should either pierce him with a sudden thrust  
 Oblique, or hew him with a downright edge.

Swift, therefore, to his father's side he ran, 110  
 Whom reaching, in wing'd accents thus he said  
 My father ! I will now bring thee a shield,  
 An helmet, and two spears I will enclose  
 Myself in armour also, and will give  
 Both to the herdsmen and Eumæus arms 115  
 Expedient now, and needful for us all  
 To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.  
 Run , fetch them, while I yet have arrows left,  
 Lest, single, I be jostled from the door  
 He said, and at his word, forth went the Prince, 120  
 Seeking the chamber where he had secured  
 The armour. Thence he took four shields, eight spears,  
 With four hair-crested helmets, charged with which  
 He hastened to his father's side again,  
 And, arming first himself, furnish'd with arms 125  
 His two attendants Then, all clad alike  
 In splendid brass, beside the dauntless Chief  
 Ulysses, his auxiliars firm they stood  
 He while a single arrow unemploy'd  
 Lay at his foot, right-aiming, ever pierced 130  
 Some suitor through, and heaps on heaps they fell  
 But when his arrows fail'd the royal Chief,  
 His bow reclining at the portal's side  
 Against the palace-wall, he slung himself  
 A four-fold buckle on his arm, he fix'd 135  
 A casque whose crest waved awful o'er his brows  
 On his illustrious head, and fill'd his gripe  
 With two stout spears, well-headed both with brass  
 There was a certain postern in the wall  
 At the gate-side,<sup>1</sup> the customary pass 140  
 Into a narrow street, but barr'd secure  
 Ulysses bade his faithful swine herd watch  
 That egress, station'd near it, for it own'd

<sup>1</sup> If the ancients found it difficult to ascertain clearly the situation of this *οπισθοφυγή*, well may we The Translator has given it the position which to him appeared most probable — I here seem to have been two of these posterns, one leading to a part from which the town might be alarmed, the other to the chamber to which Telemachus went for armour. There was one, perhaps, on each side of the portal, and they appear to have been at some height above the floor



One sole approach , then Agelaus loud  
Exhorting all the suitors, thus exclaim'd 145

Oh friends ! will none, ascending to the door  
Of yonder postern, summon to our aid  
The populace, and spread a wide alarm ?  
So shall this archer soon have shot his last

To whom the keeper of the goats replied 150  
Melanthius Agelaus ! Prince renown'd !

That may not be. The postern and the gate<sup>2</sup>  
Neighbour too near each other, and to force  
The narrow egress were a vain attempt ,  
One valiant man might thence repulse us all 155

But come—myself will furnish you with arms  
Fetch'd from above , for there, as I suppose,  
(And not elsewhere) Ulysses and his son  
Have hidden them, and there they shall be found

So spake Melanthius, and ascending sought 160  
Ulysses' chambers through the winding stairs

And galleries of the house. Twelve bucklers thence  
He took, as many spears, and helmets bright  
As many, shagg'd with hair, then swift return'd  
And gave them to his friends Trembled the heart 165

Of brave Ulysses, and his knees, at sight  
Of his opposers putting armour on,  
And shaking each his spear , arduous indeed  
Now seem'd his task, and in wing'd accents brief  
Thus to his son Telemachus he spake 170

Either some woman of our train contrives  
Hard battle for us, furnishing with arms  
The suitors, or Melanthius arms them all.

Him answer'd then Telemachus discreet 175  
Father, this fault was mine, and be it charged

On none beside , I left the chamber-door  
Unbarr'd, which, more attentive than myself  
Their spy perceived But haste, Eumæus, shut  
The chamber-door, observing well, the while,  
If any woman of our train have done 180

This deed, or whether, as I more suspect,  
Melanthius, Dolus' son, have given them arms

Thus mutual they conferr'd , meantime, again

<sup>2</sup> At which Ulysses stood.

Melanthius to the chamber flew, in quest  
 Of other arms. Eumæus, as he went, 185  
 Mark'd him, and to Ulysses thus he spake  
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !  
 Behold, the traitor, whom ourselves supposed,  
 Seeks yet again the chamber ! Tell me plain,  
 Shall I, should I superior prove in force, 190  
 Slay him, or shall I drag him thence to thee,  
 That he may suffer at thy hands the doom  
 Due to his treasons perpetrated oft  
 Against thee, here, even in thy own house ?  
 Then answer thus Ulysses shrewd return'd 195  
 I, with Telemachus, will here immew  
 The lordly suitors close, rage as they may  
 Ye two, the while, bind fast Melanthius' hands  
 And feet behind his back, then cast him bound  
 Into the chamber, and (the door secured) 200  
 Pass underneath his arms a double chain,  
 And by a pillar's top weigh him aloft  
 Till he approach the rafters, there to endure,  
 Living long time, the miseries he hath earned  
 He spake, they prompt obey'd, together both 205  
 They sought the chamber, whom the wretch within  
 Heard not, exploring every nook for arms  
 They watching stood the door, from which, at length,  
 Forth came Melanthius, bearing in one hand  
 A casque, and in the other a broad shield 210  
 Time-worn and chapp'd with drought, which in his youth  
 Wailike Laertes had been wont to bear  
 Long time neglected it had lain, till age  
 Had loosed the sutures of its bands At once  
 Both springing on him, seized and drew him in 215  
 Forcibly by his locks, then cast him down  
 Prone on the pavement, trembling at his fate.  
 With painful stricture of the cold his hands  
 They bound and feet together at his back,  
 As their illustrious master had enjoin'd, 220  
 Then weigh'd him with a double chain aloft,  
 By a tall pillar to the palace-roof,  
 And thus, deriding him, Eumæus spake  
 Now, good Melanthius, on that fleecy bed

Reclined, as well befits thee, thou wilt watch 225  
 All night, nor when the golden dawn forsakes  
 The ocean stream, will she escape thine eye,  
 But thou wilt duly to the palace drive  
 The fattest goats, a banquet for thy friends  
 So saying, he left him in his dreadful sling 230  
 Then arming both, and barring fast the door,  
 They sought brave Laertiades again  
 And now, courageous at the portal stood  
 Those four, by numbers in the interior house  
 Opposed of adversaries fierce in arms, 235  
 When Pallas, in the form and with the voice  
 Approach'd of Mentor, whom Laertes' son  
 Beheld, and joyful at the sight, exclaim'd  
 Help, Mentor ! help—now recollect a friend  
 And benefactor, born when thou wast born 240  
 So he, not unsuspicious that he saw  
 Pallas, the heroine of heaven Meantime  
 The suitors fill'd with menaces the dome,  
 And Agelaus first, Damaster's son,  
 In accents harsh rebuked the Goddess thus 245  
 Beware, oh Mentor ! that he lure thee not  
 To oppose the suitors and to aid himself,  
 For thus will we Ulysses and his son  
 Both slain, in vengeance of thy purposed deeds  
 Against us, we will slay *thee* next, and thou 250  
 With thy own head shalt satisfy the wrong,  
 Your force thus quell'd in battle, all thy wealth  
 Whether in house or field, mingled with his,  
 We will confiscate, neither will we leave  
 Or son of thine, or daughter in thy house 255  
 Alive, nor shall thy virtuous consort more  
 Within the walls of Ithaca be seen  
 He ended, and his words with wrath inflamed  
 Minerva's heart the more, incensed, she turn'd  
 Toward Ulysses, whom she thus reprov'd 260  
 Thou neither own'st the courage nor the force,  
 Ulysses now, which nine whole years thou show'dst  
 At Ithum, waging battle obstinate  
 For high-born Helen, and in horrid fight  
 Destroying multitudes, till thy advice 265

At last laid Priam's bulwark'd city low  
 Why, in possession of thy proper home  
 And substance, mourn'st thou want of power to oppose  
 The suitors ? Stand beside me, mark my deeds,  
 And thou shalt own Mentor Alcimides 270  
 A valiant friend, and mindful of thy love

She spake, nor made she victory as yet  
 Entire his own, proving the valour, first,  
 Both of the sire and of his glorious son,  
 But springing in a swallow's form aloft, 275  
 Perch'd on a rafter of the splendid roof  
 Then, Agelaus animated loud

The suitors, whom Eurynomus also roused,  
 Amphimedon, and Demoptolemus,  
 And Polycitorides, Pisander named, 280  
 And Polybus the brave, for noblest far  
 Of all the suitor chiefs who now survived  
 And fought for life were these The bow had quell'd  
 And shafts, in quick succession sent, the rest  
 Then Agelaus thus harangued them all 285

We soon shall tame, O friends, this warrior's might,  
 Whom Mentor, after all his airy vaunts  
 Hath left, and at the portal now remain  
 Themselves alone Dismiss not therefore, all,  
 Your spears together, but with six alone 290  
 Assail them first, Jove willing, we shall pierce  
 Ulysses, and subduing him, shall slay  
 With ease the rest, then force is safely scorn'd

He ceased, and, as he bade, six hurl'd the spear  
 Together, but Minerva gave them all 295  
 A devious flight, one struck a column, one  
 The planks of the broad portal, and a third  
 Flung right his ashen beam ponderous with brass  
 Against the wall<sup>3</sup> Then (every suitor's spear  
 Eluded) thus Ulysses gave the word— 300

Now friends ! I counsel you that ye dismiss  
 Your spears at *them*, who not content with past  
 Enormities, thirst also for our blood

He said, and with unerring aim all threw

<sup>3</sup> The deviation of three only is described, which must be understood therefore, as instances of the ill success of all

Their glittering spears Ulysses on the ground 305  
 Stretch'd Demoptolemus, Euryades  
 Fell by Telemachus, the swine-herd slew  
 Elátus, and the keeper of thê beeves  
 Pisander, in one moment all alike  
 Lay grinding with their teeth the dusty floor 310  
 Back flew the suitors to the farthest wall,  
 On whom those valiant four advancing, each  
 Recover'd quick his weapon from the dead  
 Then hurl'd the desperate suitors yet again  
 Their glittering spears, but Pallas gave to each 315  
 A frustrate course, one struck a column, one  
 The planks of the broad portal, and a third  
 Flung full his ashen beam against the wall  
 Yet pierced Amphimedon the Prince's wrist,  
 But slightly, a skin-wound, and o'er his shield 320  
 Ctesippus reach'd the shoulder of the good  
 Eumæus, but his glancing weapon swift  
 O'erflew the mark, and fell And now the four,  
 Ulysses, dauntless Hero, and his friends  
 All hurl'd their spears together in return 325  
 Himself Ulysses, city-waster Chief,  
 Wounded Eurydamus, Ulysses' son  
 Amphimedon, the swine-herd Polybus,  
 And in his breast the keeper of the beeves  
 Ctesippus, glorying over whom, he cried 330  
 Oh son of Polythereses ! whose delight  
 Hath been to taunt and jeer, never again  
 Boast foolishly, but to the Gods commit  
 Thy tongue, since they are mightier far than thou  
 Take this—a compensation for thy pledge 335  
 Of hospitality, the huge ox-hoof,  
 Which while he roam'd the palace, begging alms,  
 Ulysses at thy bounteous hand received  
 So glomed he, then grasping still his spear,  
 Ulysses pierced Damastor's son, and next 340  
 Telemachus, enforcing his long beam  
 Sheer through his bowels and his back, transpierced  
 Leiocritus, he prostrate smote the floor  
 Then Pallas from the lofty roof held forth  
 Her host-confounding Ægis o'er their heads, 345

Withering their souls with fear    They through the hall  
 Fle'd, scatter'd as an herd, which rapid-wing'd  
 The gad-fly dissipates, infester fell  
 Of beeves, when vernal suns shine hot and long  
 But, as when bow-beak'd vultures crooked-claw'd    350  
 Stoop from the mountains on the smaller fowl,  
 Terrified at the toils which spread the plain,  
 The flock takes wing, they, darting from above,  
 Strike, seize, and slay, resistance or escape  
 Is none, the fowler's heart leaps with delight, <sup>4</sup>    355  
 So they, pursuing through the spacious hall  
 The suitors, smote them on all sides, their heads  
 Sounded beneath the sword, with hideous groans  
 The palace rang, and the floor foam'd with blood.  
 Then flew Leiodes to Ulysses' knees,    360  
 When clasp'g, in wing'd accents thus he cried  
     I clasp thy knees, Ulysses ! oh respect  
 My suit, and spare me ! Never have I word  
 Injurious spoken, or injurious deed  
 Attempted 'gainst the women of thy house,    365  
 But others, so transgressing, oft forb'd  
 Yet they abstain'd not, and a dreadful fate  
 Due to their wickedness have therefore found  
 But I, then soothsayer alone, must fall,  
 Though unoffending, such is the return    370  
 By mortals made for benefits received '

To whom Ulysses, lowering-dark, replied  
 Is that thy boast ? Hast thou indeed for these  
 The seer's high office fill'd ? Then doubtless oft  
 Thy prayer hath been that distant far might prove    375  
 The day delectable of my return,  
 And that my consort might thy own become  
 To bear thee children, wherefore thee I doom  
 To a dire death which thou shalt not avoid

So saying, he caught the faulchion from the floor    380

<sup>4</sup> In this simile we seem to have a curious account of the ancient manner of fowling. The nets (for *νεφέα* is used in that sense by Aristophanes) were spread on a plain, on an adjoining rising ground were stationed they who had charge of the vultures (such Homer calls them) which were trained to the sport. The alarm being given to the birds below, the vultures were loosed, when if any of them escaped their talons, the nets were ready to enclose them. See Eustathius. Dacier. Clarke.

Which Agelaus had let fall, and smote  
 Leiodes, while he kneel'd, athwart his neck  
 So suddenly, that ere his tongue had ceased  
 To plead for life, his head was in the dust  
 But Phemius, son of Terpius, bard divine, 385  
 Who, through compulsion, with his song regaled  
 The suitors, a like dreadful death escaped.  
 Fast by the postern, harp in hand, he stood,  
 Doubtful if, issuing, he should take his seat  
 Beside the altar of Hecæan Jove,<sup>5</sup> 390  
 Where oft Ulysses offer'd, and his sire,  
 Fat thighs of beeves, or whether he should haste,  
 An earnest suppliant, to embrace his knees  
 That course, at length, most pleased him, then between  
 The beaker and an argent studded throne 395  
 He grounded his sweet lyre, and seizing fast  
 The Hero's knees, him suppliant thus address'd  
 I clasp thy knees, Ulysses ! oh respect  
 My suit, and spare me. Thou shalt not escape  
 Regret thyself hereafter, if thou slay 400  
 Me, charmer of the woes of Gods and men  
 Self-taught am I, and treasure in my mind  
 Themes of all argument from heaven inspired,  
 And I can sing to thee as to a God  
 Ah then, behead me not ! Put even the wish 405  
 Far from thee ! for thy own beloved son  
 Can witness, that not drawn by choice, or driven  
 By stress of want, resorting to thine house  
 I have regaled these revellers so oft,  
 But under force of mightier far than I 410  
 So he, whose words soon as the sacred might  
 Heard of Telemachus, approaching quick  
 His father, thus humane he interposed  
 Hold—Harm not with the vengeful faulchion's edge  
 This blameless man, and we will also spare 415  
 Medon the herald, who hath ever been  
 A watchful guardian of my boyish years,  
 Unless Philœtus have already slain him,  
 Or else Eumæus, or thyself, perchance,

<sup>5</sup> So called because he was worshipped within the 'Eporos, or wall that surrounded the court.

Unconscious in the tumult of our foes.

420

He spake, whom Medon hearing (for he lay  
Beneath a throne and in a new-stript hide  
Enfolded, trembling with the dread of death,)  
Sprang from his hiding-place, and casting off  
The skin, flew to Telemachus, embraced  
His knees, and in wing'd accents thus exclaim'd.

425

Prince ! I am here—oh pity me ! repress  
Thine own, and pacify thy father's wrath,  
That he destroy not me, through fierce revenge  
Of their iniquities who have consumed  
His wealth, and in their folly scorn'd his son.

430

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied,  
Smiling complacent. Fear not ; my own son  
Hath pleaded for thee. Therefore (taught thyself  
That truth) teach others the superior worth  
Of benefits with injuries compared.

435

But go ye forth, thou and the sacred bard,  
That ye may sit distant in yonder court  
From all this carnage, while I give command  
Myself concerning it, to those within.

440

He ceased ; they going forth, took each his seat  
Beside Jove's altar, but with careful looks  
Suspicious, dreading without cease the sword.  
Meantime Ulysses search'd his hall in quest  
Of living foes, if any still survived  
Unpunish'd ; but he found them all alike  
Weltering in dust and blood ; numerous they lay  
Like fishes when they strew the sinuous shore  
Of Ocean, from the grey gulf drawn aground  
In nets of many a mesh ; they on the sands  
Lie spread, athirst for the salt wave, till hot  
The gazing sun dries all their life away ;  
So lay the suitors heap'd, and thus at length  
The prudent Chief gave order to his son.

445

450

Telemachus, bid Euryclea come  
Quickly, the nurse, to whom I would impart  
The purpose which now occupies me most.

455

He said ; obedient to his sire, the Prince  
Smote on the door, and summon'd loud the nurse.  
Arise, thou ancient governess of all

460



Our female menials, and come forth, attend  
My father, he hath somewhat for thine ear

So he, nor flew his words useless away,  
For throwing wide the portal, forth she came,  
And by Telemachus conducted, found 465  
Ere long Ulysses amid all the slain,  
With blood defiled and dust, dread he appear'd  
As from the pastured ox newly-devour'd  
The lion stalking back, his ample chest  
With gory drops and his broad cheeks are hung, 470  
Tremendous spectacle, such seem'd the Chief,  
Blood-stain'd all over She the carnage spread  
On all sides seeing, and the pools of blood,  
Felt impulse forcible to publish loud  
That wondrous triumph, but her lord repress'd 475  
The shout of rapture ere it burst abroad,  
And in wing'd accents thus his will enforced

Silent exult, O ancient matron dear!  
Shout not, be still Unholy is the voice  
Of loud thanksgiving over slaughter'd men 480  
Their own atrocious deeds and the Gods' will  
Have slain all these, for whether noble guest  
Arrived or base, they scoff'd at all alike,  
And for their wickedness have therefore died  
But say, of my domestic women, who 485  
Have scorn'd me, and whom find'st thou innocent?

To whom good Euryclea thus replied  
My son! I will declare the truth, thou keep'st  
Female domestics fifty in thy house,  
Whom we have made intelligent to comb 490  
The fleece, and to perform whatever task  
Of these, twice six have overpass'd the bounds  
Of modesty, respecting neither me,  
Nor yet the Queen, and thy own son, adult  
So lately, no permission had from her 495  
To regulate the women of her train  
But I am gone, I fly with what hath pass'd  
To the Queen's ear, who nought suspects, so sound  
She sleeps, by some divinity composed

Then answer thus Ulysses wise return'd 500  
Hush, and disturb her not Go. Summon first

Those wantons, who have long deserved to die

He ceased, then issued forth the ancient dame  
To summon those bad women, and, meantime,  
Calling his son, Philœtius, and Eumæus,  
Ulysses in wing'd accents thus began

505

Bestir ye, and remove the dead, command  
Those women also to your help, then cleanse  
With bibulous sponges and with water all  
The seats and tables, when ye shall have thus  
Set all in order, lead those women forth,  
And in the centre of the spacious court,  
Between the scullery and the outer-wall  
Smite them with your broad faulchions till they lose  
In death the memory of their secret loves  
Indulged with wretches lawless as themselves

510

515

He ended, and the damsels came at once  
All forth, lamenting, and with tepid tears  
Showering the ground, with mutual labour, first,  
Bearing the bodies forth into the court,  
They lodged them in the portico, meantime  
Ulysses stern enjoin'd them haste, and urged  
By sad necessity, they bore all out

520

With sponges and with water next they cleansed  
The thrones and tables, while Telemachus  
Besom'd the floor, Eumæus in that work  
Aiding him and the keeper of the beeves,  
And those twelve damsels bearing forth the soil  
Thus order given to all within, they next  
Led forth the women, whom they shut between  
The scullery and the outer-wall in close  
Durance, from which no prisoner could escape,  
And thus Telemachus discreet began

525

530

An honourable death is not for these  
By my advice, who have so often heap'd  
Reproach on mine and on my mother's head,  
And held lewd commerce with the suitor-train.

535

He said, and noosing a strong galley-rope  
To an huge column, led the cord around  
The spacious dome, suspended so aloft  
That none with quivering feet might reach the floor.  
As when a flight of doves entering the copse,

540

Or broad-wing'd thrushes, strike against the net  
 Within, ill rest entangled there they find,  
 So they, suspended by the neck, expired 545  
 All in one line together    Death abhori'd !  
 With restless feet awhile they beat the air,  
 Then ceased    And now through vestibule and hall  
 They led Melanthius forth    With ruthless steel  
 They pared away his ears and nose, pluck'd forth 550  
 His parts of shame, destined to feed the dogs,  
 And still indignant, lopp'd his hands and feet  
 Then, laving each his feet and hands, they sought  
 Again Ulysses , all their work was done,  
 And thus the Chief to Euryclea spake 555  
     Bright blast-averting sulphur, nurse, bring fire !  
 That I may fumigate my walls , then bid  
 Penelope with her attendants down,  
 And summon all the women of her train.  
     But Euryclea thus his nurse replied 560  
 My son ! thou hast well said , yet will I first  
 Serve thee with vest and mantle    Stand not here  
 In thy own palace clothed with tatters foul  
 And beggarly,—she will abhor the sight  
     Then answer thus Ulysses wise return'd 565  
 Not so    Bring fire for fumigation first  
     He said , nor Euryclea his loved nurse  
 Longer delay'd, but sulphur brought and fire,  
 When he with purifying steams himself  
 Visited every part, the banquet-room, 570  
 The vestibule, the court    Ranging meantime  
 His house magnificent, the matron call'd  
 The women to attend their Lord in haste,  
 And they attended, bearing each a torch  
 Then gather'd they around him all, sincere 575  
 Welcoming his return , with close embrace  
 Enfolding him, each kiss'd his brows, and each  
 His shoulders, and his hands lock'd fast in hers  
 He irresistible the impulse felt  
 To sigh and weep, well recognizing all 580

## BOOK XXIII.

## ARGUMENT

Ulysses, with some difficulty, convinces Penelope of his identity, who, at length, overcome by force of evidence, receives him to her arms with transport. He entertains her with a recital of his adventures, and in his narration the principal events of the poem are recapitulated. In the morning, Ulysses, Telemachus, the herdsman, and the swine-herd, depart into the country.

AND now, with exultation loud the nurse  
 Again ascended, eager to apprise  
 The Queen of her Ulysses' safe return,  
 Joy braced her knees, with nimbleness of youth  
 She stepp'd, and at her ear, her thus bespoke 5  
     Arise, Penelope! dear daughter, see  
 With thy own eyes thy daily wish fulfill'd  
 Ulysses is arriv'd, hath reach'd at last  
 His native home, and all those suitors proud  
 Hath slaughter'd, who his family distress'd, 10  
 His substance wasted, and control'd his son  
     To whom Penelope discreet replied  
 Dear nurse! the Gods have surely taken away  
 Thy judgment, they transform the wise to fools,  
 And fools conduct to wisdom, and have marr'd 15  
 Thy intellect, who wast discreet before.  
 Why wilt thou mock me, wretched as I am,  
 With tales extravagant? and why disturb  
 Those slumbers sweet that seal'd so fast mine eyes?  
 For such sweet slumbers have I never known 20  
 Since my Ulysses on his voyage sail'd  
 To that bad city never to be named  
 Down instant to thy place again—begone—  
 For had another of my maidens dared  
 Disturb my sleep with tidings wild as these, 25

I had dismiss'd her down into the house  
More roughly, but thine age excuses *thee*

To whom the venerable matron thus  
I mock thee not, my child, no—he is come—  
Himself, Ulysses, even as I say,

30

That stranger, object of the scorn of all  
Telemachus well knew his sire arrived,  
But prudently concealed the tidings, so  
To ensure the more the suitors' punishment

So Euryclea, she transported heard,  
And springing from the bed, wrapp'd in her arms  
The ancient woman, shedding tears of joy,  
And in wing'd accents ardent thus replied

35

Ah then, dear nurse, inform me! tell me true!  
Hath he indeed arrived as thou declarest?  
How dared he to assail alone that band  
Of shameless ones, for ever swarming here?

40

Then Euryclea thus matron beloved  
I nothing saw or knew, but only heard  
Groans of the wounded, in the interior house  
We trembling sat, and every door was fast  
Thus all remain'd, till by his father sent,  
Thy own son call'd me forth. Going I found  
Ulysses compass'd by the slaughter'd dead  
They cover'd wide the pavement, heaps on heaps.

45

It would have cheer'd thy heart to have beheld  
Thy husband lion-like with crimson stains  
Of slaughter and of dust all dappled o'er  
Heap'd in the portal, at this moment, lie  
Their bodies, and he fumigates meantime  
The house with sulphur and with flames of fire,  
And hath himself sent me to bid thee down

50

Follow me then, that ye may give your hearts  
To gladness both, for ye have much endured,  
But the event, so long your soul's desire,  
Is come, himself hath to his household Gods  
Alive return'd, thee and his son he finds  
Unharm'd and at your home, nor hath he left  
Unpunish'd one of all his enemies

55

Her answer'd then Penelope discreet  
Ah dearest nurse! indulge not to excess

60

This dangerous triumph. Thou art well apprized  
How welcome his appearance here would prove  
To all, but chief to me and to his son,  
Fruit of our love But these things are not so , 70  
Some God, resentful of their evil deeds,  
And of their biting contumely severe,  
Hath slain those proud , for whether noble guest  
Arrived or base, alike they scoff'd at all,  
And for their wickedness have therefore died 75  
But my Ulysses distant far, I know,  
From Greece hath perish'd, and returns no more  
To whom thus Euryclea, nurse beloved  
What word, my daughter, hath escaped thy lips,  
Who thus affirm'st thy husband, now within 80  
And at his own hearth-side, for ever lost ?  
Canst thou be thus incredulous ? Hear again—  
I give thee yet proof past dispute, his scar  
Imprinted by a wild-boar's ivory tusk  
Laving him I remark'd it, and desired, 85  
Myself, to tell thee, but he, ever wise,  
Compressing with both hands my lips, forbade  
Come, follow me My life shall be the pledge  
If I deceive thee, kill me as thou wilt  
To whom Penelope discreet replied 90  
Ah, dearest nurse, sagacious as thou art,  
Thou little know'st to scan the counsels wise  
Of the eternal Gods But let us seek  
My son, however, that I may behold  
The suitors dead, and him by whom they died 95  
So saying, she left her chamber, musing much,  
In her descent, whether to interrogate  
Her lord apart, or whether to imprint,  
At once, his hands with kisses and his brows.  
O'erpassing light the portal-step of stone, 100  
She enter'd He sat opposite, illumed  
By the hearth's sprightly blaze, and close before  
A pillar of the dome, waiting with eyes  
Downcast, till viewing him, his noble spouse  
Should speak to him , but she sat silent long, 105  
Her faculties in mute amazement held  
By turns she rivetted her eyes on his,

And, seeing him so foul attired, by turns  
 She recognized him not, then spake her son  
 Telemachus, and her silence thus improved 110

My mother ! ah my hapless and my most  
 Obdurate mother ! wherefore thus aloof  
 Shunn'st thou my father, neither at his side  
 Sitting affectionate, nor uttering word ?  
 Another wife lives not who could endure 115  
 Such distance from her husband new-return'd  
 To his own country in the twentieth year,  
 After much hardship but thy heart is still  
 As ever, less impressible than stone

To whom Penelope discreet replied 120  
 I am all wonder, O my son ! my soul  
 Is stunn'd within me, power to speak to him  
 Or to interrogate him have I none,  
 Or even to look on him, but if indeed  
 He be Ulysses, and have reach'd his home, 125  
 I shall believe it soon, by proof convinced  
 Of signs, known only to himself and me

She said, then smiled the Hero toil-inur'd,  
 And in wing'd accents thus spake to his son  
 Leave thou, Telemachus, thy mother here 130  
 To sift and prove me, she will know me soon  
 More certainly, she sees me ill-attired  
 And squalid now, therefore she shews me scorn,  
 And no belief hath yet that I am he  
 But we have need, thou and myself, of deep 135  
 Deliberation If a man have slain  
 One only citizen, who leaves behind  
 Few interested to avenge his death,  
 Yet flying he forsakes both friends and home,  
 But we have slain the noblest Princes far 140  
 Of Ithaca, on whom our city most  
 Depended, therefore, I advise thee, think !

Him, prudent, then answer'd Telemachus  
 Be that thy care, my father ! for report  
 Proclaims thee shrewdest of mankind, with whom 145  
 In ingenuity may none compare  
 Lead thou, to follow thee shall be our part  
 With prompt alacrity, nor shall, I judge,

Courage be wanting to our utmost force

Thus then replied Ulysses, ever-wise 150

To me the safest counsel and the best

Seems this First wash yourselves, and put ye on

Your tunics, bid ye next the maidens take

Their best attire, and let the bard divine 155

Harping melodious play a sportive dance,

That whether passenger or neighbour hear,

All may imagine nuptials held within

So shall not loud report that we have slain

All those, alarm the city till we gain

Our woods and fields, where once arrived, such plans 160

We will devise, as Jove shall deign to inspire

He spake, and all obedient in the bath

First laved themselves, then put their tunics on,

The damsels also dress'd, and the sweet bard

Harping melodious, kindled strong desire 165

In all of jocund song and graceful dance

The palace under all its vaulted roof

Remurmur'd to the feet of sportive youths

And cinctured maidens, while no few abroad,

Hearing such revelry within, remark'd, — 170

The Queen with many wooers, wed at last.

Ah fickle and unworthy fair! too frail

Always to keep inviolate the house

Of her first Lord, and wait for his return

So spake the people, but they little knew 175

What had befallen Eurynome, meantime,

With bath and unction served the illustrious Chief

Ulysses, and he saw himself attired

Royally once again in his own house

Then Pallas over all his features shed 180

Superior beauty, dignified his form

With added amplitude, and pour'd his curls

Like hyacinthine flowers down from his brows.

As when some artist by Minerva made

And Vulcan, wise to execute all tasks 185

Ingenuous, borders silver with a wreath

Of gold, accomplishing a graceful work,

Such grace the Goddess o'er his ample chest

Copious diffused, and o'er his manly brows.



He, godlike, stepping from the bath, resumed, 190  
 His former seat magnificent, and sat  
 Opposite to the Queen, to whom he said  
 Penelope ! the Gods to thee have given  
 Of all thy sex, the most obdurate heart  
 Another wife lives not who could endure 195  
 Such distance from her husband new return'd  
 To his own country in the twentieth year,  
 After such hardship But prepare me, nurse,  
 A bed, for solitary I must sleep,  
 Since she is iron, and feels not for me 200  
 Him answer'd then prudent Penelope.  
 I neither magnify thee, sir ! nor yet  
 Depreciate thee, nor is my wonder such  
 As hurries me at once into thy arms,  
 Though my remembrance perfectly retains, 205  
 Such as he was, Ulysses, when he sail'd  
 On board his bark from Ithaca—Go, nurse,  
 Prepare his bed, but not within the walls  
 Of his own chamber built with his own hands  
 Spread it without, and spread it well with warm 210  
 Mantles, with fleeces, and with richest rugs  
 So spake she, proving him<sup>1</sup>, and, not untouch'd  
 With anger at that word, thus he replied  
 Penelope, that order grates my ear  
 Who hath displaced my bed ? the task were hard 215  
 Even to an artist, other than a God  
 None might with ease remove it, as for man,  
 It might defy the stoutest, in his prime  
 Of youth, to heave it to a different spot,  
 For in that bed elaborate, a sign, 220  
 A special sign consists, I was myself  
 The artificer, I fashion'd it alone  
 Within the court a leafy olive grew  
 Lofty, luxuriant, pillar-like in girth  
 Around this tree I built, with massy stones 225

<sup>1</sup> The proof consisted in this—that the bed being attached to the stump of an olive tree still rooted, was immovable, and Ulysses having made it himself, no person present, he must needs be apprized of the impossibility of her orders, if he were indeed Ulysses, accordingly, this demonstration of his identity satisfies all her scruples.

Cemented close, my chamber, roof'd it o'er,  
And hung the glutinated portals on.  
I lopp'd the ample foliage and the boughs,  
And severing near the root its solid bole,  
Smooth'd all the rugged stump with skilful hand, 230  
And wrought it to a pedestal well squared  
And modell'd by the line. I wimbled, next,  
The frame throughout, and from the olive-stump  
Beginning, fashion'd the whole bed above  
Till all was finish'd, plated o'er with gold, 235  
With silver, and with ivory, and beneath  
Close interlaced with purple cordage strong.  
Such sign I give thee. But if still it stand  
Unmoved, or if some other, severing sheer  
The olive from its bottom, have displaced 240  
My bed—that matter is best known to thee.

He ceased ; she, conscious of the sign so plain  
Given by Ulysses, heard with fluttering heart  
And faltering knees that proof. Weeping she ran  
Direct toward him, threw her arms around 245  
The Hero, kiss'd his forehead, and replied.

Ah my Ulysses ! pardon me—frown not—  
Thou who at other times hast ever shown  
Superior wisdom ! all our griefs have flow'd  
From the Gods' will ; they envied us the bliss 250  
Of undivided union sweet enjoy'd  
Through life, from early youth to latest age.  
No. Be not angry now ; pardon the fault  
That I embraced thee not as soon as seen,  
For horror hath not ceased to overwhelm 255  
My soul, lest some false alien should, perchance,  
Beguile me, for our house draws numerous such.  
Jove's daughter, Argive Helen, ne'er had given  
Free entertainment to a stranger's love,  
Had she foreknown that the heroic sons 260  
Of Greece would bring her to her home again.  
But heaven incited her to that offence,  
Who never, else, had even in her thought  
Harbour'd the foul enormity, from which  
Originated even our distress. 265  
But now, since evident, thou hast described

Our bed, which never mortal yet beheld,  
 Ourselves except and Actoris my own  
 Attendant, given me when I left my home  
 By good Icarius, and who kept the door, 270  
 Though hard to be convinced, at last I yield.

So saying, she awaken'd in his soul  
 Pity and grief, and folding in his arms  
 His blameless consort beautiful, he wept  
 Welcome as land appears to those who swim, 275  
 Whose gallant bark Neptune with rolling waves  
 And stormy winds hath sunk in the wide sea,  
 A mariner or two, perchance, escape  
 The foamy flood, and swimming reach the land,  
 Weary indeed, and with incrusted brine 280  
 All rough, but oh, how glad to climb the coast!  
 So welcome in her eyes Ulysses seem'd,  
 Around whose neck winding her snowy arms,  
 She clung as she would loose him never more  
 Thus had they wept till rosy-finger'd morn 285  
 Had found them weeping, but Minerva check'd  
 Night's almost finish'd course, and held, meantime,  
 The golden dawn close prisoner in the Deep,  
 Forbidding her to lead her couriers forth,  
 Lampus and Phaethon that furnish light 290  
 To all the earth, and join them to the yoke  
 Then thus Ulysses to Penelope

My love! we have not yet attain'd the close  
 Of all our sufferings, but unmeasured toil 295  
 Arduous remains, which I must still achieve  
 For so the spirit of the Theban seer  
 Inform'd me, on that day, when to enquire  
 Of mine and of my people's safe return  
 I journey'd down to Pluto's dear abode.  
 But let us hence to bed, there to enjoy 300  
 Tranquil repose My love, make no delay

Him answer'd then prudent Penelope  
 Thou shalt to bed at whatsoever time  
 Thy soul desires, since the immortal Gods  
 Give thee to me and to thy home again 305  
 But thou hast spoken from the seer of Thebes  
 Of arduous toils yet unperform'd, declare

What toils? Thou wilt disclose them, as I judge,  
Hereafter, and why not disclose them now?

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied 310  
Ah conversant with woe! why would'st thou learn  
That tale? but I will tell it thee at large  
Thou wilt not hear with joy, nor shall myself  
With joy rehearse it, for he bade me seek  
City after city, bearing, as I go, 315  
A shapely oar, till I shall find, at length,  
A people who the sea know not, nor eat  
Food salted, they trim galley crimson-prow'd  
Have ne'er beheld, nor yet smooth-shaven oar  
With which the vessel wing'd scuds o'er the waves 320  
He gave me also this authentic sign,  
Which I will tell thee In what place so'er  
I chance to meet a traveller who shall name  
The oar on my broad shoulder borne, a van,<sup>2</sup>  
He bade me, planting it on that same spot, 325  
Worship the King of Ocean with a bull,  
A iam, and a lascivious boar, then seek  
My home again, and sacrifice at home  
An hecatomb to the immortal Gods,  
Inhabitants of the expanse above 330  
So shall I die, at length, the gentlest death  
Remote from Ocean, it shall find me late,  
In soft serenity of age, the Chief  
Of a blest people — Thus he prophesied  
Him answer'd then Penelope discreet 335  
If heaven appoint thee in old age a lot  
More tranquil, hope thence springs of thy escape  
Some future day from all thy threaten'd woes  
Such was then mutual conference sweet, meantime  
Eurynome and Euryclia dress'd 340  
Their bed by light of the clear torch, and when  
Dispatchful they had spread it broad and deep,  
The ancient nurse to her own bed retired  
Then came Eurynome, to whom in trust  
The chambers appertain'd, and with a torch  
Conducted them to rest, she introduced  
The happy pair, and went, transported they

<sup>2</sup> See the note on the same passage, Book vi

To rites connubial intermitted long,  
 And now recover'd gave themselves again <sup>3</sup>  
 Meantime, the Prince, the herdsman, and the good 350  
 Eumæus, giving rest each to his feet,  
 Ceased from the dance, they made the women cease  
 Also, and to their several chambers all  
 Within the twilight edifice repair'd  
 At length with conjugal endearment both 355  
 Satiated, Ulysses tasted and his spouse  
 The sweets of mutual converse She rehearsed,  
 Noblest of women, all her numerous woes  
 Beneath that roof sustain'd, while she beheld  
 The profligacy of the suitor-throng, 360  
 Who in their wooing had consumed his herds  
 And fatted flocks, and drawn his vessels dry,  
 While brave Ulysses, in his turn, to her  
 Related his successes and escapes,  
 And his afflictions also, he told her all, 365  
 She listen'd charm'd, nor slumber on his eyes  
 Fell once, or ere he had rehearsed the whole  
 Beginning, he discoursed, how at the first  
 He conquer'd in Ciconia, and thence reach'd  
 The fruitful shores of the Lotophagi, 370  
 The Cyclops' deeds he told her next, and how  
 He well avenged on him his slaughter'd friends  
 Whom, pitiless, the monster had devour'd  
 How to the isle of Æolus he came,  
 Who welcomed him and safe dismiss'd him thence, 375  
 Although not destined to regain so soon  
 His native land, for o'er the fishy deep  
 Loud tempests snatch'd him sighing back again.  
 How, also at Telepylus he arrived,  
 Town of the Læstrygonians, who destroy'd 380  
 His ships with all their mariners, his own  
 Except, who in his sable bark escaped  
 Of guileful Circe too he spake, deep-skill'd  
 In various artifice, and how he reach'd

<sup>3</sup> Aristophanes the grammarian and Aristarchus chose that the *Odyssey* should end here, but the story is not properly concluded till the tumult occasioned by the slaughter of so many Princes being composed, Ulysses finds himself once more in peaceable possession of his country

With sails and oars the squalid realms of death, 385  
 Desirous to consult the prophet there,  
 Theban Tiresias, and how there he view'd  
 All his companions, and the mother bland  
 Who bare him, nourisher of his infant years.  
 How next he heard the Sirens in one strain 390  
 All chiming sweet, and how he reach'd the rocks  
 Erratic, Scylla and Charybdis dire,  
 Which none secure from injury may pass  
 Then how the partners of his voyage slew  
 The Sun's own bees, and how the Thunderer Jove 395  
 Hurl'd down his smoky bolts into his bark,  
 Depriving him at once of all his crew,  
 Whose dreadful fate he yet himself escaped.  
 How to Ogygia's isle he came, where dwelt  
 The nymph Calypso, who enamour'd wish'd 400  
 To espouse him, and within her spacious grove  
 Detain'd, and fed, and promised him a life  
 Exempt for ever from the sap of age,  
 But him moved not    How also he arrived,  
 After much toil, on the Phæacian coast, 405  
 Where every heart revered him as a God,  
 And whence, enriching him with brass and gold,  
 And costly raiment first, they sent him home  
 At this last word, oblivious slumber sweet  
 Fell on him, dissipating all his cares 410  
     Meantime, Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed,  
 On other thoughts intent, soon as she deem'd  
 Ulysses with connubial joys sufficed,  
 And with sweet sleep, at once from Ocean roused  
 The golden-axled chariot of the morn 415  
 To illumine earth    Then from his fleecy couch  
 The Hero sprang, and thus his spouse enjoin'd  
     Oh consort dear ! already we have striven  
 Against our lot till wearied with the toil,  
 My painful absence thou with ceaseless tears 420  
 Deploring, and myself in deep distress  
 Withheld reluctant from my native shores  
 By Jove and by the other powers of heaven  
 But since we have in this delightful bed  
 Met once again, watch thou and keep secure 425

All my domestic treasures, and ere long  
I will replace my numerous sheep destroy'd  
By those imperious suitors, and the Greeks  
Shall add yet others till my folds be fill'd.  
But to the woodlands go I now—to see 430  
My noble father, who for my sake mourns  
Continual, as for thee, my love, although  
I know thee wise, I give thee thus in charge.  
The sun no sooner shall ascend, than fame  
Shall wide divulge the deed that I have done, 435  
Slaying the suitors under my own roof  
Thou, therefore, with thy maidens sit retired  
In thy own chamber at the palace-top,  
Nor question ask, nor curious look abroad  
He said, and covering with his radiant arms 440  
His shoulders, call'd Telemachus, he roused  
Eumæus and the herdsman too, and bade  
All take their martial weapons in their hands  
Not disobedient they, as he enjoin'd,  
Put armour on, and issued from the gates, 445  
Ulysses at their head The earth was now  
Enlighten'd, but Minerva them in haste  
Led forth into the fields, unseen by all

## BOOK XXIV

## A R G U M E N T.

Mercury conducts the souls of the suitors down to Ades Ulysses discovers himself to Laertes, and quells, by the aid of Minerva, an insurrection of the people resenting the death of the suitors

AND now Cyllenian Hermes summon'd forth  
 The spirits of the suitors, waving wide  
 The golden wand of power to seal all eyes  
 In slumber, and to ope them wide again,  
 He drove them gibbering<sup>1</sup> down into the shades 5  
 As when the bats within some hallow'd cave  
 Flit squeaking all around, for if but one  
 Fall from the rock, the rest all follow him,  
 In such connexion mutual they adhere,  
 So, after bounteous Mercury, the ghosts 10  
 Troop'd downward, gibbering<sup>1</sup> all the dreary way  
 The Ocean's flood and the Leucadian rock,  
 The Sun's gate also and the land of Dreams  
 They pass'd, whence next into the meads they came  
 Of Asphodel, by shadowy forms possess'd, 15  
 Simulars of the dead They found the souls  
 Of brave Pelides there, and of his friend  
 Patroclus, of Antilochus renown'd,  
 And of the mightier Ajax, for his form  
 And bulk (Achilles sole except) of all 20  
 The sons of the Achaians most admn'd  
 These waited on Achilles Then appear'd  
 The mournful ghost of Agamemnon, son  
 Of Atreus, compass'd by the ghosts of all

<sup>1</sup> ἰριζέσασιν—τηρῶν ψυχῶν—

——the ghosts

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets



Who shared his fate beneath Ægisthus' roof, 20  
And him the ghost of Peleus' son bespake.

Atrides ! of all Heroes we esteem'd  
Thee dearest to the Gods, for that thy sway  
Extended over such a glorious host  
At Ilum, scene of sorrow to the Greeks 30  
But Fate, whose ruthless force none may escape  
Of all who breathe, pursued thee from the first  
Thou should'st have perish'd full of honour, full  
Of loyalty, at Troy , so all the Greeks  
Had raised thy tomb, and thou hadst then bequeath'd 35  
Great glory to thy son , but Fate ordain'd  
A death, oh how deplorable ! for thee

To whom Atides' spirit thus replied  
Blest son of Peleus, semblance of the Gods,  
At Ilum, far from Argos fallen ! for whom 40  
Contending, many a Trojan, many a Chief  
Of Greece died also, while in eddies whelm'd  
Of dust thy vastness<sup>2</sup> spread the plain, nor thee  
The chariot aught or steed could interest more !  
All day we waged the battle, nor at last 45  
Desisted, but for tempests sent from Jove  
At length, we bore into the Grecian fleet  
Thy body from the field , there first we cleansed  
With tepid baths, and oil'd thy shapely corse,  
Then placed thee on thy bier, while many a Greek 50  
Around thee wept, and shore his locks for thee  
Thy mother also, hearing of thy death,  
With her immortal nymphs from the abyss  
Arose and came , terrible was the sound  
On the salt flood , a panic seized the Greeks, 55  
And every warrior had return'd on board  
That moment, had not Nestor, ancient Chief,  
Illumed by long experience, interposed ,  
His counsels, ever-wisest, wisest proved  
Then also, and he thus address'd the host 60

Sons of Achaia, fly not , stay, ye Greeks !  
Thetis arrives with her immortal nymphs  
From the abyss, to visit her dead son

<sup>2</sup> ———Behemoth, biggest born of earth,  
Unheaved his vastness.

So he , and, by his admonition stay'd,  
The Greeks fled not    Then all around thee stood    65  
The daughters of the Ancient of the Deep,  
Mourning disconsolate , with heavenly robes  
They clothed thy corse, and all the Muses nine  
Deplored thee in full choir with sweetest tones  
Responsive, nor one Grecian hadst thou seen    70  
Dry-eyed, such grief the Muses moved in all  
Full seventeen days we day and night deplored  
Thy death, both Gods in heaven and men below ,  
But on the eighteenth day, we gave thy corse  
Its burning, and fat sheep around thee slew    75  
Numerous, with many a pastured ox moon-horn'd  
We burn'd thee clothed in vesture of the Gods,  
With honey and with oil feeding the flames  
Abundant, while Achaia's Heroes arm'd,  
Both horse and foot, encompassing thy pile,    80  
Clash'd on their shields, and deafening was the din  
But when the fires of Vulcan had at length  
Consumed thee, at the dawn we stored thy bones  
In unguent and in undiluted wine ,  
For Thetis gave to us a golden vase    85  
Twin-ear'd, which she profess'd to have received  
From Bacchus, work divine of Vulcan's hand  
Within that vase, Achilles, treasured he  
Thine and the bones of thy departed friend  
Patroclus, but a separate urn we gave    90  
To those of brave Antilochus, who most  
Of all thy friends at Ilium shared thy love  
And thy respect, thy friend Patroclus slain  
Around both urns we piled a noble tomb  
(We warriors of the sacred Argive host),    95  
On a tall promontory shooting far  
Into the spacious Hellespont, that all  
Who live, and who shall yet be born, may view  
Thy record, even from the distant waves  
Then, by permission from the Gods obtain'd,    100  
To the Achaian Chiefs in circus met,  
Thetis appointed games. I have beheld  
The burial rites of many a Hero bold,  
When on the death of some great Chief, the youths

Girding their loins anticipate the prize, 105  
 But sight of those with wonder fill'd me most,  
 So glorious past all others were the games  
 By silver-footed Thetis given for thee,  
 For thou wast ever favour'd of the Gods  
 Thus hast thou not, Achilles ! although dead, 110  
 Forgone thy glory, but thy fair report  
 Is universal among all mankind ,  
 But as for me, what recompense had I,  
 My warfare closed ? for whom, at my return,  
 Jove framed such dire destruction by the hands 115  
 Of fell Ægisthus and my murderess wife  
 Thus mutual they conferr'd , meantime approach'd,  
 Swift messenger of heaven, the Argicide,  
 Conducting thither all the shades of those  
 Slain by Ulysses At that sight amazed, 120  
 Both moved toward them Agamemnon's shade  
 Knew well Amphimedon, for he had been  
 Erewhile his father's guest in Ithaca,  
 And thus the spirit of Atreus' son began  
 Amphimedon ! by what disastrous chance, 125  
 Coœvals as ye seem, and of an air  
 Distinguish'd all, descend ye to the Deeps ?  
 For not the chosen youths of a whole town  
 Should form a nobler band Perish'd ye sunk  
 Amid vast billows and rude tempests raised 130  
 By Neptune's power ? or on dry land through force  
 Of hostile multitudes, while cutting off  
 Beeves from the herd, or driving flocks away ?  
 Or fighting for your city and your wives ?  
 Resolve me , I was once a guest of yours 135  
 Remember'st not what time at your abode  
 With godlike Menelaus I arrived,  
 That we might win Ulysses with his fleet  
 To follow us to Troy ? scarce we prevail'd  
 At last to gain the city-waster Chief, 140  
 And after all, consumed a whole month more  
 The wide sea traversing from side to side  
 To whom the spirit of Amphimedon  
 Illustrious Agamemnon, King of men !

The manner of our most disastrous end  
Believing brave Ulysses lost, we woo'd  
Meantime his wife, she our detested suit  
Would neither ratify nor yet refuse,  
But, planning for us a tremendous death, 150  
This novel stratagem, at last, devised.  
Beginning in her own recess, a web  
Of slenderest thread, and of a length and breadth  
Unusual, thus the suitors she address'd  
Princes, my suitors ! since the noble Chief 155  
Ulysses is no more, enforce not yet  
My nuptials, wait till I shall finish first  
A funeral robe (lest all my threads decay),  
Which for the ancient Hero I prepare,  
Laertes, looking for the mournful hour 160  
When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest,  
Else I the censure dread of all my sex,  
Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud.  
So spake the Queen, we, unsuspecting all,  
With her request complied Thenceforth, all day 165  
She wove the ample web, and by the aid  
Of torches ravell'd it again at night.  
Three years she thus by artifice our suit  
Eluded safe, but when the fourth arrived,  
And the same season, after many moons 170  
And fleeting days return'd, a damsel then  
Of her attendants, conscious of the fraud,  
Reveal'd it, and we found her pulling loose  
The splendid web. Thus, through constraint, at length  
She finish'd it, and in her own despite 175  
But when the Queen produced, at length, her work  
Finish'd, new-blanch'd, bright as the sun or moon,  
Then came Ulysses, by some adverse God  
Conducted to the cottage on the verge  
Of his own fields, in which his swine-herd dwells, 180  
There also the illustrious Hero's son  
Arrived soon after, in his sable bark  
From sandy Pylus borne, they plotting both  
A dreadful death for all the suitors, sought  
Our glorious city, but Ulysses last, 185  
And first Telemachus. The father came,

Conducted by his swine-herd, and attired  
 In tatters foul, a mendicant he seem'd,  
 Time-worn, and halted on a staff    So clad,  
 And entering on a sudden, he escaped 190  
 All knowledge even of our eldest there,  
 And we reviled and smote him, he, although  
 Beneath his own roof smitten and reproach'd,  
 With patience suffer'd it awhile, but roused  
 By inspiration of Jove ægis-arm'd 195  
 At length, in concert with his son convey'd  
 To his own chamber his resplendent arms,  
 There lodged them safe, and barr'd the massy doors  
 Then, in his subtlety, he bade the Queen  
 A contest institute with bow and rings 200  
 Between the hapless suitors, whence ensued  
 Slaughter to all    No suitor there had power  
 To overcome the stubborn bow that mock'd  
 All our attempts, and when the weapon huge  
 At length was offer'd to Ulysses' hands, 205  
 With clamour'd menaces we bade the swain  
 Withhold it from him, plead he as he might,  
 Telemachus alone, with loud command,  
 Bade give it him, and the illustrious Chief  
 Receiving in his hand the bow, with ease 210  
 Bent it, and sped a shaft through all the rings  
 Then springing to the portal steps, he pour'd  
 The arrows forth, peer'd terrible around,  
 Pierced King Antinous, and aiming sure  
 His deadly darts, pierced others after him, 215  
 Till in one common carnage heap'd we lay  
 Some God, as plain appear'd, vouchsafed them aid,  
 Such ardour urged them, and with such dispatch  
 They slew us on all sides, hideous were heard  
 The groans of dying men fell'd to the earth 220  
 With head-strokes rude, and the floor swam with blood.  
 Such, royal Agamemnon ! was the fate  
 By which we perish'd, all whose bodies lie  
 Unburied still, and in Ulysses' house,  
 For tidings none hath yet our friends alarm'd 225  
 And kindred, who might cleanse from sable gore  
 Our clotted wounds, and mourn us on the bier,

Which are the rightful privilege of the dead

Him answer'd, then, the shade of Atreus' son

Oh happy offspring of Laertes' shrewd 230

Ulysses' matchless valour thou hast shewn,

Recovering thus thy wife, nor less appears

The virtue of Icarus' daughter wise,

The chaste Penelope, so faithful found

To her Ulysses, husband of her youth. 235

His glory, by superior merit earn'd,

Shall never die, and the immortal Gods

Shall make Penelope a theme of song

Delightful in the ears of all mankind

Not such was Clytemnestia, daughter vile 240

Of Tyndarus, she shed her husband's blood,

And shall be chronicled in song a wife

Of hateful memory, by whose offence

Even the virtuous of her sex are shamed

Thus they, beneath the vaulted roof obscure 245

Of Pluto's house, conferring mutual stood

Meantime, descending from the city-gates,

Ulysses, by his son and by his swains

Follow'd, arrived at the delightful farm

Which old Laertes had with strenuous toil 250

Himself long since acquind There stood his house,

Encompass'd by a bower, in which the birds

Who served and pleased him, ate, and sat, and slept

An ancient woman, a Sicilian, dwelt

There also, who in that sequester'd spot 255

Attended diligent her aged Lord

Then thus Ulysses to his followers spake

Haste now, and entering, slay ye of the swine

The best for our regale, myself the while,

Will prove my father, if his eye hath still 260

Discernment of me, or if absence long

Have worn the knowledge of me from his mind

He said, and gave into his servants' care

His arms, they swift proceeded to the house,

And to the fruitful grove himself as swift 265

To prove his father Down he went at once

Into the spacious garden-plot, but found

Nor Dolus there, nor any of his sons

Or servants , they were occupied elsewhere,  
 And with the ancient hind himself, employ'd 270  
 Collecting thorns with which to fence the grove.  
 In that umbrageous spot he found alone  
 Laertes, with his hoe clearing a plant,  
 Sordid his tunic was, with many a patch  
 Mended unseemly , leathern were his greaves, 275  
 Thong-tied and also patch'd, a frail defence  
 Against sharp thorns, while gloves secured his hands  
 From briar-points, and on his head he bore  
 A goat-skin casque, nourishing hopeless woe  
 No sooner then the Hero toil-inured 280  
 Saw him age-worn and wretched, than he paused  
 Beneath a lofty pear-tree's shade to weep.  
 There standing, much he mused, whether, at once,  
 Kissing and clasping in his arms his sire,  
 To tell him all, by what means he had reach'd 285  
 His native country, or to prove him first.  
 At length he chose as his best course, with words  
 Of seeming strangeness to accost his ear,  
 And with that purpose, moved direct toward him  
 He stooping low, loosen'd the earth around 290  
 A garden-plant, when his illustrious son  
 Now standing close beside him, thus began  
 Old sir ! thou art no novice in these toils  
 Of culture, but thy garden thrives , I mark  
 In all thy ground no plant, fig, olive, vine, 295  
 Pear-tree or flower-bed suffering through neglect  
 But let it not offend thee if I say  
 That thou neglect'st thyself, at the same time  
 Oppress'd with age, sun-parch'd, and ill-attired  
 Not for thy inactivity, methinks, 300  
 Thy master slights thee thus, nor speaks thy form  
 Or thy surpassing stature servile aught  
 In thee, but thou resemblest more a King  
 Yes—thou resemblest one who, bathed and fed,  
 Should softly sleep , such is the claim of age. 305  
 But tell me true—for whom labourest thou,  
 And whose this garden ? answer me beside,  
 For I would learn, have I indeed arrived  
 In Ithaca, as one whom here I met

Even now assured me, but who seem'd a man 310  
 Not overwise, refusing both to hear  
 My questions, and to answer when I ask'd  
 Concerning one in other days my guest  
 And friend, if he have still his being here,  
 Or have deceased and journey'd to the shades ? 315  
 For I will tell thee, therefore mark Long since  
 A stranger reach'd my house in my own land,  
 Whom I with hospitality received,  
 Nor ever sojourn'd foreigner with me  
 Whom I loved more He was by birth, he said, 320  
 Ithacan, and Laertes claim'd his sire,  
 Son of Arcesias Introducing him  
 Beneath my roof, I entertain'd him well,  
 And proved by gifts his welcome at my board  
 I gave him seven talents of wrought gold, 325  
 A goblet, argent all, with flowers emboss'd,  
 Twelve single cloaks, twelve carpets, mantles twelve  
 Of brightest lustre, with as many vests,  
 And added four fair damsels, whom he chose  
 Himself, well born and well accomplish'd all. 330  
 Then thus his ancient sire weeping replied  
 Stranger ! thou hast in truth attain'd the isle  
 Of thy enquiry, but it is possess'd  
 By a rude race, and lawless Vain, alas !  
 Were all thy numerous gifts, yet hadst thou found 335  
 Him living here in Ithaca, with gifts  
 Reciprocated he had sent thee hence,  
 Requiring honourably in his turn  
 Thy hospitality But give me quick  
 Answer, and true How many have been the years 340  
 Since thy reception of that hapless guest  
 My son ? for mine, my own dear son was he  
 But him, far distant both from friends and home,  
 Either the fishes of the unknown Deep  
 Have eaten, or wild beasts and fowls of prey 345  
 Nor I, or she who bare him, was ordain'd  
 To bathe his shrouded body with our tears,  
 Nor his chaste wife, well-dower'd Penelope,  
 To close her husband's eyes, and to deplore  
 His doom, which is the privilege of the dead. 350



But tell me also thou, for I would learn,  
 Who art thou? whence? where born? and sprung from whom?  
 The bark in which thou and thy godlike friends  
 Arrived, where is she anchor'd on our coast?  
 Or camest thou only passenger on board 355  
 Another's bark, who landed thee and went?

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied  
 I will with all simplicity relate  
 What thou hast ask'd Of Alybas am I,  
 Where in much state I dwell, son of the rich 360  
 Apheidas, royal Polypemon's son,  
 And I am named Eperitus, by storms  
 Driven from Sicily I have arrived,  
 And yonder, on the margin of the field  
 That skirts your city, I have moor'd my bark 365  
 Five years have pass'd since thy Ulysses left,  
 Unhappy Chief! my country, yet the birds  
 At his departure hover'd on the right,  
 And in that sign rejoicing, I dismiss'd  
 Him thence rejoicing also, for we hoped 370  
 To mix in social intercourse again,  
 And to exchange once more pledges of love

He spake, then sorrow as a sable cloud  
 Involved Laertes, gathering with both hands  
 The dust, he pour'd it on his reverend head 375  
 With many a piteous groan Ulysses' heart  
 Commotion felt, and his stretch'd nostrils throbb'd  
 With agony close-pent, while fix'd he eyed  
 His father, with a sudden force he sprang  
 Toward him, clasp'd, and kiss'd him, and exclaim'd 380

My father! I am he Thou seest thy son  
 Absent these twenty years at last return'd  
 But bid thy sorrows cease, suspend henceforth  
 All lamentation, for I tell thee true,  
 (And the occasion bids me briefly tell thee) 385  
 I have slain all the suitors at my home,  
 And all their taunts and injuries avenged

Then answer thus Laertes quick return'd.  
 If thou hast come again, and art indeed  
 My son Ulysses, give me then the proof 390  
 Indubitable, that I may believe

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied  
 View, first, the scar which with his ivory tusk  
 A wild boar gave me, when at thy command  
 And at my mother's, to Autolycus 395  
 Her father, on Parnassus, I repair'd,  
 Seeking the gifts which, while a guest of yours,  
 He promised should be mine Accept beside  
 This proof I will enumerate all the trees  
 Which, walking with thee in this cultured spot 400  
 (Boy then), I begg'd, and thou confirm'dst my own  
 We paced between them, and thou madest me learn  
 The name of each Thou gavest me thirteen pears<sup>3</sup>,  
 Ten apples<sup>3</sup>, thirty figs<sup>3</sup>, and fifty ranks  
 Did promise me of vines, their alleys all 405  
 Corn-cropp'd between There oft as sent from Jove  
 The influences of the year descend,  
 Grapes of all hues and flavours clustering hang  
 He said, Laertes conscious of the proofs  
 Indubitable by Ulysses given, 410  
 With faltering knees and faltering heart both aims  
 Around him threw The Hero toil-inured  
 Diew to his bosom close his fainting sire,  
 Who, breath recovering, and his scatter'd powers  
 Of intellect, at length thus spake aloud 415  
 Ye Gods! oh then your residence is still  
 On the Olympian heights, if punishment  
 At last hath seized on those flagitious men  
 But terror shakes me, lest, incensed, ere long  
 All Ithaca flock hither, and dispatch 420  
 Swift messengers with these dread tidings charged  
 To every Cephallenian state around  
 Him answer'd then Ulysses ever wise  
 Courage! fear nought, but let us to the house  
 Beside the garden, whither I have sent 425  
 Telemachus, the herdsman, and the good  
 Eumæus to prepare us quick repast  
 So they confer'd, and to Laertes' house  
 Pass'd on together, there arriv'd, they found

<sup>3</sup> The fruit is here used for the tree that bore it, as it is in the Greek, the Latins used the same mode of expression, neither is it uncommon in our own language

Those three preparing now their plenteous feast, 430  
 And mingling sable wine, then, by the hands  
 Of his Sicilian matron, the old King  
 Was bathed, anointed, and attired afresh,  
 And Pallas, drawing nigh, dilated more  
 His limbs, and gave his whole majestic form 435  
 Increase of amplitude He left the bath  
 His son, amazed as he had seen a God  
 Alighted newly from the skies, exclaim'd  
 My father ! doubtless some immortal Power  
 Hath clothed thy form with dignity divine 440  
 Then thus replied his venerable sire  
 Jove ! Pallas ! Phœbus ! oh that I possess'd  
 Such vigour now, as when in arms I took  
 Nericus, continental city fair,  
 With my brave Cephallenians ! oh that such 445  
 And arm'd as then, I yesterday had stood  
 Beside thee in thy palace, combating  
 Those suitors proud, then had I strew'd the floor  
 With numerous slain, to thy exceeding joy  
 Such was their conference, and now, the task 450  
 Of preparation ended, and the feast  
 Set forth, on couches and on thrones they sat,  
 And ranged in order due, took each his share  
 Then ancient Dolus, and with him his sons  
 Arrived toil-worn, by the Sicilian dame 455  
 Summon'd, their cateress, and their father's kind  
 Attendant ever in his eve of life  
 They, seeing and recalling soon to mind  
 Ulysses, in the middle mansion stood  
 Wondering, when thus Ulysses with a voice 460  
 Of some reproof, but gentle, them bespake  
 Old servant, sit and eat, banishing fear  
 And mute amazement, for, although provoked  
 By appetite, we have long time abstain'd,  
 Expecting every moment thy return 465  
 He said, then Dolus with expanded arms  
 Sprang right toward Ulysses, seized his hand,  
 Kiss'd it, and in wing'd accents thus replied  
 Oh master ever dear ! since thee the Gods  
 Themselves, in answer to our warm desires, 470

Have, unexpectedly, at length restored,  
Hail, and be happy, and heaven make thee such  
But say, and truly, knows the prudent Queen  
Already thy return, or shall we send  
Ourselves an herald with the joyful news ?

475

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied  
My ancient friend, thou may'st release thy mind  
From that solicitude, she knows it well

So he, then Dolus to his glossy seat  
Return'd, and all his sons gathering around  
Ulysses, welcomed him and grasp'd his hand,  
Then sat beside their father, thus beneath  
Laertes' roof they, joyful, took repast.

480

But Fame with rapid haste the city roam'd  
In every part, promulging in all ears  
The sutois' horrid fate No sooner heard  
The multitude that tale, than one and all  
Groaning they met and murmuring before  
Ulysses' gates Bumping the bodies forth,  
They buried each his friend, but gave the dead  
Of other cities to be ferried home

485

By fishermen on board their rapid barks  
All hasted then to council, sorrow wrung  
Their hearts, and the assembly now convened,  
Arising first Eupithes spake, for grief  
Sat heavy on his soul, grief for the loss  
Of his Antinous, by Ulysses slain  
Foremost of all, whom mourning, thus he said.

490

495

My friends ! no trivial fruits the Grecians reap  
Of this man's doings *Those* he took with him  
On board his barks, a numerous train and bold,  
Then lost his barks, lost all his numerous train,  
And *these*, our noblest, slew at his return  
Come therefore—ere he yet escape by flight  
To Pylus or to noble Elis, realm  
Of the Epeans, follow him, else shame  
Attends us and indelible reproach

500

505

If we avenge not on these men the blood  
Of our own sons and brothers, farewell then  
All that makes life desirable, my wish  
Henceforth shall be to mingle with the shades

510

Oh then pursue and seize them ere they fly

Thus he with tears, and pity moved in all  
Then, Medon and the sacred bard whom sleep  
Had lately left, arriving from the house

515

Of Laertiades, approach'd, amid  
The throng they stood, all wonder'd seeing them,  
And Medon, prudent senior, thus began

Hear me, my countrymen ! Ulysses plann'd  
With no disapprobation of the Gods

520

The deed that ye deplore I saw, myself,

A Power immortal at the Hero's side,

In semblance just of Mentor, now the God,

In front apparent, led him on, and now,

From side to side of all the palace, urged

525

To flight the suitors, heaps on heaps they fell

He said, then terror wan seized every cheek,

And Halitherses, Hero old, the son

Of Mastor, who alone among them all

Knew past and future, prudent, thus began.

530

Now, O ye men of Ithaca ! my words

Attentive hear ! by your own fault, my friends,

This deed hath been perform'd, for when myself

And noble Mentor counsell'd you to check

The sin and folly of your sons, ye would not

535

Great was their wickedness, and flagrant wrong

They wrought, the wealth devouring, and the wife

Dishonouring of an illustrious Chief

Whom they deem'd destined never to return

But hear my counsel Go not, lest ye draw

540

Disaster down and woe on your own heads

He ended, then with boisterous roar (although

Part kept their seats) upsprang the multitude,

For Halitherses pleased them not, they chose

Eupithes' counsel rather, all at once

545

To arms they flew, and clad in dazzling brass,

Before the city form'd their dense array

Leader infatuate, at their head appear'd

Eupithes, hoping to avenge his son

Antinous, but was himself ordain'd

550

To meet his doom, and to return no more

Then thus Minerva to Saturnian Jove.

Oh father ! son of Saturn ! Jove supreme !  
 Declare the purpose hidden in thy breast  
 Wilt thou that this hostility proceed, 555  
 Or wilt thou grant them amity again ?

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied  
 Why asks my daughter ? didst thou not design  
 Thyself, that brave Ulysses coming home  
 Should slay those profligates ? act as thou wilt, 560  
 But thus I counsel Since the noble Chief  
 Hath slain the suitors, now let peace ensue  
 Oath-bound, and reign Ulysses evermore !  
 The slaughter of their brethren and their sons  
 To strike from their remembrance, shall be ours 565  
 Let mutual amity, as at the first,

Unite them, and let wealth and peace abound  
 So saying, he animated to her task  
 Minerva prompt before, and from the heights  
 Olympian down to Ithaca she flew, 570  
 Meantime Ulysses (for their hunger now  
 And thirst were sated) thus address'd his hands

Look ye abroad, lest haply they approach  
 He said, and at his word forth went a son  
 Of Dolus, at the gate he stood, and thence 575  
 Beholding all that multitude at hand,  
 In accents wing'd thus to Ulysses spake

They come—they are already arrived—arm all !  
 Then, all arising, put their armour on,  
 Ulysses with his three, and the six sons 580  
 Of Dolus, Dolus also with the rest  
 Arm'd and Laertes, although silver-han'd,  
 Warriors perforce When all were clad alike  
 In radiant armour, throwing wide the gates  
 They sallied, and Ulysses led the way 585  
 Then Jove's own daughter Pallas, in the form  
 And with the voice of Mentor, came in view,  
 Whom seeing Laertiades rejoiced,  
 And thus Telemachus, his son, bespake.

Now, oh my son ! thou shalt observe, untold 590  
 By me, where fight the bravest Oh shame not  
 Thine ancestry, who have in all the earth  
 Proof given of valour in all ages past

To whom Telemachus, discreet, replied  
 My father ! if thou wish that spectacle, 595  
 Thou shalt behold thy son as thou hast said,  
 In nought dishonouring his noble race

Then was Laertes joyful, and exclaim'd,  
 What sun hath risen to day ?<sup>4</sup> oh blessed Gods !  
 My son and grandson emulous dispute 600  
 The prize of glory, and my soul exults

He ended, and Minerva, drawing nigh  
 To the old King, thus counsell'd him. Oh friend  
 Whom most I love, son of Arcesias, prayer  
 Preferring to the virgin azure-eyed, 605  
 And to her father, Jove, delay not, shake  
 Thy lance in air, and give it instant flight.

So saying, the Goddess nerved his arm anew  
 He sought in prayer the daughter dread of Jove,  
 And brandishing it, hurl'd his lance, it struck 610  
 Eupithes, pierced his helmet brazen-cheek'd,  
 That stay'd it not, but forth it sprang beyond,  
 And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.

Then flew Ulysses and his noble son  
 With faulchion and with spear of double edge 615  
 To the assault, and of them all had left  
 None living, none had to his home return'd,  
 But that Jove's virgin daughter with a voice  
 Of loud authority thus quell'd them all.

Peace, O ye men of Ithaca ! while yet 620  
 The field remains undeluged with your blood.

So she, and fear at once paled every cheek  
 All trembled at the voice divine, their arms  
 Escaping from the grasp fell to the earth,  
 And covetous of longer life, each fled 625  
 Back to the city Then Ulysses sent  
 His voice abroad, and with an eagle's force  
 Sprang on the people, but Saturnian Jove  
 Cast down, incontinent, his smouldering bolt  
 At Pallas' feet, and thus the Goddess spake. 630

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !  
 Forbear, abstain from slaughter, lest thyself

<sup>4</sup> *Τίς νύ μοι ημέρη ἦδε*,—So Cicero, who seems to translate it Proh

Incur the anger of high-thundering Jove.

So Pallas, whom Ulysses glad obey'd  
Then faithful covenants of peace between  
Both sides ensued, ratified in the sight  
Of Pallas, progeny of Jove, who seemed,  
In voice and form, the Mentor known to all.

635



THE  
BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.  
TRANSLATED INTO  
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

---

DESCEND all Helicon into my breast !  
 Oh every virgin of the tuneful choir  
 Breathe on my song which I have newly traced  
 In tables open'd on my knees, a song  
 Of bloodiest note—terrible deeds of Mars, 5  
 Well worthy of the ears of all mankind,  
 Whom I desire to teach, how, erst, the Mice  
 Assail'd the Frogs, mimicking in exploit  
 The prowess of the giant race earth-born  
 The rumour once was frequent in the mouths 10  
 Of mortal men, and thus the strife began

A thirsty Mouse (thirsty with fear and flight  
 From a cat's claws) sought out the nearest lake,  
 Where dipping in the flood his downy chin,  
 He drank delighted Him the frog far-famed 15  
 Limnocharis<sup>1</sup> espied, and thus he spake

Who art thou, stranger ? Whence hast thou arrived  
 On this our border, and who gave thee birth ?  
 Beware thou trespass not against the truth,  
 Lie not ! for should I find thy merit such 20  
 As claims my love, I will conduct thee hence  
 To my abode, where gifts thou shalt receive  
 Liberal and large, with hospitable fare  
 I am the King Physignathus<sup>2</sup>, revered  
 By the inhabitants of all this pool, 25

<sup>1</sup> The beauty of the lake.

<sup>2</sup> The pouter

Chief of the frogs for ever    Me, long since,  
 Peleus<sup>3</sup> begat, embracing on the banks  
 Of the Eridanus my mother fair,  
 Hydromedusa<sup>4</sup>    Not thee less than King  
 Or leader bold in fight thy form proclaims,    30  
 Stout as it is, and beautiful —Dispatch—  
 Speak therefore, and declare thy pedigree  
     He ceased, to whom Psycharpax<sup>5</sup> thus replied  
 Illustrious sir ! wherefore hast thou inquired  
 My derivation, known to all, alike    35  
 To Gods and men, and to the fowls of heaven ?  
 I am Psycharpax, and the dauntless Chief  
 Troxartes<sup>6</sup> is my sire, whose beauteous spouse  
 Daughter of Pternotioctes<sup>7</sup> brought me forth,  
 Lichomyle<sup>8</sup> by name    A cave of earth    40  
 My cradle was, and, in my youngling state,  
 My mother nourish'd me with almonds, figs,  
 And delicacies of a thousand names  
 But diverse as our natures are, in nought  
 Similar, how, alas ! can we be friends ?    45  
 The floods are thine abode, while I partake  
 With man his sustenance    The basket stor'd  
 With wheaten loaves thence kneaded, 'scapes not me,  
 Nor wafer broad, enrich'd with balmy sweets,  
 Nor ham in slices spread, nor liver wrapt    50  
 In tunic silver-white, nor curds express'd  
 From sweetest milk, nor, sweeter still, the full  
 Honeycomb, coveted by Kings themselves,  
 Nor aught by skilful cook invented yet  
 Of sauce or seasoning for delight of man    55  
 I am brave also, and shrink not at sound  
 Of glorious war, but rushing to the van,  
 Mix with the foremost combatants    No fear  
 Of man himself shakes me, vast as he is,  
 But to his bed I steal, and make me sport,    60  
 Nibbling his fingers' end, or with sharp tooth  
 Fretting his heel so neatly that he sleeps  
 Profound the while, unconscious of the bite

<sup>3</sup> Of or belonging to mud<sup>4</sup> Governess of the waters<sup>5</sup> The crumb-catcher<sup>6</sup> The bread-eater<sup>7</sup> The bacon-eater<sup>8</sup> The licker of mill-stones

Two things, of all that are, appal me most,  
 The owl and cat. These cause me many a pang 65  
 As does the hollow gin insidious, fair  
 In promises, but in performance foul,  
 Engine of death ' yet most of all I dread  
 Cats, nimble mousers, who can dart a paw  
 After me, enter at what chink I may 70  
 But to return—your diet, parsley, kail,  
 Beet, radish, gourd (for, as I understand,  
 Ye eat no other), are not to my taste

Him then with smiles answer'd Physignathus.  
 Stranger ' thou vauntest much thy dainty fare, 75  
 But, both on shore and in the lake we boast  
 Our dainties also, and such sights as much  
 Would move thy wonder, for by gift from Jove  
 We leap as well as swim, can range the land  
 For food, or diving, seek it in the Deep. 80  
 Would'st thou the proof? 'tis easy—mount my back—  
 There cling as for thy life, and thou shalt share  
 With rapture the delights of my abode

He said, and gave his back Upsprang the Mouse  
 Lightly, and with his arms enfolded fast 85  
 The Frog's soft neck Pleased was he, at the first,  
 With view of many a creek and bay, nor less  
 With his smooth swimming on whose back he rode  
 But when, at length, the clear wave dash'd his sides,  
 Then, fill'd with penitential sorrows vain, 90  
 He wept, pluck'd off his hair, and gathering close  
 His hinder feet, survey'd with trembling heart  
 The novel sight, and wish'd for land again.  
 Groans follow'd next, extorted groans, through stress  
 Of shivering fear, and, with extended tail 95  
 Drawn like a long oar after him, he pray'd  
 For land again, but, while he pray'd, again  
 The clear wave dash'd him Much he shriek'd, and much  
 He clamour'd, and, at length thus sorrowing, said.

Oh desperate navigation strange ' not thus 100  
 Europa floated to the shores of Crete  
 On the broad back of her enamour'd bull  
 And now dread spectacle to both, behold

He rode, and right toward them     At that sight     105  
 Down went Physignathus, heedless, alas!  
 Through fear, how great a Prince he should destroy  
 Himself at bottom of the pool escaped  
 The dreadful death, but, at his first descent  
 Dislodged, Psycharpax fell into the flood     110  
 There, stretch'd supine, he clench'd his hands, he shriek'd,  
 Plunged oft, and lashing out his heels afar,  
 Oft rose again, but no deliverance found  
 At length, oppress'd by his diench'd coat, and soon  
 To sink for ever, thus he prophesied     115  
     Thou hast released thy shoulders at my cost,  
 Physignathus! unfeeling as the rock,  
 But not unnoticed by the Gods above.  
 Ah worst of traitors! on dry land, I ween,  
 Thou hadst not foil'd me, whether in the race     120  
 Or wrestling-match, or at whatever game  
 Thou hast by fraud prevail'd, casting me off  
 Into the waters, but an eye divine  
 Sees all     Nor hope thou to escape the host  
 Of Mice, who shall, ere long, avenge the deed     125  
     So saying, he sank and died, whom, while he sat  
 Reposing on the lake's soft verge, the Mouse  
 Lichopinax<sup>9</sup> observed, aloud he wail'd,  
 And flew with those sad tidings to his friends.  
 Grief, at the sound, immeasurable seized     130  
 On all, and by command, at dawn of day  
 The heralds call'd a council at the house  
 Of brave Troxartes, father of the Prince  
 Now lost, a carcass now, nor nigh to land  
 Weltering, but distant in the middle pool     135  
 The multitude in haste convened, uprose  
 Troxartes for his son incensed, and said  
     Ah friends! although my damage from the Frogs  
 Sustain'd be greatest, yet is yours not small  
 Three children I have lost, wretch that I am,     140  
 All sons     A merciless and hungry cat,  
 Finding mine eldest son abroad, surprised  
 And slew him     Lured into a wooden snare  
 (New machination of unfeeling man

9 The dish-licker.

115

For slaughter of our race, and named a trap),  
 My second died And now, as ye have heard,  
 My third, his mother's and my darling, him  
 Physignathus hath drown'd in yon abyss

120

Haste therefore, and in gallant armour bright  
 Attuned, march forth, ye Mice, now seek the foe

125

So saying, he roused them to the fight, and Mars  
 Attendant arm'd them Splitting first the pods  
 Of beans which they had sever'd from the stalk  
 With hasty tooth by night, they made them greaves  
 Their corslets were of platted straw, well lined  
 With spoils of an excoriated cat

130

The lamp contributed its central tin,  
 A shield for each The glittering needle long  
 Arm'd every gripe with a terrific spear,  
 And auburn shells of nuts their brows enclosed

135

Thus arm'd the Mice advanced, of whose approach  
 The Frogs apprised, emerging from the lake,  
 All throng'd to council, and considering sat  
 The sudden tumult and its cause Then came,  
 Sceptre in hand, an herald Son was he  
 Of the renown'd Tyroglyphus,<sup>10</sup> and call'd  
 Embasichytrus<sup>11</sup> Charged he came to announce  
 The horrors of approaching war, and said,—

140

Ye Frogs! the host of Mice send you by me  
 Menaces and defiance Arm, they say,  
 For furious fight, for they have seen the Prince  
 Psycharpax weltering on the waves, and drown'd  
 By King Physignathus Ye then, the Chiefs  
 And leaders of the hosts of Frogs put on  
 Your armour, and draw forth your bands to battle!

145

He said, and went Then were the noble Frogs  
 Troubled at that bold message, and while all  
 Mumbled against Physignathus, the King  
 Himself arising, thus denied the charge

150

My friends! I neither drown'd the Mouse, nor saw  
 His drowning Doubtless, while he strove in sport  
 To imitate the swimming of the Frogs,  
 He sank and died. Thus, blame is none in me,  
 And these injurious slanders do me wrong.

<sup>10</sup> A cheese-rasper<sup>11</sup> The explorer of pots and pipkins

- Consult we, therefore, how we may destroy 185  
 The subtle Mice, which thus we will perform  
 Arm'd and adorn'd for battle, we will wait  
 Their coming where our coast is most abrupt  
 Then, soon as they shall rush to the assault,  
 Seizing them by the helmet, as they come, 190  
 We will precipitate them, arms and all,  
 Into the lake, unskilful as they are  
 To swim, their suffocation there is sure,  
 And we will build a trophy to record  
 The great Mouse-massacre for evermore 195
- So saying, he gave commandment, and all arm'd  
 With leaves of mallows each his legs encased,  
 Guarded his bosom with a corslet cut  
 From the green beet, with foliage tough of kail  
 Fashion'd his ample buckle, with a rush 200  
 Keen-tipt, of length tremendous, fill'd his gape,  
 And on his brows set fast a cockle-shell  
 Then on the summit of the loftiest bank  
 Drawn into phalanx firm they stood, all shook  
 Their quivering spears, and wrath swell'd every breast 205
- Jove saw them, and assembling all the Gods  
 To council in the skies, Behold, he said,  
 Yon numerous hosts, magnanimous, robust,  
 And rough with spears, how like the giant race  
 They move, or like the Centaurs' smiling, neat, 210  
 He ask'd, of all the Gods, who favour'd most  
 The Mice, and who the Frogs? but at the last,  
 Turning toward Minerva, thus he spake  
 The Mice, my daughter, need thee, goest thou not  
 To aid thy friends the Mice, inmates of thine, 215  
 Who to thy temple drawn by savoury steams  
 Sacrificial, and day by day refresh'd  
 With dainties there, dance on thy sacred floor?  
 So spake the God, and Pallas thus replied  
 My father! suffer as they may, the Mice 220  
 Shall have no aid from me, whom much they wrong,  
 Marring my wreaths, and plundering of their oil  
 My lamps — But this, of all their impious deeds,  
 Offends me most, that they have eaten holes  
 In my best mantle, which with curious art 225

Divine I wove, light, easy delicate,  
 And now the artificer whom I employ'd  
 To mend it, clamouring demands a price  
 Exorbitant, which moves me much to wrath,  
 For I obtain'd on trust those costly threads, 230  
 And have not wherewithal to pay the arrear  
 Nor love I more the Frogs, or purpose more  
 To succour even them, since they not less,  
 Dolts as they are, and destitute of thought,  
 Have incommoded me For when, of late, 235  
 Returning from a fight weary and faint,  
 I needed rest, and would have slept, no sleep  
 Found I, those ceaseless croakers of the lake,  
 Noisy, perverse, forbidding me a wink  
 Sleepless, and with an aching head I lay 240  
 Therefore until the crowing of the cock  
 By my advice, then, O ye Gods, move not,  
 Nor interfere, favouring either side,  
 Lest ye be wounded, for both hosts alike  
 Are valiant, nor would scruple to assail 245  
 Even ourselves Suffice it, therefore, hence  
 To view the battle, safe, and at our ease  
 She ceased, and all complied Meantime, the hosts  
 Drew nearer, and in front of each was seen  
 An herald, gonfalon in hand, huge gnats 250  
 Through clarions of unwieldy length sang forth  
 The dreadful note of onset fierce, and Jove  
 Doubled the signal, thundering from above.  
 First, with his spear Hypsiboas<sup>12</sup> assal'd  
 Lichenor<sup>13</sup> Deep into his body rush'd 255  
 The point, and pierced his liver Prone he fell,  
 And all his glossy down with dust defiled  
 Then, Troglodytes<sup>14</sup> hurl'd his massy spear  
 At Pelion<sup>15</sup>, which he planted in his chest  
 Down dropp'd the Frog, night whelm'd him, and he died 260  
 Seutlaeus<sup>16</sup>, through his heart piercing him, slew  
 Embasichytrus Polyphonus<sup>17</sup> fell

<sup>12</sup> The loud-croaker<sup>13</sup> One addicted to licking<sup>14</sup> A creeper into holes and crannies<sup>15</sup> Offspring of the mud<sup>16</sup> A feeder on beet<sup>17</sup> The noisy

Pierced through his belly by the spear of bold  
 Artophagus,<sup>18</sup> and prone in dust expired.  
 Incensed at sight of Polyphonus slain, 265  
 Limnocharis at Tioglodytes cast  
 A mill-stone weight of rock, full on the neck  
 He batter'd him, and darkness veil'd his eyes  
 At him Lichenor hurl'd a glittering lance,  
 Nor err'd, but pierced his liver Trembling fled 270  
 Crambophagus<sup>19</sup> at that dread sight, and plunged  
 Over the precipice into the lake,  
 Yet even there found refuge none, for brave  
 Lichenor following, smote him even there  
 So fell Crambophagus, and from that fall 275  
 Never arose, but reddening with his blood  
 The wave, and wallowing in the strings and slime  
 Of his own vitals, near the bank expired  
 Limnisius<sup>20</sup> on the grassy shore struck down  
 Tyroglyphus<sup>21</sup>, but at the view alone 280  
 Of terrible Pternoglyphus<sup>22</sup> appall'd,  
 Fled Calamynthius<sup>23</sup>, cast away his shield  
 Afar, and headlong plunged into the lake.  
 Hydrocharis<sup>24</sup> with a vast stone assail'd  
 The King Pternophagus<sup>25</sup>, the rugged mass 285  
 Descending on his poll, crush'd it, the brain  
 Oozed through his nostrils drop by drop, and all  
 The bank around was spatter'd with his blood  
 Lichopinax with his long spear transpierced  
 Borborocoites<sup>26</sup>, darkness veil'd his eyes, 290  
 Prassophagus<sup>27</sup> with vengeful notice mark'd  
 Cnissodioctes<sup>28</sup>, seizing with one hand  
 His foot and with the other hand his neck,  
 He plunged, and held him plunged, till drown'd he died  
 Psycharpax standing boldly in defence 295  
 Of his slain fellow-warriors, urged his spear  
 Right through Pelusius<sup>29</sup> at his feet he fell,  
 And, dying, mingled with the Frogs below.

<sup>18</sup> The bread-eater<sup>19</sup> The cabbage-eater.<sup>20</sup> Of the lake<sup>21</sup> The cheese-scraper<sup>22</sup> The ham-scraper<sup>23</sup> So called from the herb calamint  
water<sup>24</sup> The bacon-eater.<sup>25</sup> One whose delight is in<sup>26</sup> The sleeper in the mud<sup>27</sup> The garlic-eater<sup>28</sup> The savoury steam-hunter<sup>29</sup> The muddy



Resentful of his death, the mighty Flog  
 Pelobates<sup>30</sup> an handful cast of mud 300  
 Full at Psycharpax, all his ample front  
 He smear'd, and left him scarce a glimpse of day  
 Psycharpax, at the foul dishonour, still  
 Exasperate more, upheaving from the ground  
 A rock that had incumber'd long the bank, 305  
 Hurl'd it against Pelobates, below  
 The knees he smote him, shiver'd his right leg  
 In pieces, and outstretch'd him in the dust,  
 But him Craugasides<sup>31</sup>, who stood to guard  
 The fallen Chief, assail'd, with his long lance 310  
 He prick'd Psycharpax at the waist! the whole  
 Keen-pointed rush transpierced his belly, and all  
 His bowels following the retracted point,  
 O'erspread the ensanguined herbage at his side  
 Soon as Sitophagus<sup>32</sup>, a crippled mouse, 315  
 That sight beheld, limping, as best he could,  
 He left the field, and, to avoid a fate  
 Not less tremendous, dropp'd into a ditch  
 Troxartes grazed the instep of the bold  
 Physignathus, who at the sudden pang 320  
 Startled, at once leap'd down into the lake  
 Prasseus<sup>33</sup>, at the sight of such a Chief  
 Floating in mortal agonies enraged,  
 Sprang through his foremost warriors, and dismiss'd  
 His pointed rush, but reach'd not through his shield 325  
 Troxartes, baffled by the stubborn disk  
 There was a Mouse, young, beautiful and brave  
 Past all on earth, son of the valiant Chief  
 Artepibulus<sup>34</sup> Like another Mars  
 He fought, and Meridarpax<sup>35</sup> was his name, 330  
 A Mouse, among all Mice without a peer  
 Glorying in his might on the lake's verge  
 He stood with other Mouse none at his side,  
 And swore to extirpate the whole croaking race

<sup>30</sup> The mud-walker<sup>31</sup> The hoarse-croaker<sup>32</sup> The cake eater<sup>33</sup> One who deals much in garlic<sup>34</sup> One who lies in wait for bread<sup>35</sup> The scrap-catcher.

Nor doubted any but he should perform 335  
 His dreadful oath, such was his force in arms,  
 Had not Saturnian Jove with sudden note  
 Perceived his purpose, with compassion touch'd  
 Of the devoted Frogs the Sovereign shook  
 His brows, and thus the Deities address'd 340

I see a prodigy, ye Powers divine!  
 And, with no small amazement smitten, hear  
 Prince Mèridarpax menacing the Frogs  
 With genèral extirpation Haste—be quick—  
 Dispatch we Pallas terrible in fight, 345  
 Not her alone, but also Mars, to quell  
 With force combined the sanguinary Chief

So spake the Thunderer, and thus Mars replied  
 Neither the force of Pallas, nor the force  
 Of Mars, O Jove! will save the destined Frogs 350  
 From swift destruction Let us all descend  
 To aid them, or, lest all suffice not, grasp  
 And send abroad thy biggest bolt, thy bolt  
 Tempestuous, terror of the Titian race,  
 By which those daring enemies thou slew'st, 355  
 And didst coerce with adamant chains  
 Enceladus, and all that monstrous brood

He said, and Jove dismiss'd the smouldering bolt  
 At his first thunder, to its base he shook  
 The vast Olympian Then—whirling about 360  
 His forky fires, he launch'd them to the ground,  
 And, as they left the Sovereign's hand, the heart  
 Of every Mouse quaked, and of every Frog  
 Yet ceased not, even at that shock, the Mice  
 From battle, but with double ardour flew 365  
 To the destruction of the Frogs, whom Jove  
 From the Olympian heights snow-crown'd again  
 Viewing, compassionated their distress,  
 And sent them aids Sudden they came Broad-back'd  
 They were, and smooth like anvils, sickle-claw'd, 370  
 Sideling in gait, their mouths with pincers arm'd,  
 Shell-clad, crook-knee'd, protruding far before  
 Long hands, and horns, with eye-balls in the breast,

Legs in quaternion ranged on either side,  
And Crabs their name    They seizing by his leg,    375  
His arm, his tail 'a Mouse, cropp'd it, and snapp'd  
His polish'd spear    Appall'd at such a foe,  
The miserable Mice stood not, but fled  
Heartless, discomfited    And now, the sun  
Descending, closed this warfare of a day    380

THE END